

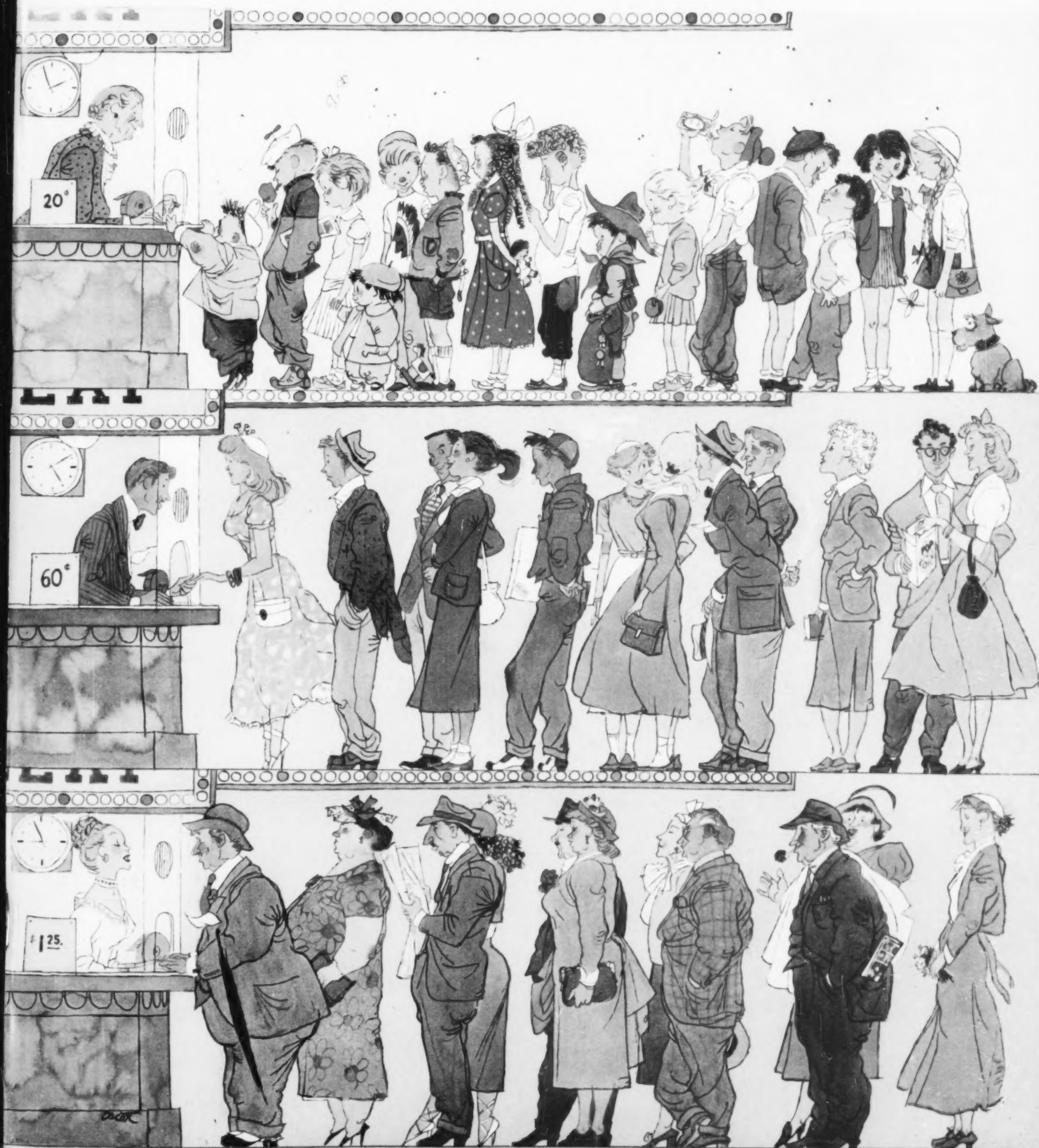
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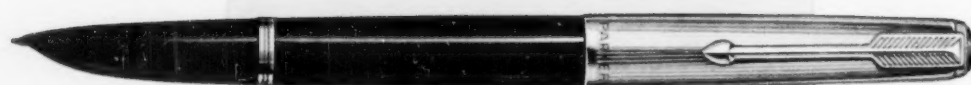
APRIL 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

HOW ELIZABETH
WAS TAUGHT TO BE QUEEN

By Pierre Berton

CAN THE WEST INDIES JOIN CANADA?





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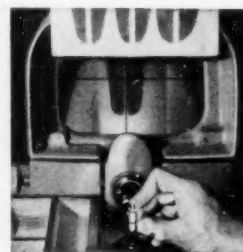
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AN EPITAPH FOR STALIN

WHATEVER other private thoughts he may have carried to his grave, Joseph Stalin unquestionably died believing himself to be a good man. If the Spartan theology of Communism had admitted the possibility of a heaven after life, Stalin would have reviewed the prospect of his own admission with complete serenity and confidence. His whole stay on earth, according to the steady lights that guided him, was a selfless struggle for humanity.

At times, no doubt, the price he paid for his unswerving goodness seemed inordinately high. Even his iron soul, in which remorse would have been a contradiction, must have felt its twinges of regret. It cannot be a comfortable thing to have to murder one's best friends, even in the name of goodness. If one is possessed by an utter surety of goodness, the murders must of course be done as the goodness and necessity of murder reveals itself. But the doing of things which must be done is not always pleasant, and we are not among those who believe that Stalin took some evil pleasure from the purges of the Old Comrades, the liquidation of the kulaks, the bloody sorties far afield, and from the other stern duties through whose discharge it had been shown to him that he might save the world.

It is important to remember these things about Joseph Stalin. It is important to remember that the same things applied, in at least some measure, to Adolf Hitler, to Napoleon Bonaparte, to Julius Caesar and to all men who come to believe that they can run the world's affairs better—i.e. with greater ultimate good—than the world can run its own. The transitory lie for the sake of final truth; the temporary cruelty for the sake of eventual mercy; the passing stroke of death for the higher fulfillment of life; the present crushing of the millions for the future welfare of the billions—these are the stars by which the Stalins set their courses. They measure their goodness by the end, and the steadfastness with which it is pursued, rather than by the means. The means may soil their hands, but the end keeps their souls in perpetual cleanliness.

Stalin, who recognized no god, died believing himself a godly man. The mere recognition of a higher god would not necessarily have saved him from this error. Acts no less barbarian than his, though on a smaller scale, have been committed by men who believed devoutly in a higher God; and, in that God's name and the conviction of their own adherence to His will, have torn out the eyes of the ungodly and sent them to the stake.

Some germ of the Stalin breed of goodness lies dormant within all of us. There is no man so humble that he has never felt the urge to impose his own wisdom on men less wise, his own convictions on men less convinced, his own tastes on men of lower tastes, his own methods on men less methodical, his own goodness on men less good. Those who try to do so by persuasion and by persuasion only have rejected the Stalin breed of goodness; those who try to do so by coercion have already embraced its philosophy if not its techniques. The theory that Uncle Joe Knows Best is dangerous whether Uncle's last name is Stalin or McCarthy and it carries the seed of danger even though it change its form to manifest itself as *apartheid* in Africa or as an attempt to exclude everything but "good" ideas from the stage, the radio and the motion pictures of Canada.

If we were given the privilege of writing Stalin's official epitaph, no reference to his crimes would appear therein. Most people are against crime already and it is too early to say whether Stalin's crimes did or did not pay, even within his own pagan terms of reference. Whatever other lessons his life may hold for us smaller mortals, there is probably only one on which, as individuals, we all still hold the individual power to act effectively. It still lies within the jurisdiction of every man and woman to reject, at least within himself, the beguiling notion that an absolute certainty of goodness is an absolute guarantee of goodness. We would write on Stalin's tomb no more than this:

Here Lies One who Knew, Beyond the Smallest Measurement of Doubt, that He Was Good and that He Was Right.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

ERIC HUTTON, a frequent contributor to Maclean's, lives in Toronto but was born in Trinidad. Revisiting the scenes of his youth recently, he found most of his boyhood friends talking about the possibility of the West Indies becoming Canada's eleventh province. He wondered about the advantages, disadvantages and problems of such a union, went after the answers, and wrote *The West Indies Want to Join Us* (on page 7) . . . Subject: Centaur, an unusual

short story on page 22, introduces a new writer, **John Gray**. A University of Toronto graduate still in his early twenties, he reports that the cheque we sent him is helping finance a honeymoon in Majorca, which, in case your geography is rusty, is a Spanish island in the Mediterranean. His bride, **Araby Lockhart**, is a Canadian



Eric Hutton

actress who has lately been making her name on the stage in England . . . **James Dugan**, who wrote the Louis B. Mayer profile on page 17, collaborated with **Capt. J.-Y. Cousteau** on *The Silent World*, a book about undersea adventure which is now on the best-seller list. Now he's struggling to complete a book of his own by May 1 so he will be free to take off with Cousteau for France on an archaeological expedition which will salvage a Greek ship that sank twenty-three hundred years ago. This jaunt will produce another book.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Vol. 66 APRIL 15, 1953 No. 8

Cover: Painted by Oscar

Articles

THE WEST INDIES WANT TO JOIN US. Eric Hutton	7
THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE. Part III, HOW ELIZABETH WAS TAUGHT TO RULE. Pierre Berton	10
OUR ILLEGAL FEDERAL ELECTIONS. Blair Fraser THE SCRAMBLE FOR NEW BRUNSWICK'S NEW MILLIONS. Ken Johnstone.	12
THE MOVIES STAKE THEIR LIFE ON A REVOLU- TION AND AN EX-KING RETURNS TO POWER. Dorothy Sangster and James Dugan	16, 17
HOW TO LIVE WITH A WOMAN. Robert Thomas Allen	18
OUR FLABBY MUSCLES ARE A NATIONAL DIS- GRACE. Lloyd Percival	20
AND NOW, A FEW WORDS FROM MR. BROCKINGTON. H. B. Hall	24
WHITEHORSE IS HEAVEN FOR A SINGLE GIRL. Jack Scott	26
DIAMONDS. Bob Collins	28

Fiction

THE LONG NIGHT. Vera Johnson	14
SUBJECT: CENTAUR. John Gray	22

Departments

EDITORIAL	2
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	2
LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	5
JASPER. Carleton by Simpkins	30
MACLEAN'S MOVIES Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	37
PARADE	96

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Ken Bell (2, 20, 21), Wheeler (4), Miller (8, 9, 11), Canadian National Steamships (8), Press Associates (9), Wide World (9), NFB (10), Fox Photos (10), W. H. Curtis (13), Ken Johnstone (13), Climo (13), Desmond Russell (25), Department of National Defense (26), Paul Rockett (28).

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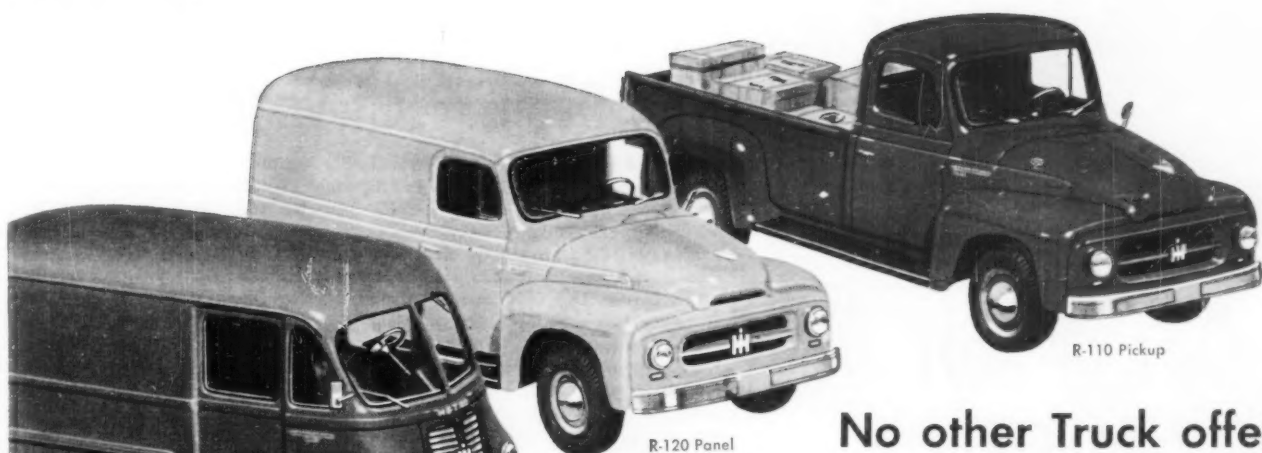
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, APRIL 15, 1953

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A scene in one of the research laboratories of Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, New York City. In these laboratories, research on hormones is helping to shed new light on cancer.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE ABOUT CANCER

WITH PROGRESS in medical science, the survival rates for cancer patients are steadily increasing, according to the Canadian Cancer Society.

Today there is hope for even greater gains in our fight against this disease. This is because medical research is constantly yielding new facts about how and why cancer develops.

Some recent research findings

In surgery—increasing knowledge of the body's reactions to surgery has made it possible for doctors to perform major operations with far less risk to cancer patients. Largely because of improvements in surgical skill the greater hope of cure can be offered to an increasing number of patients with certain forms of cancer.

In chemotherapy—or treatment with chemicals—encouraging progress is being made. In fact, one highly experimental compound has been found that totally destroys certain cancers in laboratory animals. Even today, some chemical substances are being used which temporarily inhibit the growth of a few types of cancer in human beings.

In radiology—or X-ray treatment—intensive studies are under way on devices that are not only capable of producing more powerful X-rays, but also offer hope of a more effective use of them. Substances produced by atomic energy research are

also being used successfully to retard temporarily cancer of the thyroid gland and blood-forming tissues.

What should everyone do about cancer?

First—learn cancer's warning signals which are listed below. Every adult should know them, as a wise measure of self-protection. Should any of them appear, report to your doctor at once. Remember, however, that these signals do not invariably mean cancer. In fact, in the majority of cases the suspected symptoms are proved not to be caused by cancer, but by some other condition requiring treatment.

Second—have periodic health check-ups. Cancer may develop without any outward warning signals. Only examination by a physician may discover these "silent" cancers in their early stages. This is why periodic medical examinations are so important, especially for older people.

Third—do not rely on unproved methods for the treatment of cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, radium—used singly or in combination—can remove or destroy cancer. In skilled hands, these *proved* methods are successfully controlling cases which, not many years ago, would have been judged hopeless.

Above all, remember that cancer is often cured . . . and that getting to your doctor early is your greatest contribution toward recovery.

CANCER'S 7 WARNING SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not heal. 2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge. 4. Any change in a wart or mole. 5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing. 6. Persistent hoarseness or cough. 7. Any change in normal bowel habits. (Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Why Derek Bentley Had to Hang

A FEW HOURS after I finish this letter a nineteen-year-old boy named Derek Bentley is to hang. In the House of Commons we have just emerged from a scene that threatened to break through the self-imposed discipline of the chamber and end in uproar and disorder. Now the House is so strangely quiet that we can almost hear the river as it murmurs on its way.

Almost the only movement in the corridors is from the official messengers handing batches of telegrams to individual members. There is no purpose in reading them for we know what they contain. "Please save Bentley." "You must reprieve Bentley." "British justice demands that Bentley shall not die." "As our member we look to you to save Bentley." All the morning at my house in the suburbs the telephone went with the same words.



Sir David Maxwell Fyfe

This is Tuesday evening, Jan. 27. Last Saturday the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, as decent and kindly a man as ever lived, traveled from Wales to London to consider the appeal from Bentley's parents to exercise the royal prerogative of mercy. It was Her Majesty's Lord Chief Justice who tried the case of "the Queen against Derek Bentley" and she alone has the power to reverse the decision of the court; but by long custom she leaves the decision to the Home Secretary who is responsible for the peace of the realm.

All during the week end Sir David went through the evidence and studied the appeal by the boy's parents. All during the week end the parents stayed in their humble little home in suburban London, waiting for the letter which arrived yesterday morning. The Home Secretary was deeply sorry but he could not bring himself to alter the decision of the court.

That was when the rising tide of public opinion burst its bounds. Fifty MPs, mostly socialists, put down a motion on the order paper with the intention that it should take precedence over all other business when the House met this afternoon. This was the wording of the motion:

That this House respectfully dissents from the opinion of the Home Secretary that there are no sufficient grounds on which to advise the exercise of Her Majesty's prerogative of mercy in the case of Derek Bentley; and urges him to reconsider the matter so as to give effect to the jury's recommendation of mercy and to the expressed view of the Lord Chief Justice that Bentley's guilt was less than that of Christopher Craig.

For the first time in my long years at Westminster an attempt was being made to induce parliament to invoke its will on the minister to whom the Queen confides her prerogative of mercy over the law.

At this point it is essential I recount the nature of the crime.

Christopher Craig, sixteen years old, was one of those crime-infatuated boys who have sprung up in such numbers in Britain over the last three years. No one can explain this phenomenon but juvenile crime has been a most sinister recent development in the life of the British people.

Craig, who had been in trouble before, managed to get hold of a revolver and persuaded his nineteen-year-old friend Derek Bentley to join him in breaking into a warehouse on a Sunday. Bentley was a slow-witted fellow who had been rejected by the army because he could not pass the lowest intelligence test.

Therefore we have the basic situation of a younger boy dominating his senior. The master mind was Craig's.

They arrived at the warehouse and had reached a platform when a family living opposite spotted them and telephoned the police. For reasons which have proved wise over a long time the British police do not carry arms, except a truncheon. Craig saw them coming and climbed a ladder to a higher platform. The police caught Bentley before he could get up to join Craig. Constable Miles shouted to Craig to drop his gun and come down. Craig's reply was in the accepted gangster-film idiom: "Come and get me."

Constable Miles climbed the ladder and went toward Craig. Bentley then shouted, "Let them have it,"

Continued on page 32



Derek Bentley



Christopher Craig



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Social Credit Feels Its Oats

EVER SINCE the provincial election in British Columbia last June pessimists in other parties have been conjuring up the spectre of a Social Credit Opposition in the next federal parliament. The Liberals and the CCF find this almost as alarming as do the Conservatives.

Social Crediters themselves seem rather amused by this prediction. They have not made such a boast themselves and they confess privately that no one would be more surprised than they if they should put on such a sprint at the coming election.

However, they will do all they can to make the prophecy come true. In 1949 they ran only eighty candidates, too few to form a government even if every one of them had won. This year more than a hundred and sixty candidates will carry the Social Credit banner in all ten provinces. Social Crediters admit, if you press them, that it's just possible they might catch up on the CCF and Conservatives to become the No. 2 party in parliament.

FOR A somewhat paradoxical reason they regard the forthcoming provincial election in Manitoba as the most significant test yet.

"The Campbell Government in Manitoba is not unpopular so far as I can see," one Social Credit MP explained. "It seems to be doing a pretty fair job. We don't hear any of the attacks on Campbell that we heard against the Coalition Government in British Columbia, where there was a real political vacuum."

"That means that if we do win in Manitoba, or even make any substantial gain, it will indicate a general desire for change among the people."

It will mean anything might happen in the federal."

And Social Crediters entertain fairly strong hope of doing well in Manitoba. They have been organized in that province for years in a half-hearted way.

This year the atmosphere has changed. A few months ago the Rev. E. G. Hansell, national president of the Social Credit Party, spent a week in Manitoba on his way to Ottawa. He suggested the possibility of "finding an extra couple of hundred dollars a month" to put a full-time organizer into Manitoba for a three-month trial period.

"We'll pay all of his salary the first month if you'll pay his expenses," Hansell said. "The second month we'll cut his salary and you'll have to make it up, and so on again the third month."

The Manitoba executive snapped it up—one man offered twenty-five dollars a month out of his own pocket. Hansell recruited Peer Paynter, a Social Credit veteran from British Columbia. And when Paynter arrived he brought an assistant with him—a young man from Prince George, B.C., who wants to make Social Credit politics a career and who was willing to come east at his own expense. They've opened an office in Winnipeg and plan to enter a full slate of candidates in the provincial election.

IN THE federal election it's taken for granted that they will enter a man in every one of the seventy seats west of the Great Lakes. East of the Manitoba boundary their plans are more fluid.

In Ontario, *Continued on page 95*



Will Social Credit be the Man Who Came to Dinner?



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The West Indies want to join us

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A BONUS-LENGTH FEATURE

BY ERIC HUTTON

RESPONSIBLE men are now taking the first steps toward what might well lead to the most spectacular event in Canada's history since Confederation. If it comes to pass Canada will extend from the north pole to the equator; will add four millions to her population and possess an eleventh province slightly larger than the Maritimes plus Newfoundland, and will become at the stroke of a pen one of the most cosmopolitan nations on earth.

This event is the incorporation of Britain's Caribbean colonies as a Canadian province.

The proposition raises many pertinent questions: Who are the sponsors of union, what are they doing about it, and what chance is there of it becoming a reality? What are the arguments for and against it—on both sides? And, above all from the Canadian viewpoint, what manner of people are these potential new Canadians; what is their land really like behind the tourist façade of palm trees and rum swizzles?

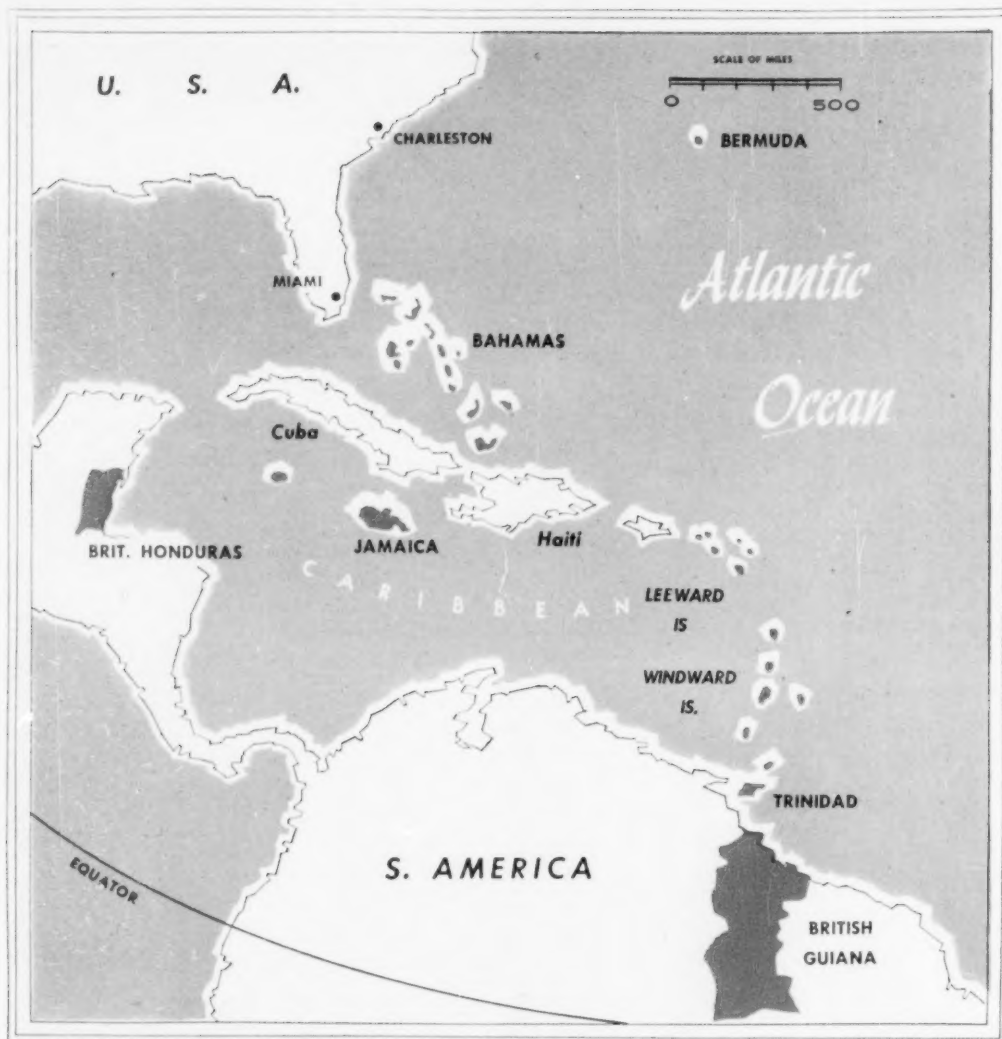
The territory, loosely described as the British West Indies, consists of more than a thousand islands and two big chunks of mainland in or bordering the Caribbean Sea between North and South America. But there are exceptions: Bermuda is in the North Atlantic, opposite Charleston, S.C., and much closer to Halifax than to Trinidad, most southerly of the West Indies islands; the people of the Bahamas, too, consider themselves North

Americans, since most of their islands are north of the tip of Florida, the nearest a mere fifty miles east of Miami. At the other extreme, British Guiana pushes deep into Brazil and almost touches the equator. Most westerly of the colonies is British Honduras, which borders Guatemala in Central America, on the same longitude as northern Manitoba. Other than those named, the chief units of the West Indies are Jamaica, Barbados, Antigua, Montserrat, St. Kitts, the Virgin Islands, Dominica, Grenada, St. Lucia and St. Vincent.

Racially, the West Indians could be nature's experimental project to prove that people of all races, colors and creeds *can* live, work and play together in peace and prosperity—without consciously realizing that they are part of any such experiment. Many an Anglo-Saxon resident of Port of Spain, Trinidad, one of the largest cities in the West Indies, would be astonished if it was suggested there was anything unusual in a white family having a Negro dentist, a Hindu doctor, a Chinese lawyer, and a next-door neighbor in whom were mingled the strains of all three.

George Cabral, the Portuguese mayor of Port of Spain, told me recently: "Members of the city council include English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Negro, Chinese and Indian. We have differences and arguments—which city council doesn't?"

Continued on next page ►►



The thousand islands plus mainland sections of the B.W.I. are dotted over an area larger than Canada

but never on racial lines. The members don't even think racially."

Today in the West Indies a new race is being born. Large numbers of the participating races remain unmixed, but the typical West Indian of 1953 is literally a man of many parts. His religion is legion, though Roman Catholics predominate. There is some racial prejudice, but less of it than elsewhere in the world. It is social and not occupational. Within the memory of living West Indians, color has not been a factor in business or professional success. And the social barriers are disintegrating year by year. In three visits to the West Indies in the last fifteen years I have found more and more color among members of the top social clubs and in the private homes of white residents.

In his own homeland the West Indian is self-confident, happy, fun-loving, clever, ingenious and reasonably ambitious. He knows, and resents, the fact that in some parts of the world he would be an underprivileged person, a second-class citizen. He is confident that he and the resources of his country can contribute enough to Canada's future to justify a welcome from this country. And some eminent Canadians agree with him.

The two chief Canadian proponents of union at present are both Maritimers: Senator Neil McLean, head of one of Canada's largest fish-processing firms and chairman of the Senate Committee on Canadian Trade Relations, and Colonel A. J. Brooks, federal MP for Royal, N.B. In recent speeches in the Commons and Senate, McLean and

Brooks have urged action and have made these points:

1. The West Indies should become, both politically and economically, a part of Canada "to round out our northern economy."
2. Union would be a tremendous shot in the arm for both countries, since Canada needs millions of dollars' worth of West Indies products such as aluminum ore, oil, asphalt, sugar, rum, molasses, copra, coffee, hardwood, citrus fruit and bananas; and the West Indies in turn need Canadian fish, lumber, manufactured goods and processed farm products.
3. The West Indies would give Canada a vast tropical winter-resort area, thus keeping in the country the millions of dollars Canadians now spend each year on foreign vacations.
4. The West Indies, dissatisfied with colonial status and the restrictions imposed by forced membership in the sterling bloc, will eventually join either the United States or Canada—and Canada should make sure that the choice is this country.

Gregory Power, executive assistant to Premier Joseph Smallwood of Newfoundland, and one of the men who worked hardest for union with Canada, recently visited the West Indies and gave first-hand testimony of the benefits of Canadianism. He recommended that the West Indies work toward becoming a Canadian province.

Although union is being discussed more seriously in Canada than ever before, the proposition still has no official status. Protocol in such an event calls for the "candidate" to make the first move, and the West Indies are now making the first move toward making themselves eligible for union with Canada. This month delegates are meeting in Lon-

WHAT THE BRITISH WEST

A tropic resort area second to none



Nassau's Paradise Beach is only hours away.



The colorful mixture of races would put us among

Hindu woman wears ornament in nose to advertise her married status. Man in cap is from Barbados. Soft-drink seller in Bridgetown would scare our board of health.



don for what will probably be the final decision on federation of the government of the colonies into a unit with a central government, courts, and customs and immigration union.

Many West Indians look upon federation as a necessary preliminary to applying for provincial status. It was pointed out to me repeatedly in the islands that the colonies could not expect to saddle Canada with the job of taking a score of largely or wholly self-governing colonies and welding them into a province. F. Carlyle Noel, a member of the legislature of Grenada, put it this way: "We have been endeavoring for some time to federate with the other islands, with the thought of eventually becoming a province of Canada."

If and when the West Indies apply for admittance there will probably be a plebiscite in Canada before any final decision is made. No Canadian vote was taken on Newfoundland, but Newfoundland's people, interests, currency and geography were practically indistinguishable from Canada's.

Canadian public opinion on the absorbing of the West Indies can scarcely be said to exist at present. But Colonel Brooks, who said he regarded his Commons speech as a sort of trial balloon, received letters from all parts of Canada. They were about evenly divided between "yes" and "no," largely dependent on where the writer lived. The Maritimes and Quebec were preponderantly in favor; Ontario was about half and half; but farther west the writers were opposed in larger numbers. The two chief objections set forth were that the move would open Canada to free entry of colored "new

INDIES WOULD OFFER IN RETURN FOR FULL PROVINCIAL STATUS IN CANADA

Some strange breeds of politics

Bustling cities; four million more people

A big market for Canadian flour, fish, lumber, manufactured goods



W. A. Bustamante, unofficial premier of Jamaica: Would Ottawa like him?

world's most cosmopolitan nations



A new race is being born in the West Indies as types intermarry.



Port of Spain, Trinidad, is likely capital of B.W.I. Federation. Other cities are Kingston, Jamaica; Georgetown, British Guiana.



A Montreal freighter unloads at Nassau, Bahamas. Sterling-bloc restrictions at present make B.W.I. purchases in Canada negligible. Now the islands' flour comes 9,000 miles from Australia.

Important Exports to Canada

Bananas for sale in Canada are loaded at Jamaican port. Oil, coffee, aluminum ore, rum, sugar, citrus fruits are other valuable products.



Canadians" attracted by tales of high wages, but not adapted to living and working in this country; and that Canadian taxpayers would be burdened by the addition of a "poorhouse population" entitled to all the welfare benefits evolved through Canada's high standards of production and consumption.

One irate businessman wrote: "If we accept the West Indies their population would rank equally with all other Canadians for old-age pensions, baby bonuses, unemployment insurance, mothers' allowance and all other handouts of the 'welfare state,' including socialized medicine at some future date. To extend these services to a West Indies population which is rapidly increasing despite an abnormally high death rate would cost a colossal amount in relation to their contribution to the federal government."

To get a look at the other side of the picture I revisited a dozen British West Indies islands and talked with people in all walks of life—and of even more widely varying color. As a result I estimate that if a vote on union with Canada were taken tomorrow, something like eighty-five percent of the population would favor amalgamation with Canada.

Not all the islands favor being part of a single "province of Caribbea," however. Bermuda, for example, feels she is too remote, geographically and economically, to be lumped with the Caribbean islands. And it is true that, with Bermuda included, the new province would span a distance two thousand miles from north to south and two thousand miles from east to west—rather larger than the total

area of Canada. Jamaica, too, feels that with an area more than twice that of Prince Edward Island, and with a larger population (1,500,000) than any province except Ontario and Quebec, she deserves consideration as a separate province. Thus Canada may be faced with the formidable proposition of adopting not merely an eleventh province, but a twelfth and thirteenth as well.

The minority of uncompromising "no" votes in a West Indies plebiscite would likely come from two opposite groups—sentimentalists and hard-headed businessmen.

The sentimentalists, to whom England is still "home" although they may never have been there, take the attitude that "we can't let England down when she's in trouble." The other group, quite frankly, fears the Canadian standard of living—for others. They are the planters and other producers who use low-paid labor to produce export goods for sale on the high-priced world markets.

One of this group told me bluntly: "Rightly or wrongly, the prosperity of these islands has been built on what Canadians may consider low wages—even though basic pay has trebled in the last fifteen years. If Canada can devise a way to convert our dollar-a-day economy into her own dollar-an-hour economy without bankrupting West Indian employers, then I'm all for it."

But throughout the islands most legislators seem to be in favor of aligning the colonies with Canada. One of Trinidad's most ardent supporters of union, Ralph Vignale, a lawyer and legislator, told me: "I have thought for a long time that our salvation

lies with Canada. If we can prove that we can get together among ourselves—and I think federation of the colonies will soon take place—then we should approach Canada."

Richard W. Youngman, a towering English-West Indian who is head of the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce and a member of the legislature, declared that "the economy of Jamaica is so inevitably linked with that of Canada that I see little hope for the island unless it becomes an integral part of Canada."

Even W. A. Bustamante, the fiery Jamaican leader whose position is the equivalent of prime minister, said: "Canada and Jamaica should unite. Both countries have everything to gain and nothing to lose."

A member of the legislature of St. Vincent, F. H. Young, said: "We are considering union seriously, I can tell you. Because of devaluation of the pound we have lost our dollar markets and, as a colony under England, we have no bargaining power of our own."

In British Honduras, British Guiana, Jamaica and the Bahamas, some spokesmen expressed greater interest in union with Canada than in federation for its own sake.

Assuming the West Indies do apply to Canada for political union, how valid are the objections so far raised in Canada, concerning a potential wave of indigestible colored folk entering Canada, and a disproportionately large number of indigents becoming eligible for handouts?

In the first place, the *Continued on page 73*



In study at Buck House, Elizabeth is schooled in handling the papers that swamp a monarch.



To give his daughters a self-assurance that he had never had, the King held pantomimes.



In war years Elizabeth knitted under expert guidance. Mother always advocated femininity.



THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE

Part three of seven parts: by PIERRE BERTON

HOW ELIZABETH WAS TAUGHT TO RULE

The daughter of a second son, she got the best start of all—a happy childhood. Then, from her father, struggling with great zeal and small strength, and from her mother, affectionate and serene, she learned the often tiresome tasks of queenship

IT IS a tragic but inescapable fact that, for most of history, the heirs to the British throne have with one exception been so out of step with one or both of their parents that it has had a marked effect on their character and personality.

In the past century this has been demonstrably true. The Hanoverian Georges squabbled acrimoniously among themselves in private and espoused opposing political parties in public. Victoria, who followed them, delivered such a snub to her mother on acceding to the throne that the two were hardly on speaking terms for years. Edward VII reacted so violently against his father's disciplined upbringing and his mother's scorn that he became the living antithesis of the age that bore her name. George V bore no resemblance to his father whom he held in such awe that there was little rapport between them. And between him and his sons, Edward VIII and George VI, there was a lack of understanding that had for each violent and unhappy consequences.

The one exception has been Elizabeth II. The equanimity of her childhood has produced in her a tranquility that has not been the most notable attribute of her predecessors. Though she still has some of the shyness and bottled-up nervous tension that has always been characteristic of the family, though she has traces of a naïveté that is the inevitable result of the necessarily confined existence of royal princesses, she still comes to the throne better adjusted and better equipped than any British sovereign in recent history.

This happy circumstance is no accident. Part of it springs from the fact that George VI was a second son and was therefore (a) able to marry a commoner who had about her a serenity not usually found in the inner circles of royalty and (b) able to rear his children, in their early formative stages, in a manner considerably closer to normal than is usual with royal offspring. Part of it springs from the set determination of both parents to make their children equal partners in a contented family circle.

Some, though not all, of the personality of the

parents has rubbed off onto Elizabeth. She has her mother's composure, though not her effervescence. She has all of her father's stubborn devotion to the job, less of his equally stubborn temper. (Margaret, on the other hand, appears to have both the effervescence and the temper.) And she has the sense of duty which both of them sought to instill in her, less by word than by example.

This example can be seen glowing brightly between the rather stilted lines of some of her early speeches as Princess. She told a mother's union: "I do not think you can perform any finer service than to help maintain the Christian doctrine that the relationship of husband and wife is a permanent one not to be broken because of difficulties and quarrels." To a Church of England youth council she said: "For better or for worse the roots of our daily lives are planted in our homes..." To a child-welfare association meeting: "The need of every child to be surrounded by love and security is now well known." To a medical group she referred to: "... the happiness of home and family life on which the true worth of a nation depends."

It was the home life of George VI and his family that secured the crown after its greatest trial. The public caught occasional rewarding glimpses of it. One day a traveler in the Highlands came upon the whole family picnicking at Loch Muick shortly after the King's accession to the throne. The King, in khaki shorts and open shirt, and the two Princesses in their little kilts were out in the water looking for pebbles. The Queen was seated on the shore doing some needlework. It was a minute or two before the witness to the scene realized that this was indeed royalty at play.

For the royal parents were proud of their children. They took their holidays together as a group. Each morning at nine there would be a romp in the bedroom. Except for the war years, they always had lunch, tea and dinner together. When the girls were little, George and Elizabeth had no compunction about getting down on their knees and playing bears. Elizabeth's first remark, when she was told that she was to have a new *Continued on page 42*

By dedicated cheerful example Elizabeth was shown the job of monarchy. Vincent Massey, then Canadian High Commissioner, appears by chance in this 1944 photo.



OUR ILLEGAL

FEDERAL ELECTIONS

By Blair Fraser MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

Most of our lawmakers become lawbreakers in the very act of getting elected because they do not publish accurate statements of their campaign expenses. Who does come across with the big money required? And what do they get in return?

A FEW years ago a provincial party leader, out of office, started a one-man campaign long before any election was announced. He stumped his province with a series of give-'em-hell speeches that took the hide off the party in power and cast some aspersions on the *status quo* in general.

When the election was called and a campaign fund had to be raised the party collector ran into trouble. Big contributors were cool, he found. They hadn't liked those radical speeches.

"I'll fix that," the collector said. He spoke to the party leader. The speeches were toned down; the purse strings were loosened. The party lost the election—but not for lack of funds.

I don't want to say which party it was. This could have happened equally well to either Liberal or Progressive Conservative. There is nothing to choose between them in their methods of party financing; both get approximately the same amounts from approximately the same sources.

I don't think this story is typical, either. I know several provincial leaders who would, I'm sure, throw out of their offices any man who tried to tell them what not to say. In the federal field I have never heard of such a thing being attempted.

But though it may not be typical the story is true, and even that is a disquieting thought in an election year. It illustrates with brutal clarity a moral dilemma of Canadian politics, one that causes deep worry and heart-searching among thoughtful members of parliament. They believe in the democratic process; they believe in the party system; most of them believe with all sincerity that they are serving the public as best they can. But they can't help feeling doubts about the political funds which are part of the system's very foundation. Voters may well share their concern because, directly or indirectly, we voters pay for the political funds in the end. Even more important, the methods of raising and spending campaign funds represent a real and growing threat to our democracy.

Both major parties are now collecting their war chests for the federal campaign they expect this summer or fall. It will be the most expensive campaign in Canada's history—every campaign for the last twenty years has been the most expensive in history. This time the major parties between them will need about eight million dollars, give or take a million or two.

They'll get perhaps five millions of it in Quebec and Ontario, and another million or so for the central funds in the other eight provinces. (Of the eight "smaller" provinces, British Columbia and, lately, Alberta are able to raise their own requirements for either party. The rest are heavily subsidized from Toronto and Montreal.) The rest of the campaign funds—nobody really knows how much the grand total is—will be collected locally in the two hundred and sixty-three ridings, or put up by the candidates themselves.

Where does the money come from?

A considerable fraction of it, probably more than half, comes from big corporations which may have little or no direct business connection with the government. These are the chartered banks, the insurance companies, the steel companies, the mining, the pulp and paper, the automobile, the oil companies, and so on.

How much they give to each party is a well-kept secret, for they don't like to show favoritism. Some years ago a Montreal Liberal called on one of the banks and got a sealed envelope. He was delighted to find it contained fifty thousand dollars, twice as much as he'd expected. Later he got a frantic telephone call from the banker:

"You'll have to bring that back. I gave you the wrong envelope."

"You go to hell," said the Liberal, and hung up.

Nowadays the differential would be more likely to run not in favor of the Progressive-Conservatives but in favor of the well-entrenched Liberals, but at this top level the two parties probably do about equally well. Each thinks the other gets more, but I'm inclined to think, after questioning donors

and recipients on both sides, that both are wrong on that point.

At the second level of contributors are the contractors, the people who actually get government business. These are the heart and soul and spinal column of provincial party funds. They also contribute to the federal campaigns, but less lavishly. As a rule these donors make no pretense of impartiality—they give what they think is expected to the party in power, and take out insurance with the Opposition.

"What you try to do is to give an appropriate amount," one man confided. "You don't want them never to have heard of you; you want them to remember who you are when you go to see them. But you're no more than small fry anyway, so it does you no good to give more than other people your size. Two thousand is no more good to you than one thousand."

Third category of donors to campaign funds are the people who give to individual candidates in the ridings. Most candidates have to raise one third to one half of their campaign funds and a few raise the whole amount. They get the money from small business—shops, trucking and taxi firms, local factories, professional men. At this level a typical donation would be two hundred dollars.

I suppose I should mention a fourth category, the one politicians tell you about with most eagerness. These are the individual party members who contribute five or ten or even fifty dollars to help their chosen party or chosen candidate to victory. But if you question an honest MP he will admit that these contributions, though welcome out of all proportion to their size, add up to only a tiny fraction of the money he needs and gets.

Now a more important question: What does the contributor get in return? Does he get his money back? If so, how? If not, why does he keep on contributing?

There is no evidence that the big contributors, the corporations of national importance, receive or expect anything like a full, *Continued on page 82*

The Scramble for New Brunswick's New Millions

BY KEN JOHNSTONE



John A. Duffy, of the N.B. Department of Mines, issues prospector's license to Frank Beehler, of Bourlamaque, Que. It costs ten dollars.

A Bay Street promoter with a million dollars, a grizzled prospector, an abandoned iron mine, a "doodlebug" survey, a lucky strike — these elements touched off an explosion in the forests around Bathurst, N.B., and made trading history in the stock market

IT ALL STARTED with the appearance of the Northern Miner on the newsstands on Thursday morning, Jan. 15. Toronto's Bay Street brokers on their way to offices which were just beginning to recover from an eight-month slump, Montreal's St. James Street promoters, scanning a long overhung sky for a break in the mining weather, prospectors sadly inactive in Firkland Lake, Rouyn, and Val d'Or, all received their "Miners" about the same time and read them with startled interest.

NEW BRUNSWICK FIRED BY METALS FIND WITH BIG TONNAGE POSSIBILITIES ran the headline on the front page. No fewer than five news stories, an editorial and five maps were devoted to the description of what the

cautious and eminently respectable Miner evidently considered to be a major Canadian mining discovery. The find, made on the site of an old iron mine nineteen miles from Bathurst in northern New Brunswick, contained commercial deposits of zinc, lead, silver and copper, in addition to iron in impressive quantities. And the geology of the district indicated the strong possibility of other similar deposits in the area.

The news rang like a fire bell in Toronto and Montreal financial districts. By noon most of the newsboys in both cities had disposed of their entire week's supply of the Northern Miner and the effect of the announcement was being felt both on the stock exchanges and in the offices of brokers and promoters.



Key figures in the new field: Jimmy Boylen (left) promoted the exploration, holds the trump cards. Pat Meahan, veteran prospector, fixed on the site. Lumberman E. G. Eddy has big interests in Bathurst.



Old-time prospectors call the electrical survey a "doodlebug." But it did locate the big find.

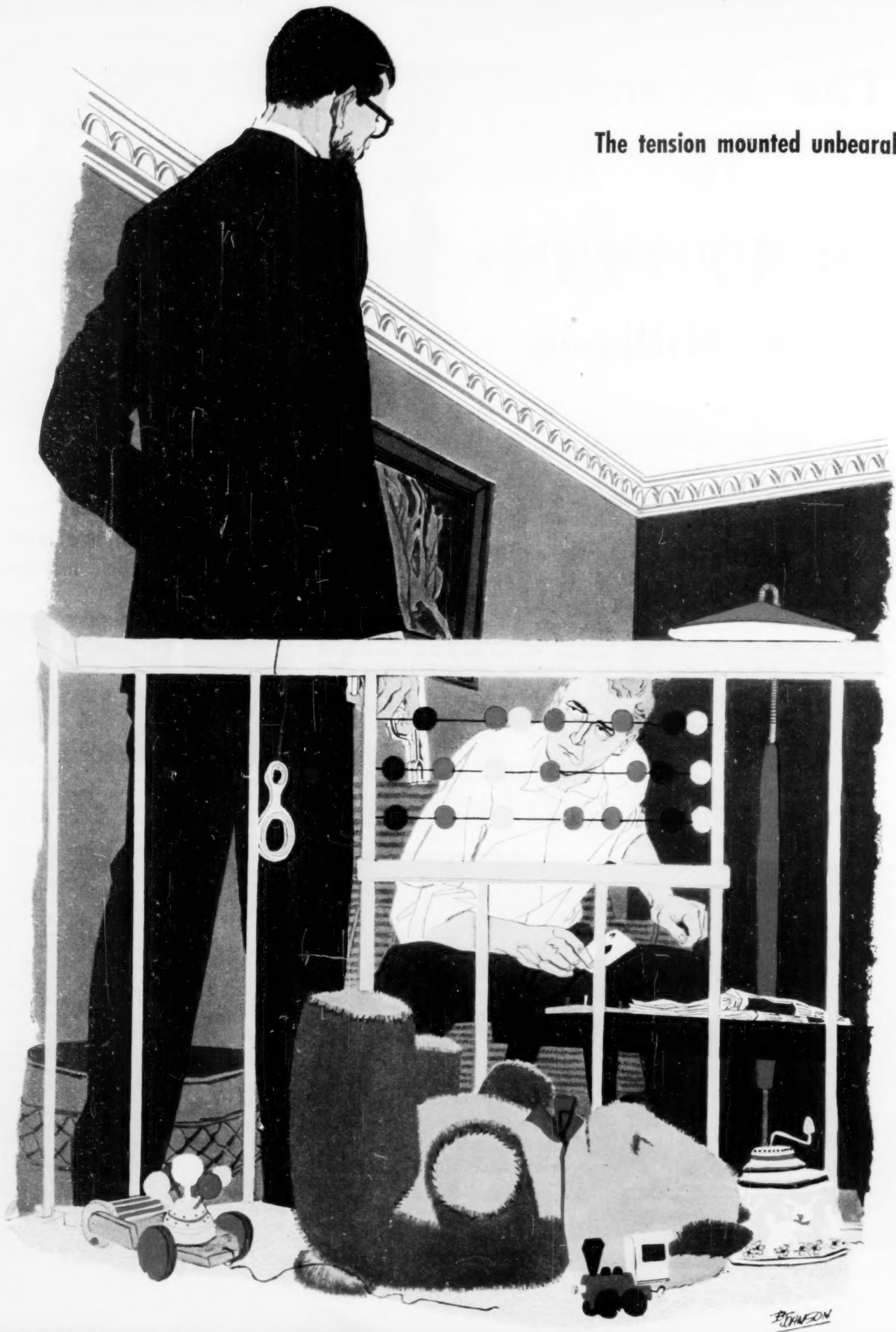
Stock-exchange reaction started slowly at first, then mounted in force as the implications of the discovery became clearer and new companies moved into the picture. Within two weeks the Toronto exchange was to touch a new record high of twelve and a half million shares traded in a single day, most of the activity in penny stocks being associated with the Bathurst rush. One stock, New Larder U, moved from twenty-three cents to two dollars within a few days, and observers noted that much of the new speculative money was coming from office employees of stockbrokers and from New Brunswick. Trading posts on the exchange floor were besieged with buying orders in scenes reminiscent of the market's palmiest days, and experienced "short" operators (brokers who specialize in selling stocks with the expectation of a drop in the market) were caught by the continuing strength of some of the more speculative issues.

The impact of the news on the market was paralleled by its impact on promoters, mining companies, engineers and prospectors. Long-distance calls from Toronto to Rouyn, Kirkland Lake, Cobalt, and Val d'Or set veteran prospectors in motion, packing their winter bush gear: sleeping bags, snowshoes, portable stoves, rubber footgear, coarse woolen socks, leather mitts, heavy bush pants, underwear, plaid flannel shirts, parkas with fur-tipped hoods.

In New Brunswick,

Continued on page 77

The tension mounted unbearably all thro



through

THE LONG NIGHT



as the killer used Jessie's baby for a shield

in the dash from Toronto to the border

By VERA JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

THIS IS the way it began: a man easing the butt of a cigarette from an amber holder and laying it in an ash tray, flicking a crumb of tobacco from his white shirt, placing the evening paper across his lap and drawing neat geometrical figures in the white margin as he listened to the eight-o'clock news.

His name was Arthur Connolly and he was the kind of man who is born to a dull and routine existence. He carried out his duties as an accountant with minute attention to detail, kept up his insurance, made regular bank deposits, subscribed to the Book-of-the-Month Club and spoke with a carefully cultivated English accent.

"Did you hear that?" he asked over the professional dramatics of the newscaster. "A man shoots down a bank manager and teller in cold blood and simply disappears—and three months later they still haven't located him."

"Yes, dear," Jessie Connolly said. She had learned in eighteen months of marriage that it was seldom necessary to comment further.

"We pay taxes to support a bunch of incompetents who couldn't find a lost dog if it came up and bit them."

"Yes, dear," Jessie said.

"One by one," the announcer intoned, "the other four have been picked up. But the man who planned the holdup and ruthlessly murdered two bank employees is still at large. Where is this man? Where is William Farrell?"

There was a picture of Farrell on the front page of the paper. With his pencil Arthur Connolly added glasses to it.

"Has he changed his appearance and settled down in some Canadian community?" the announcer asked breathlessly. "Is he waiting his chance to strike again?"

Arthur penciled in a mustache and complemented it with a

beard. The picture was complete now. His fingers froze on the pencil. It was no longer a picture of William Farrell. It was a likeness of Eric Simmons who lived in Room 8 on the second floor; and in a minute or two Eric Simmons would walk through the door and pull up a hassock to the coffee table where the cribbage board and cards were laid out for their regular Friday night game.

Like an echo to the pounding strokes of his heart, Arthur heard a knock at the door.

With a single motion he folded the paper and shoved it down the side of the easy chair. William Farrell walked in. He pulled the hassock over to the coffee table, sat down facing Arthur and asked cheerfully, "Going to skunk me tonight?"

His eyes were a pale, almost milky blue behind the horn-rimmed glasses and his lips, when he spoke, moved like thin pink worms against the dark-brown beard and mustache. Arthur swallowed. He heard his own voice saying weakly, "Well, I'll try."

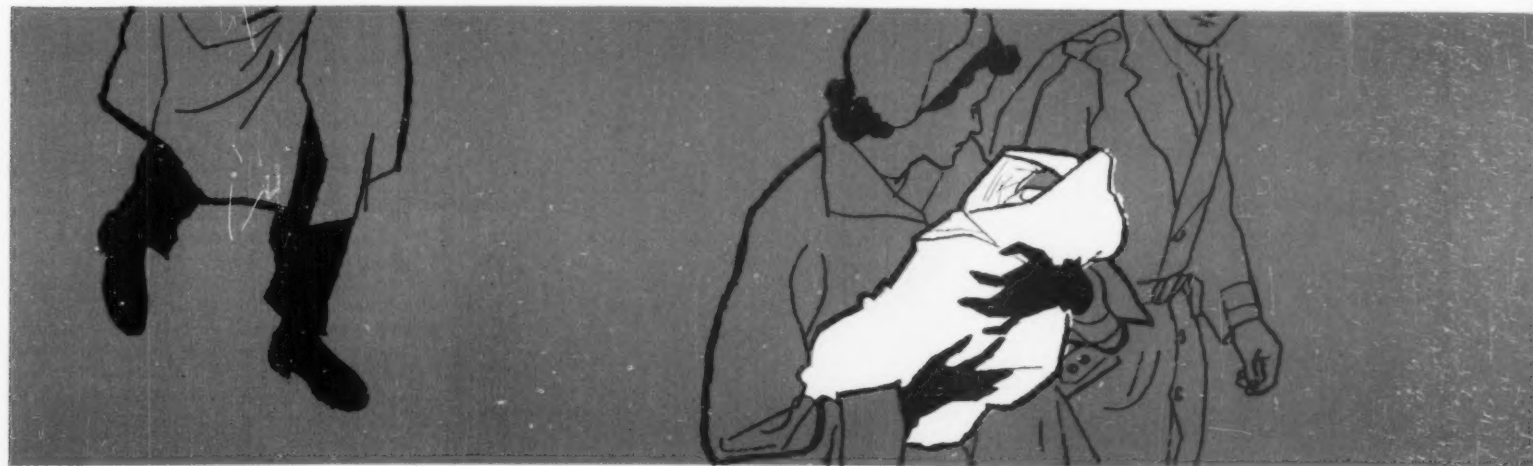
Jessie closed the lid of her work basket. "Finished," she said. "Now I can relax. Where's the paper, dear?"

"I don't know." Arthur watched in fascination as strong brown fingers riffled the deck of cards and thumped them down on the coffee table. "Maybe I left it in the kitchen."

"There it is, right beside you." Farrell reached over and pulled the paper free. It fell open in his hands. "I think," he said after a long moment (and he was putting the paper down on the coffee table and slowly standing up and sticking his hand in his pocket), "I think we all need some fresh air."

Jessie stared at the two men and then walked over to look at the paper. The freckles on her thin pale face seemed to darken suddenly. "All right," she said quietly, "let's go."

"Now, Arthur, you just run upstairs" *Continued on page 55*



"Oh yes," Farrell smiled. "I insist we take the baby." And the threesome—with terror making a fourth—set off into the night.



To see *Bwana Devil*, patrons wear disposable polaroid glasses. This full-length three-dimension film was made in color by the Natural Vision process.

The Movies Stake their Life on a Revolution...

The advance fighting patrols have reached Canadian theatres as Hollywood opens its three-dimensional last-ditch battle for the lost audience. Next big attraction: Marilyn Monroe right in your lap!

By DOROTHY SANGSTER



Shirley Tegge, hastily named Miss 3-D, proves that ballyhoo is still ballyhoo.



In New York patient crowds line up to see *Bwana Devil*, the first in the field. A big Crosby musical is planned.



Although the artistic standard is not high in the early 3-D films, the effects are often startling. Watching this *Bwana Devil* scene, moviegoers often duck to avoid getting a spear in their ribs.

TWENTY-SIX years ago North Americans crowded into theatres all across the continent to hear and see their first sound picture—Warner Brothers' presentation of *The Jazz Singer*, starring Al Jolson. A revolution had occurred in the film industry: silent pictures were soon to vanish from the screen.

Today, Hollywood and all of us who purchase its wares are witnessing another revolution. It's called 3-D, a terse tag for three-dimensional films. And it threatens not only to make today's films, or "flats," as outmoded as yesterday's silent pictures, but also to revolutionize theatre design, writing techniques, and acting standards.

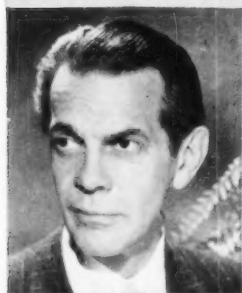
After seeing Cinerama, a form of 3-D, author Robert Sherwood declared, "Now there is a tool with which we playwrights can submit the audience to any experience we want to give them, and what is more, condition them for that experience." Columnist Robert Ruark called it "The movies' answer to television." Trade papers enthused, "It's 1927 all over again!"

Television, of course, is behind this new adventure in entertainment. There are about twenty-one million television sets in continental United States today—that is, a set for every seven persons. Canada has a quarter of a million sets, and will undoubtedly acquire a great many more as the infant CBC television system grows in stature and prestige. If all these television owners, or even some of them, are to be lured back to the movies there's got to be something good to lure them. Hollywood might once have hoped that better movies would do the trick, but now, encouraged by the phenomenal success of two pioneering 3-D films, it has chosen to gamble on the novelty of the third dimension.

It was not until last January, following the tremendous public response to *This Is Cinerama* and *Bwana Devil*, that 3-D really got into its stride. In February the trade magazine *Box Office* observed, "Today's aim for every major film studio is to get there fastest with the mostest." By March half a dozen of them were already shooting in the new medium, and three completed films were on view in American cities, breaking box-office records.

Canadian audiences have seen the first feature-length 3-D film to reach *Continued on page 86*

ALWAYS PARTIAL TO CANADIANS, L. B. MAYER GUIDED THESE STARS TO FAME



RAYMOND MASSEY



MARIE DRESSLER



WALTER PIDGEON



NORMA SHEARER



For seven years Mayer was paid the biggest salary in the world. Even his hobby brought him in millions.

...and AN EX-KING RETURNS TO POWER

From the waterfront at Saint John, Louis B. Mayer rose to be the most successful and most feared man in movies. Then he lost his throne. Now he's bouncing back at sixty-seven as the big boss of Cinerama

By JAMES DUGAN

This is the show that opened Hollywood's counterattack on TV. It's been sold out for six months.



IN THE remarkable new world of 3-D nothing is more remarkable than the story of Louis B. Mayer, an immigrant boy who rose from cutting up sunken ships with a blowtorch in Saint John, N.B., to become King of Hollywood; lost his sceptre, his power and all but twenty million dollars of his fortune; and then, at sixty-seven, started out to make good all over again.

Mayer abdicated two years ago as production chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, largest and most legendary of all the studios. His subjects—even the not inconsiderable number who had feared, hated or ridiculed him—knew that so mighty a fall closed an age and might be followed by anarchy. As one nervous mourner put it, "If L. B. goes for the chop, who's safe?"

Everybody feels better now. L. B. has returned in a suit of three-dimensional ermine as chairman of the board and production chief of the biggest didya-see-it in show business, Cinerama. As the blizzard of electronics that has pelted the motion-picture screen since the Eighteen-nineties jumps right out of the screen into the customer's lap, the majestic white-haired exile is one short jump ahead. For almost fifty years Mayer has done as much as any other man to establish the character of American movies, for better or for worse. For better or for worse, L. B. and Cinerama have already begun to establish their character for the next fifty years.

Against the monolithic bulk of television, talkies and CinemaScope, Cinerama today is a shadow no bigger than a man's hand. But all of Mayer's ventures have had deceptively modest beginnings.

He arrived in Saint John in 1888, at the age of three, with his Russian parents and, at fourteen, was bossing divers and salvage gangs in his father's shipbreaking business. Legend has it that he went down in diving suits himself. At seventeen the sturdy ambitious youth went to Boston to sell junk metal. He found a wife, Margaret Shenberg, and he found the movies. It was 1902, only six years after Edison had projected the first American program: Sea Waves, Venice Showing Gondolas, Butterfly Dance, and Kaiser Wilhelm Reviewing his Troops. (Cinerama's first bill, more than half a century later, includes water-skiing, Venetian gondolas, a ballet,

Continued on page 92

First, face the fact that you'll be seeing an awful lot of her. Then, when you feel like fleeing to Tahiti, go hammer things in the basement. But, above all, never get Adjusted

SO YOU'RE getting married? Good for you, son. Nothing like it. Bet you're going to show all those relatives of yours that this is one marriage that's going to work. That's the stuff! I'll bet you *will*, too.

But, look—uh—

—well, let's just put down that confetti for a minute and talk this over.

I'm no expert perhaps, but at least my wife and I, after eighteen years of marriage, are still rather fond of one another, in an amused sort of way.

Perhaps it's because in our day nobody expected as much of marriage, or anything else, as people seem to today, like the architect named Dick I read about last week who started off with two hundred wedding guests all telling him, "You've got a wonderful girl, there, Dick," and who now has to Learn To Love Again.

Did you ever notice that nobody gets divorced the first years of their marriage, before they are Adjusted? It's *after* they're adjusted that the trouble starts, and it's all because they won't accept the hard fact that there are a lot of things about marriage that don't work and never did, and tinkering away at little adjustments is like the fat lady trying to get into a junior-deb girdle. She might get most of herself in, but somewhere she's going to bulge over.

I was married during the depression, when a wife, regardless of how wonderful she was, was considered a mad extravagance. The day before the wedding my boss made one jolly speech on behalf of the staff and another in my ear, in a whisper, when he shoved a leather brief case into my hands.

He said, "Here, you bloody fool."

The department manager called me into his office, closed the door, looked around suspiciously, slipped a notice of a dollar raise to me under his desk and told me to burn it after I'd read it or everybody would be wanting sixteen-fifty a week.

Soon afterward I found myself driving along with my bride and my best man, a chap called Eddie, in one of those cars young people went in for at the dawn of internal combustion, an open Italian Fiat that Eddie and I had bought for thirty-

five dollars. It had a built-in pistol rack and two extra side seats for Dukes, with a lone empty corn-syrup can banging along behind.

These were days when economic tensions found sudden frenzied outlets, which explains, I suppose, why Eddie, stirred by God knows what vague recollection of something he'd read by Scott Fitzgerald, suddenly leaned on the horn, just as we had to stop beside a streetcar full of unemployed passengers who looked down on us with absolutely no expression.

We didn't look like a madcap wedding party. We looked just like three people with nothing more to do than ride around in an old Fiat in the middle of the afternoon. Besides, there is nothing more unnerving than a horn being stuck, particularly when there's a best man stuck on the other end of it. My wife slid over to the far side of the seat and sat there biting her knuckles and trying to look as if she was just riding in an old-fashioned taxi while the Fiat started to backfire and I moved up to one of the Dukes' seats and threatened to brain my best man with a rim wrench.

Just as we drove off an old man stepped over from the curb, signaling frantically and pointing at our rear end.

"OLD SYRUP CAN," he kept shouting above the explosions of the exhaust. "FELL OUT OF YOUR REAR END! THEY'LL PUT ANYTHING IN 'EM THESE DAYS."

I'm not recommending that we have to have another depression to save marriage. What I *am* saying is that anybody who approaches marriage in a backfiring Fiat is left with few illusions, which is more than I can say of the people who get married today, who carry around so many illusions that their arches give out.

For instance, there's the illusion that a new marriage is one round of exciting discoveries that you like the same things, like salt-box cottages and Bach by candlelight. Finding yourself living with a strange woman in a modern functional little bungalow, where the only place to hide is the bathroom, is something quite different.

There were

Continued on page 60



ILLUSTRATED BY
DUNCAN MACPHERSON

Better get used to the idea that man is basically as domesticated as Attila the Hun.

How to Live With a Woman



LLOYD PERCIVAL, Director of Sports College, says

OUR FLABBY MUSCLES ARE A



Lloyd Percival has been director and head coach of Sports College for nine years. Now thirty-nine, he has been prominent as a competitor in hockey, boxing and cricket. His Saturday radio shows on CBC Trans-Canada stress amateur athletics as the best way to national fitness.

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

AT ONE POINT during World War II when the Canadian Army was rejecting forty-four percent of applicants because of physical defects (it later went to fifty percent) Russia was rejecting only two fifths of one percent. A large part of the answer, obviously, was that Russia was accepting men of much lower standard, but a Canadian Army medical officer commented: "If we ever tried to make soldiers out of ninety-nine percent of Canadian youth we'd have to send a fleet of ambulances on every route march to get half the boys home."

Military authorities were alarmed at the high rejection rate, but it merely proved a fact that Canadian athletic coaches and physical-education experts have been painfully aware of for years. Canada's national level of physical fitness is almost at rock-bottom; it is much lower than that of countries like Australia, New Zealand and all European nations, including Britain.

Sports College, which is devoted to the improvement of physical fitness in Canada and the development of better amateur athletes, has just completed a fitness survey which indicates that only about two out of ten adult Canadians could pass the very simplest physical test which nine out of ten Europeans or Australians would pass without difficulty.

The average Canadian's attitude is—so what? "The doctor says my health is all right. What if I can't run a mile or chin a bar ten times?" This attitude stems from our ignorance of what physical fitness really means, why it is important, how it differs from mere health.

Canada is a healthy nation, one of the world's healthiest. Few other nations can equal our life expectancy of sixty-six years. But you can be reasonably healthy, look forward to a normal life span, yet be glaringly substandard when it comes to physical fitness—as most Canadians are.

Good health doesn't necessarily mean a good level of physical fitness. Good health is the capacity for life. But physical fitness is the capacity for enjoying it fully. It's what your doctor is talking about when he looks at you after a medical and says: "Your health is fine but you're in rotten condition."

Our Sports College survey covered a sample of more than eighteen hundred Canadians, selected

This nationally known coach says Canada is a C-3 nation, losing millions in absenteeism and risking unnecessary casualties in a future war. If you wonder where you stand, check your fitness with these fifteen tests

THE AVERAGE CANADIAN UNDER SIXTY POSSESSING A NORMAL HEART SHOULD BE ABLE TO PASS EVERY TEST. BUT IF YOU CAN PASS EVEN FIVE OF THEM, YOU'RE FITTER THAN MOST

as to urban or rural dweller, age, sex and economic status, so that the group was a representative cross section of the country as a whole. Only persons examined by a doctor and declared of normal health were tested. The results were appalling.

At twelve to sixteen, an age at which close to one hundred percent should be in top physical condition, only fifty-five percent passed the tests. From that age group up, the decline in fitness was rapid. At sixteen to twenty-one years, only forty-eight percent passed; twenty-one to thirty years, thirty-one percent; thirty to forty years, twenty-three percent; forty to fifty years, eighteen percent.

Most people failed on all tests demanding endurance. Ninety-five percent admitted without trying it that they couldn't run a mile. Most people under sixty possessing a normal heart could get in condition to run a mile with little effort, for it isn't a severe test.

Ninety percent of those tested didn't know how to relax, an energy-conserving skill that comes with physical fitness. The ability to relax any time requires a conscious control over muscles and nervous system that permits you to snatch a few moments of complete rest before you begin the next job.

Eighty-five percent showed poor posture, a sure sign that muscles are losing their elasticity. The commonest posture fault was stomach prolapse—a weakening and resulting sagging of the stomach wall.

Eighty percent couldn't pass a heart-fitness test. All these people had "healthy" hearts that met the day-to-day chores of living without difficulty, but their hearts were working harder, wearing out faster and possessed no reserve capacity for the extra loads that emergencies periodically bring. A heart in good condition beats fifty to sixty times per minute, when the body is at rest. The average Canadian heart, at rest, beats eighty times.

Seventy-one percent failed on bending and rotation tests which measure muscle and joint flexibility. A joint that will freely extend or flex to its full range makes every movement a bit easier, just as a few drops of oil make a door hinge do its job better. The added agility makes you a better car driver and may save you from a broken leg some time when Junior leaves his marbles on the stairs.

Sixty-one percent couldn't pass the strength test—push-ups and the hand-grip dynamometer. Physical fitness demands the maximum muscular strength your body type and weight are capable of. This muscular strength makes every task easier. It enables the desk worker to sit and the taxi driver to drive all day without

Continued on page 71

1 Lie on your back and lift both feet together twenty-four inches off the floor, keeping knees stiff. Can you hold it for a minute?



6 Can you pinch up more than an inch of fat between your thumb and finger anywhere on your body? If you can, you're too fat.

7 Lie on your stomach, hands clasped behind your head, someone holding your feet to the floor. Can you lift your head and chest upward until the middle of your chest is eighteen inches off the floor.



11

Lie down for five minutes. Take your pulse. Get to your feet and take it again. Is the difference between standing and lying pulse fifteen or less?

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

2

Can you hold your breath seventy seconds?

3

Can you touch your knuckles to the floor without bending your knees?



4

Can you sit on the floor, knees stiff, feet eighteen inches apart, a yardstick lying across your knees, and touch the stick with your forehead?



5

Can you stand, back to a wall, with your heels, back of legs, shoulders and back of head touching, then make the small of your back touch the wall too?



8

Sit on the floor, hands clasped behind your head, legs straight ahead. Lift your feet eighteen inches off the floor. Can you balance this way a minute?



9

Balance on one foot: heel on the floor; the other foot eighteen inches off the floor ahead, knee stiff. Hold for ten seconds. Rise onto the toe. Hold another ten seconds.



10

If you are a woman, can you do three push-ups? Hands and toes on the floor, hands slightly more than shoulder-width apart, body forming a straight line, lower and raise your body so that your nose touches each time. If a man, can you do ten?



12

Holding a chair lightly for balance, stand on one leg, bend the knee forward and down as far as you can while keeping the heel flat on the floor and your weight centred over the knee. Can you hold this position for one minute?



If you're sure your heart is sound

13

Can you swim half a mile or run a mile?

14

Jog in place for a minute recording your pulse for fifteen-second periods. Does it return to normal standing rate within two minutes?



15

Undress. Stand sideways before a full-length mirror. Relax. Now take a look. Are you honestly satisfied with what you see?



SUBJECT: CENTAUR



Illustrated by Harold Town



WIDEWORLD TRADING CORPORATION

422 Solway Place, Montreal, 3, P.Q. Telephone: NE. 1-76652

August 7, 1950.

Professor Werner Albrucht,
Department of Anthropology,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Ned:

In this morning's mail is a quite remarkable letter from George Sampson, our buyer in the Eastern Mediterranean area. Sampson is one of our best men: he has been with us for almost twenty years, and I might say that I have always found him truthful and reliable. This is, as you will understand, a necessary prelude to his report, which I thought might interest you.

Sampson explains that he has met a centaur. He has been traveling in Thessaly and stayed one evening a few weeks ago in the small village of Arien. They were having one of their summer festivals and Sampson, who always takes a keen interest in local customs, joined in. Late that night he went with a new-found friend to view some ruins that constitute the main pride of Arien, and he says that it was here he met the animal. I think it best to quote from his letter:

Soriopolus had wandered off somewhere. I was standing looking at the low mound of the ruins when I heard someone speaking to me. I thought for a moment it was Soriopolus, but when I turned I saw a horse standing a few feet from me. That is, John, I thought I saw a horse -- but when he came closer I realized he was half horse, half man -- a centaur! And speaking to me! Somehow it seemed quite in keeping with the place and we chatted for a few minutes. He was explaining some of the history of the temple when we heard Soriopolus returning. The centaur excused himself and galloped away, saying it was best not to upset the villagers.

The next morning I found it difficult to credit what I had seen. I stayed an extra day, kept away from wine, and returned to the temple in the evening. I met him again and we had a lovely time together... His name is Cliones...

Sampson says he has kept the whole affair quiet because he's sure no one will believe him, and also because the

Continued on page 48

A Maclean's Short Story by John Gray

...and now, a few words from

With unquenchable eloquence and sharp Welsh wit Leonard Walter Brockington speaks to, around and occasionally for the nation in times of crisis, joy or sorrow. Other times he talks just for the love of it

BY ERIC HUTTON

Portrait by Desmond Russell

FROM time to time a group of Toronto residents foregather at what might be described as an intellectual stag party. Present are eminent men of many professions, all notably fluent and, in convivial company, willing to talk and talk and talk. Until, that is, one Leonard Brockington puts in an appearance. What happens then has been described in some awe by one of the regulars:

"A tall stooped figure walks in and growls a cordial greeting to everyone—Brockington is one of those rare people who can growl cordially—and chooses a comfortable chair in a strategic location. For perhaps twenty minutes he lets the conversation flow around him. Then he intercepts a topic, any topic, and takes over. For an hour or more after that anyone who speaks is interrupting. But nobody seems to mind, because when Brockington holds the floor it's not so much a monologue as high-level oratory in a conversational tone."

A friend of Brockington's, William Rowan, recently recalled the first time they met. "Brockington spent most of the evening in a dissertation on birds—quite a learned talk it was," said Rowan, who is professor of biology at the University of Alberta and one of the world's leading authorities on bird life. "I honestly believe," he added, "that Brockington knows enough about everything under the sun to hold his own with an expert on any subject."

But Brockington is more than a willing and able speaker. His private discourses are a mere busman's holiday from his major avocation as Canada's Orator Laureate. To Canadians Brockington is the perennial voice of the nation, heard on national and international radio networks in time of war crisis and in time of victory; when royalty visits; when a king dies or a prince is born or a monarch crowned; on the festival days of Robbie Burns of Scotland, St. George of England and especially St. David of Wales; on Dominion Day and Empire Day and Armistice Day, and at the honoring of illustrious Canadians like William Lyon Mackenzie and William Osler. In her darkest hour Britain borrowed Brockington to speak courage to the nation, and in turn loaned his eloquence to Australia and New Zealand. Brockington has practically a permanent assignment as chief speaker at the annual conclaves of the Canadian Bar Association, the American Bar Association and American Bankers' Association, and is doggedly working his way through the major American colleges as a commencement speaker. Lincoln's birthday seldom passes without a Brockington address to one or another Lincoln group in the United States.

Strangely enough, one of Brockington's lesser occupations calls for concentrated listening—he has handled dozens of labor arbitrations with remarkable success, a recent one being the serious dispute between the Toronto Transportation Commission and its employees. Last January he took on an even trickier assignment when the United Nations appointed him chairman of a special appeals board set up to hear the cases of American employees of the UN accused of disloyalty.

Brockington is unique among celebrities because his recognition by the public is based almost wholly on oratory. His fellows of the orotund phrase who come readily to mind—Winston Churchill, William Jennings Bryan, Clarence Darrow, Sir Henry



Canada's "orator laureate" accepted an honorary degree from Middlebury College, Vt., last year.

Irving, John Bright, Cicero—all employed eloquence as an aid to politics, law or play-acting. Brockington is a lawyer who never made a memorable plea in court, a theatre executive who has never appeared professionally before the footlights. His political leanings if any are so private that no fewer than three political parties have at one time or another asked him to contest elections on their behalf, but he has never run for public office.

There are other strange contradictions in Brockington's oratorical career. Many Canadians believe he receives high fees for talking over the radio and addressing distinguished gatherings—the truth is that he has never been paid for a speech. On the contrary, oratory has cost him money. His very first attempt cost him money, in fact.

Forty years ago in Edmonton, to eke out an inadequate salary as a newspaper reporter, he undertook to hire himself out as an after-dinner singer at banquets and soirees. Being a Welshman he was, of course, born with a voice of commercial calibre. And his singing engagements reached alarming proportions. Alarming because it was no part of the Brockington plan to become a professional singer. He wanted to be a lawyer, and nights when he wasn't singing or covering an assignment he was studying law books. So he made a costly decision: he would sing gratis at any gathering—provided he was allowed to make a speech too.

"And that," says Brockington, "was the beginning and end of my professional career on the platform."

On the other hand it is paradoxically true that everything of any importance that has happened to Brockington in his career has been the result of making a speech. He began by literally orating his way into the University of Alberta after mere scholarship had failed to gain him admittance.

He arrived in Edmonton from Cardiff in 1912 with eight dollars in his pocket and found that a railway building boom had just passed beyond the city, leaving it swollen with unemployed. Intent on becoming a lawyer, and faced with the necessity of earning a living, he applied for a job in a lawyer's office. He was accepted.

"But there will be no pay, of course," the lawyer added casually.

That lawyer is now Chief Justice O'Connor of Alberta, a close friend of Brockington. "We often laugh about our first meeting," Brockington said recently, "perhaps a little hollowly on my part."

Brockington next tried to finance a University of Alberta law course by offering to correct Latin papers—he had resigned as classics master of a Lancashire grammar school to emigrate to Canada—but university president H. M. Tory vetoed the idea (but made amends twenty-four years later when he conferred an honorary LLD on Brockington for being an honor and a credit to the university). Down to his last dollar, Brockington signed on as an axe-man with the Edmonton and British Columbia Railway to clear trees at Athabaska Landing. But when he went to his rooming house to collect his duffle bag there was a note pinned on his luggage—an offer of a job with the Strathcona Plain Dealer, a suburban newspaper. The job made Brockington practically the entire staff of the paper, at twelve dollars a week.

One night he was covering a banquet of the Builders' Association of Canada, an affair at which many toasts were offered. The reporter assigned to reply to the toast to the Press was snoring peacefully under the table when his turn came. Someone nudged Brockington, who arose and delivered an extemporaneous speech of great eloquence and considerable length.

Next morning he was visited in the Plain Dealer office by a bearded gentleman of great dignity, who had made the journey for the sole purpose of informing Brockington how pleasant it was, and how all too rare in frontier Edmonton, "to hear a young man who has something to say and knows how to say it." The bearded man turned out to be Professor E. K. Broadus, professor of English at the University of Alberta. The two men had a long talk, sitting before the Plain Dealer's roaring stove—"fed by unsold copies of the paper," Brockington recalls, "and therefore never short of fuel."

As a result of this friendship, born of admiration for a Brockington speech, the fledgling newspaperman was granted an extraordinary privilege by the university: he was enrolled as a law student but permitted to study in his spare time without attending lectures.

The Plain Dealer soon failed and Brockington got a job as assistant to the city commissioners of Edmonton. It was during his civic career that he made his first and last political speech. It was on behalf of a friend who was running for alderman. The candidate happened to be unpopular with Mayor William Thomas Henry of Edmonton, who thereupon summoned Brockington before him on Christmas Eve and fired him.

"On what grounds?" demanded Brockington.

"Economy," replied the mayor.

"Financial or political?" Brockington shot back. But it was one occasion on which his wit did not give him the last word. *Continued on page 64*

Theatre executive Brockington is rarely photographed. His persuasive voice may be Canada's best known but he's never been paid to speak.

m Mr. Brockington

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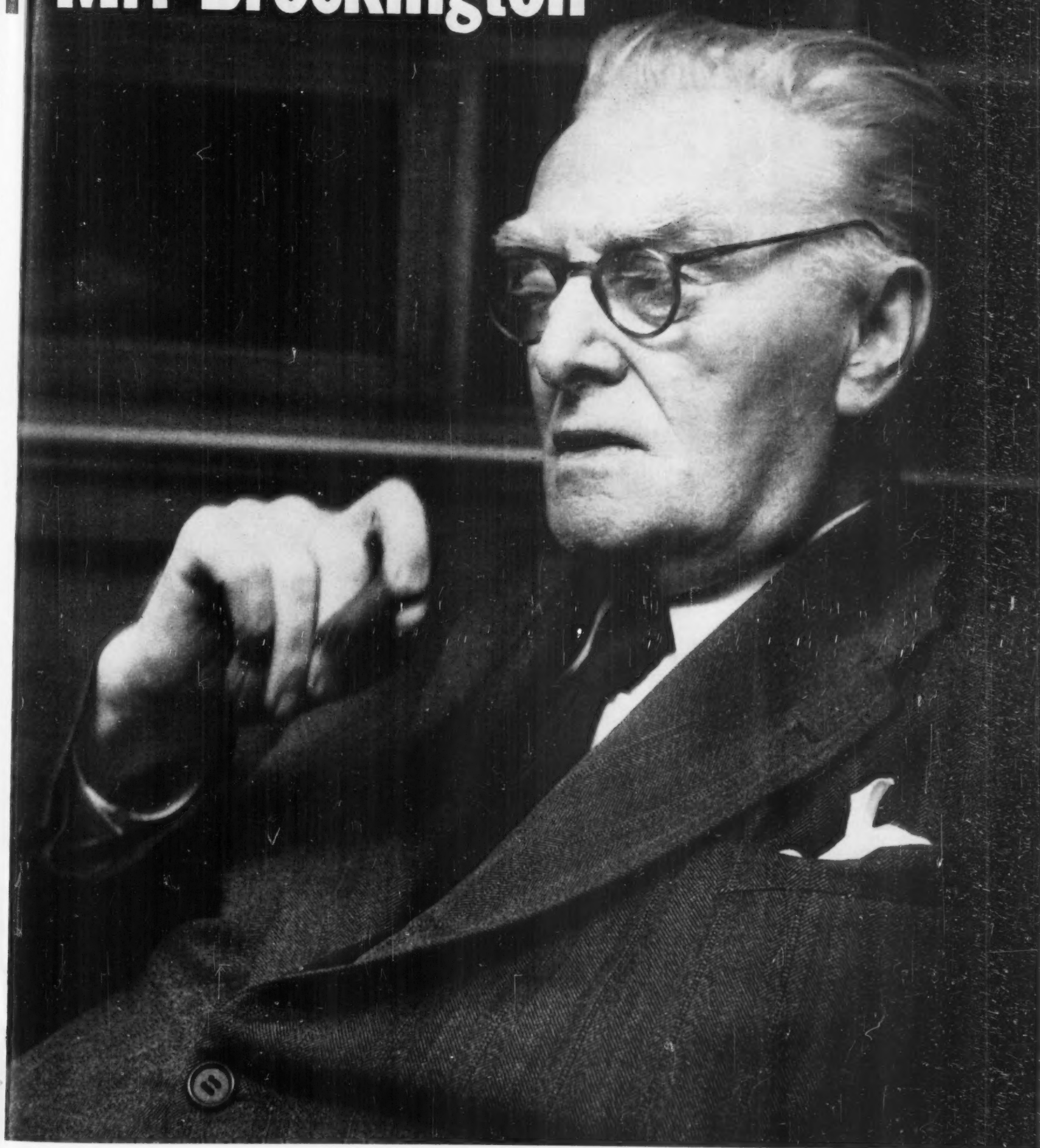
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WHITEHORSE IS HEAVEN FOR A SINGLE GIRL



BY JACK SCOTT

Drawing by Des English

Spinsters have even been seen thumbing rides up the Alaska Highway to get to this Yukon boom town where men outnumber women five to three and a new city is growing from the shacks where Robert Service wrote

FOUR OUT OF FIVE of the four thousand citizens of Whitehorse, capital city of the Yukon, have arrived there within the last ten years and there's never been a known case of love at first sight. Like a rare Gorgonzola, the real worth of this metropolis of the future growing from a shanty town takes time to appreciate.

Few frontier communities have gone through such agony of growth. The result is an onslaught to the eye that has caused many a new arrival to depart in panic by the next plane. Taxi drivers who meet incoming flights are hardened to expressions of disgust as their fares get a first close-up of the city.

A typical first impression was that of Cecile McDonald, a winsome, auburn-haired, twenty-three-year-old sales clerk of Vancouver, who had saved money enough for a one-way ticket. Cecile is an example of the strangest kind of pioneer since the rush of '98. Each year since the war's end single girls by the hundreds have been making a pilgrimage to the Yukon from all parts of Canada.

While Cecile, like the others, speaks of "adventure" and "a change of scene," she admits also an awareness that the single female in Whitehorse holds an excellent bargaining position. It is one of the world's richest sources of bridegrooms. The latest census figures show that in the entire Yukon population of 9,096 the male outnumbers the female five to three.

Even these statistics palled as Cecile's taxi turned at the 919-mile post of the Alaska Highway, which borders the airport, swung down Two-Mile Hill and entered the city, sprawled on the flats between tan cliffs and the swift-running apple-green Yukon River.

Except when it's under the dry winter snow Whitehorse's color motif is weathered grey wood, mud or dust. There seem to be no two structures which belong to the same school of architecture. Through the cab's windows Cecile saw ancient spruce log cabins built by prospectors half a century ago, tar-paper shacks with tar-paper

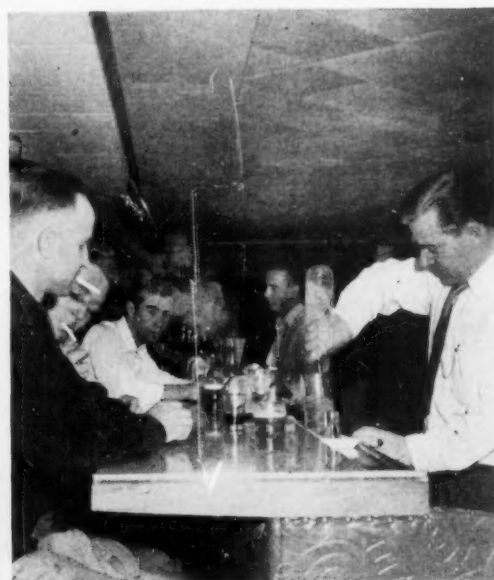


The Yukon Skyscraper is a familiar landmark. But big new buildings are going up on the bluffs.

outhouses and an occasional trim bungalow with Venetian blinds. There are shedlike bunkhouses, square little hutches of imitation brick, Quonset huts, lean-tos of corrugated iron and false-fronted frame buildings. One log cabin known as the Yukon Skyscraper is three stories tall, the upper rooms being reached by an open outside stairway.

There's not a blade of grass in the volcanic soil. Spruce and jackpine, their straight thin trunks talcumed with dust in summer, stand everywhere. Under them are the rusted hulks of trucks and bulldozers, oil drums, piles of salvaged lumber and piping.

Much of this debris is evidence of an invasion



Cal Miller mixes drinks in one of four saloons. Today's pioneers ask for Pink Ladies, not redeye.

that might have killed a less hardy town. The prewar Whitehorse had a population of four hundred and fifty. When forty thousand American soldiers and construction workers descended on it as a halfway base for the construction of the Alaska Highway they produced a town planner's nightmare. Whitehorse is still plucking away at the mess they left behind.

Cecile stepped from the cab in front of the Whitehorse Inn and asked the driver, "Which way is the main street?"

"This is it," the driver said.

That was eighteen months ago. Cecile is still in Whitehorse, a clerk

Continued on page 38



Main Street. People who hope to get rich quick and then get out, often wind up becoming solid citizens.

Now
it's here—
the night of
her first
Formal...



Once upon a time, a child stood here, played "grown-up" in her mother's dress and dreamed she was the fairest at the ball.



Once upon a time, a child sat here, stared wonder-eyed at guests below, fell sound asleep. You carried her to bed.



Once upon a time, her escorts called in snowsuits. And if they brought her anything at all, it was a broken plaything.



How long to make a woman of a child? An hour or two? A week? Not long—fifteen years is all.

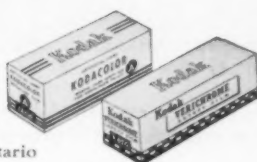


So now it's here: the night of her first formal—just as you knew it would be.

Radiant, she descends the stairs, wearing flowers you did not send, smiling bashfully at someone else. Her words have been the same these 15 years: "Mom and Dad, good night! Good night!" You watch her go—and see her shut the door on childhood.

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from the real, but every girl has . . .



her heart set on a genuine diamond . . .



ring. What does mere money matter at . . .



a time like this? Don't say it, bud.

Although other gems are brighter (and much, much cheaper)
lovestruck men keep on buying (and women keep on losing)

those fabulous little chunks of Africa that we call

DIAMONDS

BY BOB COLLINS

TONIGHT in somebody's front parlor some hapless young Canadian, befuddled by sentiment and soft lighting, will press a proposal and a diamond ring upon his sweetie. She'll accept—they almost always accept a diamond—and he'll tenderly leave her so she can appraise it under a stronger light and scrape the window with it to be sure it cuts glass.

Halfway home he'll suddenly snap out of the trance, slap a hand to his wallet and realize he's been had by one of the world's oldest, most persistent and least practical customs.

Before the year is out one hundred and twenty thousand other prospective Canadian bridegrooms will also momentarily drop their guards and dole out diamond rings. At some later stage of their lives, most of them will snarl and grumble and profess to regret it, but for this year at least the diamond ring will look to them like man's most inspired invention. A marriage today is nearly always good for one diamond, maybe two.

For five hundred years women have been mesmerized by the legendary mystery and romance of the diamond. Men usually remain mesmerized for a year or less. After that there's as much romance in a used car—they buy both on time—and the only mystery is why, when a man needs all his wits, his friends and his cash about him, tradition makes him fork over maybe a year's rent or mortgage the homestead for a morsel of crystallized carbon.

Chemically, a diamond is just that—pure carbon, crystallized within the earth by tremendous heat and pressure. This Spartan training gives it properties far more remarkable than its power to cast a spell on a girl.

It's the hardest substance in the world. There's nothing like it for boring steel cylinders, for drawing tungsten (the world's hardest metal) into filaments for light bulbs, or for breaking up rock and granite. Seventy-five percent of all diamonds mined are put to such uses. A diamond properly set into a tool can wear away two emery wheels, one and a half feet in diameter and an inch thick, before it shows a sign of wear. Diamonds are also the most brilliant of natural gems but the casual onlooker can't tell a genuine diamond ring from a dime-store imitation. In Tampa, Fla., when somebody replaced one of jeweler Ben Brown's \$199 rings with a five-and-ten model, Brown had the phony specimen in his showcase three weeks before he noticed it.

A synthetic titanium stone now on the market has satisfactory hardness and greater brilliance than a diamond for only one tenth the cost, but the Canadian bridegroom still says he knows what he wants and the Canadian bride says what he wants is a genuine diamond.

There are no figures on diamond sales but with an average of one hundred and twenty-three thou-

sand marriages a year in Canada it's safe to credit most of these with at least one diamond ring. In 1951 nearly forty-five thousand carats of unset diamonds, valued at \$7,324,617, were imported to Canada. In the first eleven months of 1952 another \$5,972,587 worth arrived.

Roughly nine tenths of the precious gems sold in Canada are diamonds, says J. F. Ellis, president of Henry Birks and Sons (Ont.) Ltd. Ninety-eight percent of them find their way into rings, according to Mark Gross, an executive of S. Gross and Son Diamonds Ltd., a major Canadian cutting firm. At Birks' main Toronto store, which sells many more diamond dinner rings than the average retailer, engagement or wedding rings still make up three quarters of the diamond ring sales. Bert Gerstein, secretary-treasurer of People's Credit Jewellers, says ninety-nine percent of his firm's diamond ring sales are engagement or wedding bands.

All retail authorities agree that the consumer seldom breaks off from his shopping to recite poetry. He approaches the matter prosaically and often buys on the installment plan. A three-months sampling of the sales of all jewelry stores, made by the Canadian Retail Federation, showed that sixty percent of jewelry was bought with cash, sixteen percent on thirty-day credit accounts and twenty-four percent on a longer-term budget plan.

Thousands of wary sentimentalists combine Christmas with a proposal, thus killing two birds with a half-carat stone. December is the busiest month for ring sales. April sales are high because the diamond is this month's birthstone. May and June are also busy; January and July are slack.

Whether he buys in January or June, there's one chance in two that the proposal is already over with. Over a two-months test period recently, Birks in Toronto found its diamond ring buyers were: thirty-two men with women, thirty men alone and one lone woman.

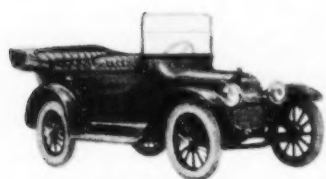
Give the woman credit, she doesn't exchange his diamond once it's bought—at least, not right away. "Not one ring in a hundred comes back for exchange," says Bert Gerstein. "Mind you, couples often come back a few years later and replace the original diamond with a larger stone. Some people change the stone as often as five or six times in a lifetime.

"And if the girl comes along when the ring is first bought, she may choose a different style. But if a man's made that first choice himself, she loves it."

On all counts the diamond qualifies handsomely as a symbol of constancy. Three years ago DeBeers Consolidated Mines Ltd., the great South African combine, compiled these price ranges for the guidance of retailers: one-quarter carat stones, \$80-\$215; one-half carat, \$210-\$500; one carat, \$560-\$1,200; two carat,

Continued on page 30

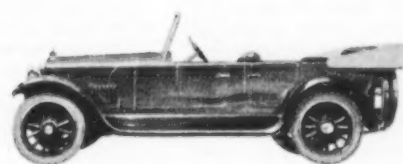
One of the most remarkable votes
of confidence in automotive history...



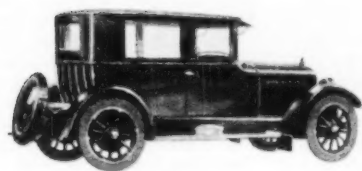
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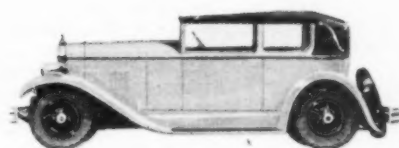
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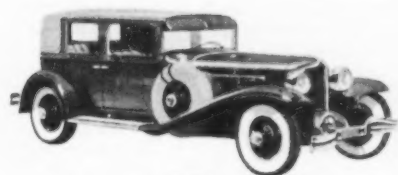
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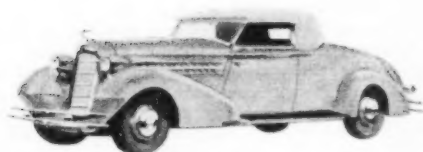
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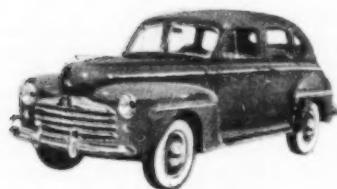
1939



1942



1945



1948



1951



1952



Again in 1953...as in every
single year for the last 38 years

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Surely the tires that
satisfy so many people
are the tires for you to buy

GOOD YEAR

The Super-Cushion Tire is just one example of Goodyear leadership. Car makers use more Super-Cushions on new cars, car owners *buy* more Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire. They know you can't beat Goodyear for safety, comfort, mileage.

Diamonds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

\$1,200 - \$3,000. It's about the same today. Variations in color, clarity and cut account for the width in price range for each stone.

A carat is the accepted weight measurement for diamonds (not to be confused with "karat" which refers to gold). One ounce equals 141 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats. At that rate, anyone wishing to surprise his wife with a pound of A-1, one-carat diamonds should write a cheque for \$2,721,600. Each carat weight is divided into 100 points for commercial purposes. A price tag reading ".25" means your gem is one-quarter carat. A diamond is graded A, B, C, D and E for color; 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 for degree of flawlessness. An A-1 stone is the best.

Blue-white is the best diamond color, then white and so on down to stones tinged with yellow and brown. Jewelers dislike the term "blue-white," though, because a true bluish diamond is rare. The Gemological Institute of America says that of five hundred diamonds examined at random, only one showed a trace of blue. Often a customer may think he sees a bluish tint because the diamond readily reflects the color of a blue wall or light. For this reason the diamond dealer likes to examine stones by ordinary north daylight.

Another vital factor in a diamond's value is the accuracy in cutting and polishing, which brings out the maximum brilliance. For the popular "brilliant" cut it has been found that, other factors being equal, fifty-eight facets exploit a stone's brilliance the best.

All of these things govern the price range of the diamond you buy. Retail markup on a diamond may run as high as one hundred percent, but the jewelers insist their relatively low turnover justifies it. A tobacconist may turn his stock fifty times a year, thus making fifty profits on his original investment. The jeweler may make only one and a half turns a year.

"A jeweler must keep a very expensive stock on hand," Jim Green, director of jewelry arts at Toronto's Ryerson Institute of Technology, adds. "His insurance costs are higher than those of most other businessmen. Settings change in style from time to time. He may have to reset a large amount of his stock to keep up with fashion."

Unlike the hesitant bridegroom, retailers and importers can't shop around for their diamonds. They have one source of supply and they have to take or leave what they're offered by the wholesaler. About ninety-five percent of the world's diamonds come from Africa. A few are mined in Brazil, British Guiana and Venezuela. Even Canada had a diamond rush in the Val d'Or, Que., district in 1950. Thousands of claims were staked after two drillers wore out two diamond-tipped drills in trying to break through some unknown substance deep in the earth. Experts still think a diamond fortune lies hidden somewhere in northern Canada.

Practically all of the large South African mines are owned, controlled or leased by DeBeers Consolidated Mines Ltd., and its affiliates. One fabulously rich mine is owned by Quebec-born Dr. John Thoburn Williamson who made his strike in 1940 and has since taken out about thirty-five million dollars' worth of diamonds. Williamson marketed his stones through the DeBeers syndicate for five years, dropped his dealings with them for two years, but resumed an agreement last June. Gem diamonds are marketed in Lon-

don by the DeBeers-controlled Diamond Trading Co. Ltd. From time to time the company notifies a select group of customers that a showing of diamonds will be held in London. The customer probably has a broker in London and cables his application for a "sight."

On "sight" day the buyer is shown one package of rough diamonds of varying sizes and quality, worth approximately what he has said in his application that he wants to spend. This is his allotment, to take as a complete package or leave. Few reject their packages because they don't want to be struck off the list.

The syndicate sets the price on rough stones and has a simple means of making it stick. If times slacken, gem stones aren't put on the market at reduced prices—instead, production is cut back.

If the price seldom drops in a hurry, it doesn't go up in a hurry either. One Canadian firm even puts a two-year guarantee on its diamond-ring sales: within the time limit the customer can turn in his old diamond and be credited with its full cost price on a larger stone.

Naturally the man who has to pay three hundred dollars for a carat of the lowest quality is more concerned with whether these stable prices are fair. The diamond industry answers that diamonds are hard come by; that on the average it gets forty-six carats of unsorted diamond material from three hundred and fifty tons of gravel and rock and that this culls down to twenty-three carats of rough gem diamonds and, eventually, to only one good carat of cut gem.

Even the rivals of the diamond industry aren't altogether sure what would happen if the law of supply and demand were allowed to work unchecked and unimpeded.

"Poor-quality diamonds might drop quite a bit in price though they'd never drop to the dime-store level," says Dr. Robert Carter, a Ph.D. in chemistry with Tany Gems Ltd., makers of titanium stones. "I don't think top-grade diamonds would drop much in price, if any. They might even increase in price under free marketing."

Titanium is not yet a formidable rival of the diamond, although in 1950 a University of Toronto physicist found that a titanium stone has a refractive index of 2.60—giving it a greater brilliance than the diamond, whose refractive index is 2.43. Titanium ranked at seven on the Mohs hardness scale, hard enough to scratch glass if its owner ever feels like putting it to the test, but three points below the diamond's rating of ten. Titanium resists acids and alkalis and, in a long-wear test, held up favorably with the diamond. It sells in Canada for about one tenth the price of a diamond. A one-carat titanium stone mounted in 18k gold costs approximately \$69. The makers of the new stone say they've sold nearly ten thousand in Canada within three years. But the diamond trade thinks—and hopes—that genuine diamonds will hold their own if only for their sentimental value and centuries of tradition.

Women sometimes break out in goose-flesh when told a proffered diamond has been clasped in the depths of the earth, perhaps since the beginning of time, waiting to adorn their fingers, but there's nothing about a rough diamond to arouse such excitement. It looks somewhat like frosted glass and requires a lot of cutting and polishing before it becomes a gem.

Every diamond has a grain. If it meets with the cutting plans, the stone is cleaved along this grain—an extremely delicate operation. The diamond is carefully studied, then nicked with another diamond to start the cleave. A chisel-like steel knife is held to the nick and a sharp tap on the chisel splits the stone.

In 1941 cleaver Adrian Grasselly successfully cut the two-million-dollar Vargas diamond in New York. But risk of a mistake was so great that, reportedly, Lloyd's of London wouldn't insure the operation. In 1908 when Hollander Joseph Asscher first attempted to cut the Cullinan, world's largest diamond, the cleaving knife broke. Asscher took a deep breath—he was tapping on 3,024 carats worth roughly a million dollars—tried again, was rewarded with a perfect

cleave and fell over in a faint.

Cuts against the grain must be sawn by a phosphor-bronze blade with a cutting edge of diamond dust and olive oil. Next, the stone is "girdled," trimmed into its round shape with a diamond-tipped tool. Finally the facets are ground against the diamond impregnated face of a whirling disc.

The cutter's skill at this stage must and can be amazingly accurate. In 1950 the International Trade Fair in Ghent, Belgium, showed the world's smallest diamond, smaller than the head of a pin yet bearing fifty-two polished facets.

Cutting and polishing is done on a small scale in Canada. The major cutting firm is S. Gross and Son which finishes quarter-carat and larger stones in a cluttered little two-room factory in downtown Toronto.

To most males of settled age, however, the true enigma of the diamond ring is not who makes it, where it came from, or how much it cost, but why the hell it keeps getting lost. Peering under the bed for a missing diamond, reaching down the drain for a missing diamond, or turning the baby upside down for a missing diamond is an experience few donors of diamonds have been known to escape. Women lose diamonds in washrooms, washing machines, lawns, and dogs. Nine years ago, New York detectives finally located Mrs. Jean-Pierre Stern's missing dinner ring by turning the fluoroscope on Granga, her Doberman pinscher. Granga had gobbled up \$4,000 worth of diamonds and rubies. In 1947 a woman in Hollywood found her missing ring stone wedged in her dog's paw. Arthur Brunck, of the Home Insurance Company, has found diamond rings in drainpipes and, frequently, in the fibre trap of washing-machine drains. Women often leave diamond rings lying on public washbasins.

All this does not mean that your wife doesn't love her diamond if she loses it. The love affair between women and diamonds is five centuries old and shows no sign of dying. Diamonds were mined in India as far back as 600 B.C. and rings have been mixed up with romance even longer than that. Rings are said to be an adaptation of the caveman's custom of binding his mate's wrists and ankles with grass.

Diamonds and rings finally got together around 1500. Agnes Sorel, a French beauty who fell for King Charles VII of France in 1444, was the first to discover that diamonds are a girl's best friend. Before that the gems were worn only by kings or idols. When Agnes stepped out at court one day, ablaze with diamonds, Charles turned around for a second look.

The success of the Sorel gambit inspired other young courtesans and the rout was on. Henry VIII, a fast man with a proposal at all times, found it prudent to keep several diamonds in his personal stock of two hundred and thirty-four finger rings.

Only a few men have tried to stem the tide of diamond rings through the years. Young Englishmen of the seventeenth century gave their sweethearts rings cut from the fingers of heavy leather gloves, but it didn't last.

Inscriptions on plain metal bands were another attempt to get around diamonds. A master at this was John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, who'd been married four times when he came up for another turn in 1753. He inscribed this thought on the betrothal ring: If I survive I'll make thee five.

But these feeble uprisings have been firmly squelched. In the average Canadian home the diamond ring is here to stay—at least until Honey Bunch drops it in the mix-master again. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Your coat, sir!"

LEONARD

Magic Cycle

SELF-DEFROSTING REFRIGERATOR

Leonard Magic Cycle Self-Defrosting is so new—it's revolutionary! No electric heating elements of any kind are used, yet defrosting takes place so rapidly that frozen foods stay safely, solidly frozen.

IT'S SAFER

No heating elements—no danger of burning or shock.

IT'S SIMPLER

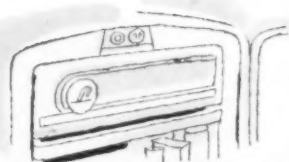
Uses only natural heat of refrigerating system.

IT'S FASTER

Self-Defrosting takes place so rapidly that food, even ice cream, stays frozen solid.

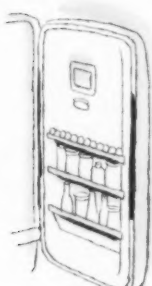
MORE ECONOMICAL

Because there's no watt-consuming element used, Magic Cycle operates at lower cost.



ACROSS-THE-TOP FROZEN FOOD CHEST

Like a separate freezer with five refrigerated sides for faster, safer, more uniform cold. Drop-down Door serves as rearranging shelf.



EXTRA OUT-FRONT COLD SPACE

Handy door shelves of durable Polystyrene give extra space for condiments, baby foods, etc. Built-In Butter Chest keeps butter spreadable.



ROLL-OUT DAIRY SHELF

No shifting or spilling—PULL 'Dairy Shelf' forward and select any item you want.



TWIN SLIDING CRISPERS

Gleaming, shatter-proof Polystyrene. Provides ideal moist-cold for fruit and vegetables.



LEONARD

GIVES YOU MORE

Beauty-Features-Value!

YOUR NORTHERN ELECTRIC DEALER IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Northern
THE NAME TO REMEMBER FOR ALL

Electric
HOME APPLIANCES LARGE & SMALL

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here's a HOT TIP on how to KEEP COOL!

No matter to what torrid heights that thermometer may zoom—prospects are fair and cool for you this summer if you're clad in STANFIELD'S Athletic Shirts and Shorts! The fine, smooth, porous knit welcomes the air—breathes comfort and ease.



Just look at these features!

- Mild masculine support—with no extra bulk or added warmth. Designed for easy action and smooth, good fit.
- Elasticized woven waistband non body marking—unconditionally guaranteed.
- Shorts with double front-and-back panel give twice the comfort—twice the wear.
- Smooth, no-roll elasticized leg-bands—cannot bind.

AT ALL LEADING STORES.

STANFIELD'S
Athletic
UNDERWEAR

STANFIELD'S LIMITED, TRURO, N.S.



London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Chris!" Craig fired and shot Miles between the eyes. The other policemen went on the roof to tackle Craig but he dived into the street below, shouting, "Come and fetch me." He hurt his back and was taken away on a stretcher.

When the trial took place Craig was found guilty of murder in the first degree within a few minutes and was sentenced to be detained in prison "at Her Majesty's pleasure" because he was too young to go to the gallows. In actual fact it will mean about twenty years, after which he will be set free if his conduct has been good.

But what of Bentley? He was actually in the custody of the police for fifteen minutes before the murder was committed. When questioned by the prosecution he said that he had shouted, "Give it to them, Chris!" not as an incitement to murder but meaning to hand over the gun. He swore that he had only intended to break into the warehouse and steal something, and he did not know that Craig was armed.

The jury did not believe him. They found him guilty of murder but recommended mercy. No one was surprised. According to British law he was guilty as an accomplice but the jury's recommendation of mercy would almost certainly save him from the gallows although he was of hanging age.

An appeal was immediately launched but was dismissed after a short hearing. Again no one bothered much because the ultimate decision would rest with the Home Secretary.

One does not need the imagination of a poet nor the wisdom of a seer to realize Sir David's difficulties. There is no reason to doubt that he talked with the Lord Chief Justice about it, which is entirely proper. He may even have discussed it with eminent counsel on both sides. Knowing him intimately I am quite certain he discussed it with his wife Sylvia, the clever and attractive sister of film star Rex Harrison. I know he studied most carefully the representations made by the condemned boy's parents.

Confronting Fyfe was this ugly and dangerous dilemma: Craig had committed the murder but would not hang because of his youth; must the older boy, who did not do the murder, hang? Such a decision would cause immense resentment in the public mind with its

normal instinct of fair play and its weakness for simplification.

On the other hand was Sir David to reprieve Bentley and thus declare to the criminal world: "All you have to do is to leave the shooting to boys under eighteen and the rest of you will escape the rope." Such a decision would simply be a charter of security for adult criminals and must create a recruitment of gangster-minded perverted boys who would swagger about as the professional killers among their unarmed older criminals.

Aware of the storm that would burst, Fyfe sent a letter to Bentley's parents, a sympathetic but final letter. Their son must forfeit his life. Knowing what he had gone through I wrote Sir David a letter of sympathy. Which one of us would willingly have been in his place?

His announcement burst like a bomb. The people were shocked, astounded, incredulous. Deep down was a fierce resentment that the scoundrel who had done the killing was to live and the other boy was to die. The protests grew in volume culminating in the sensational announcement last night that parliament would question the Home Secretary and, if necessary, compel him to reverse his decision. That was what really lay behind the motion signed by the fifty MPs.

Now we must note the procedure that had to be followed. Sitting at a table just in front of Mr. Speaker's chair are the two Clerks of the House, men of great experience and experts on procedure. If an MP wants to put down a question to be answered orally by a minister he submits it to either of the clerks who will accept it, or suggest an amendment to bring it within the rules, or declare that it is not in order.

At eight o'clock last night the Bentley motion was given to the clerks who read it and accepted it without any alteration. At ten o'clock there had been no word from Mr. Speaker so it was assumed it would be on the order paper today, and the announcement was therefore given out to the Press together with the names of the signatories. The newspapers made a big play of it and stated that the motion would probably be debated between seven and ten o'clock tonight.

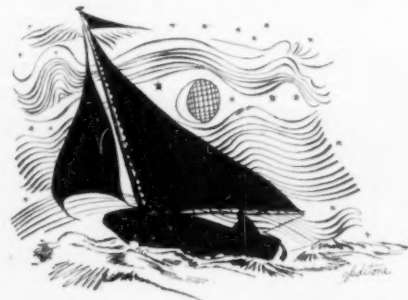
When we met at 2.30 this afternoon for the normal one hour of questions the House was already filled, and by 3.30 it was packed, many members standing because all the seats were occupied. But, to the astonishment of the House, the motion was not on the order paper. There was anger and

FISHERMAN'S CLOCK

(Moon Tides)

He who rises with the moon,
Knows the dark and dawning—
Evening and afternoon,
Midnight's starry awning;

He who rises with the sun
Knows the morning only,
Winter daylight, thinly spun,
Chill, reluctant, lonely;



He swings with space itself, who times
The moon for his up-getting,
And knows the tide-pull, as he climbs
The seas . . . until moon's setting.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

Here at last-NEW Shingle Colours to match your Modern Mood!

Are you in the market for a new roof?
Barrett's gay new range of FROSTONE and FULLTONE
colours will give your home a lift!

It's colour you want . . . to put the finishing touch on
a new home or restore youth to an old one . . . so make a point
of seeing these brand new Frostone and Fulltone colours.

They are smart frosted pastels and tone-on-tone
mixtures . . . to match the trend to colour in modern
home design . . . to give a house roof interest.

Before you buy your new roof . . . be sure to see
Barrett's asphalt roofing shingles in Frostone and
Fulltone colours . . . at your Barrett Dealer's!



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TORONTO
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VANCOUVER



BARRETT
Frostone



FROSTONE GRAY



FROSTONE GREEN



FROSTONE RED



FROSTONE BLUE

BARRETT
Full Tone

For shingles in Frostone and
Fulltone colours . . . or for any
building materials . . . see your
nearby Barrett dealer first!



FULLTONE GREEN



FULLTONE RED



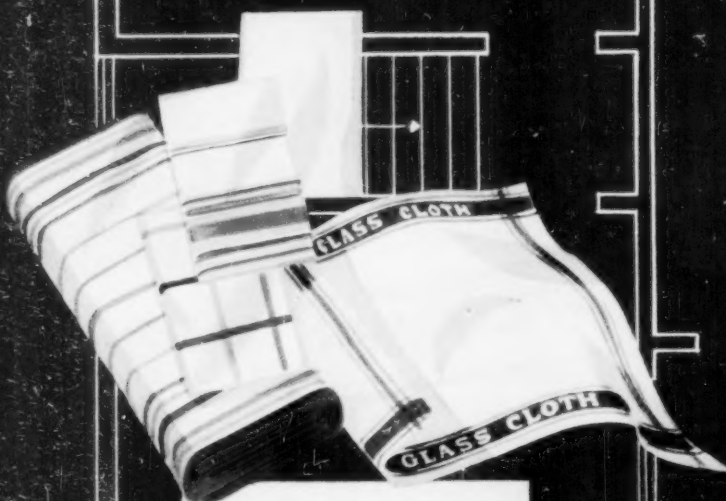
FULLTONE BLACK



FULLTONE BLUE



DINING ROOM—Nothing is quite so flattering to your sense of beauty as the life-long loveliness of Irish Linen damasks or cheery luncheon sets and place mats.



KITCHEN—Your glassware will sparkle—your dishes dry swiftly—with Irish Linen glass cloths or tea towelling—because Irish Linen cannot leave lint—and is by far the most absorbent fabric you can buy.



BATH—You'll love the super-thirsty way an Irish Linen towel dries hands and face. Irish Linen is so highly absorbent—so pleasingly lint free—and repeated launderings serve only to enhance its durable beauty.



LIVING ROOM—Your living room will gain an almost indefinable note of perfection from the texture, the colour and the patterns of ageless Irish Linen drapes.

Throughout your home

Irish Linen

will bring you beauty that endures

This Irish Linen quality of enduring beauty is unmatched by any other fabric. In handkerchiefs, tea towels, drapes, place mats, luncheon sets, bath towels, damask tablecloths and bridge cloths—Irish Linens lend your home unequalled beauty—with the economy of beauty that lasts—and lasts—and lasts.

THE IRISH LINEN GUILD



137 Wellington St. West, Toronto, Canada



excited resentment on the Labour benches from which most of the signatories had come.

At the end of the question hour, socialist Sydney Silverman, a clever little Jewish lawyer who had instigated the motion, rose to demand an explanation. Why had Mr. Speaker refused to allow the motion to be placed on the order paper when the clerks had taken no exception to it? Did Mr. Speaker realize that the motion could not now be debated and in the meantime a nineteen-year-old boy was going to hang for a murder he had not committed?

The Home Secretary, Silverman continued, had of course a perfect right to come to a decision according to his judgment, even if the decision was wrong. But in the end parliament must be the master, and any minister—even the prime minister—must be answerable to parliament. Thus Silverman developed his argument and then confronted Mr. Speaker. Why had the Chair resolved that the resolution could not be debated?

Mr. Speaker Morrison, known to us in the old days as "Shakes" Morrison because of his liking for spouting Shakespeare in a fierce Scottish dialect, explained that the House had a perfect right to discuss the Home Secretary's decision but only after his decision had been carried out. That, he said, was a precedent long established.

There were shouts of protest and anger from the socialists. As for the Tories, we sat glum and quiet, not at all happy about this curious decision. Aneurin Bevan sprang into the breach. By what law of logic or decency could we only debate the right or wrong of a death sentence after it had been carried out? We, the House of Commons, were the highest court of appeal in the land! The Home Secretary was our servant and we were the masters. Why had Mr. Speaker listened to the plea of the Home Secretary to save him from the ordeal of answering to his fellow MPs?

"I did not have a single word with the Home Secretary!" thundered Mr. Speaker.

The storm increased, interrupted now and again by rulings from the Chair. Sir David sat white-faced and grimly serious but never spoke. Not a single Tory intervened. We were trying to see the shape of things before we came to a conclusion.

"Then if we cannot debate this dreadful miscarriage of justice because our motion is not on the order paper," cried Silverman, "I now move the

adjournment of the House in order to discuss the conduct of the Chair."

As the wily lawyer MP advanced to Mr. Speaker to hand him the written motion for the adjournment we wondered how "Shakes" would deal with it. After all he has only been Speaker since 1950.

"This is not in order," Morrison said, calmly. "There is an established way of censuring the Speaker and this does not conform to it."

Outside in the streets crowds were gathering just to look at the Houses of Parliament where the fate of a boy was being decided. Unless the socialists could defeat the rulings of the Chair the death sentence could not be debated until it had been carried out.

And slowly on the Conservative benches we began to realize that it could not be otherwise. The Home Secretary might be wrong, the law might be guilty of a judicial murder in this case—but what would happen if we established a precedent whereby every murder case, where there was an appeal, should be decided by parliamentary debate?

It could not be. It must not be. Emotionalism, eloquence, uproar, defiance, prejudice, pity, publicity, theatricalism... How could these things replace the machinery of the law established over the centuries?

Suddenly the uproar subsided. "The Clerk will now proceed to read the order of the day," said the Speaker, uttering the mumbo jumbo of procedure which ushers in the main business of the day. The Home Secretary rose wearily to his feet and walked out. The House thinned quickly, most of us going into the lobbies where messengers were waiting to hand us more batches of telegrams urging us to save Bentley.

At Buckingham Palace is the young Queen in whose name Bentley was tried, condemned, and denied a reprieve. Somewhere in one of Her Majesty's prisons is the sixteen-year-old boy who did the murder, beginning his long years of caged confinement. In another prison is the nineteen-year-old Bentley, and horror is spreading through the cells because tomorrow at nine his corpse will do its jerky dance at the end of a rope.

At a little house in suburban London the father and mother will die with their son even if their sentence is that they must live on with shame and grief and bitterness.

Tomorrow in parliament we shall take the committee stage of the Steel Bill. ★

PERFECT COOKING
is
"Automatic"
WITH THE NEW

Fawcett
AUTOMATIC
ELECTRIC RANGE

Fawcett Deluxe Automatic Electric Range

HERE'S electric cooking at its best! Better... Easier... Cooler... Truly Automatic. Let the Fawcett Automatic even timer take over your cooking—then you can leave the house and come back to a complete meal cooked just the way you want it.

See this exciting new range with all the features you wanted most!

For cooking—For heating

Fawcett SINCE 1852

FAWCETT PRODUCTS ARE MANUFACTURED BY

ENAMEL & HEATING PRODUCTS LIMITED Sackville, N.B.

IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE

NUGGET
SHOE POLISH

Outshines all Others

CANADA'S QUALITY SHOE POLISH

So we bought our "fridge" at the B of M...



My, how I wanted that thing. I got to dreaming about it and calling it "our refrigerator", though it still sat in the shop window. We saw it every Saturday night in the Acme Hardware as we walked home from the movies.

John said we couldn't afford it, and was dead-set against selling our one remaining bond or drawing on Aunt Jean's \$200 inheritance we had tucked away in a special savings account to be forgotten except in absolute emergency.

"But, John," I wailed, "we can't go on losing food with that old worn-out fridge. And what about the repair bills you have to pay for it every few weeks?"

He just bit his lip.

That was two weeks ago.

Funny how things happen. Next day I read an item in one of those women's columns about "borrowing and saving" by *Personal Planning* at the Bank of Montreal. It was about a situation sort of like our own.

So into the local B of M branch I went. Showed the Manager



the clipping from the paper, told him our situation exactly, and in ten minutes he said he thought we could work out the problem without too much trouble. He asked me to bring John in to discuss the full details. As we walked out of his office, he gave me a copy of "Personal Planning".

That book opened our eyes about our finances.

The very next day John and I saw Mr. Easton, the Manager. After a few questions to my husband about his job, his salary — about our bond and our "emergency" bank balance, he said he'd be glad to lend us the \$350 needed for the fridge. He was satisfied we could pay off the loan in a year at \$30 a month, and we arranged to transfer our special savings account to his office and to pledge our bond until the loan was paid.

Mr. Easton talked over the budget-plan John and I had begun to work out . . . said we were starting out right. "Even though you've got a bank loan," he smiled, "you're really saving your savings."

And that fridge . . . such a beauty. Already, John and I both call it "MY BANK".



Saving is the only way to move ahead of your worries, and stay ahead. And — sometimes — borrowing at the B of M is the best way to save. Find out how to save *despite today's high prices*. Ask for your copy of "Personal Planning" at your neighborhood B of M branch. It's yours for the asking.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank



WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN
EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEAR COUNTRY: Running slightly more than half an hour, this is the latest and one of the best in a series of non-cartoon wildlife featurettes produced under Walt Disney's supervision. The bears in its unrehearsed cast are fascinating characters, and both the spoken commentary and the incidental music are free of strained puns and condescension.

GUNSMOKE: A western starring Audie Murphy as a hired gunman who decides to go straight after meeting an honest rancher (Paul Kelly) and his provocative daughter (Susan Cabot). Pretty corny stuff, but with an agreeable surprise in the ending.

NIAGARA: Pin-up queen Marilyn Monroe and her own scenic wonders competing with the awesome glories of the Falls in a yarn which is a rather odd mixture of comedy and mellerdrummer. She appears as a deplorable blonde who plots to murder her neurotic husband (Joseph Cotten) and run away with her hairy-chested beau. Radio announcer Don Wilson is quite funny as a breakfast-food bigwig who figures remotely in the hectic happenings. Enjoyable.

PETER PAN: Barrie's durable fairy tale, dealing with a boy who refused to grow up, has been turned into a feature-length cartoon that surpasses anything else Walt Disney and his army of craftsmen have turned out in several years. It never fully conjures up all the elfin fantasy of the original, but it's filled with delightful moments, especially those enlivened by Tinker Bell as a vest-pocket sprite, feminine and conniving.

THE STOOGES: There are many who find Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin a hilarious team in this loud show-business farce, and there are many who don't. My membership is in the latter category.

THE THIEF OF VENICE: Once again the picturesque Italian city proves a lot more interesting — or, anyway, less fatiguing — than the tangled plot enacted in it. Sixteenth-century court intrigue, with the late Maria Montez as a sultry peasant.

TONIGHT WE SING: A sentimental biography of Sol Hurok, the wily impresario. Soprano Roberta Peters, tenor Jan Peerce, ballerina Tamara Toumanova and violinist Isaac Stern contribute to the many musical pleasures on the sound-track, and Ezio Pinza acts and sings with vast gusto in the role of Russian basso Chaliapin. Hurok is impersonated, with a variety of "accents," by David Wayne.



Marilyn and her scenic wonders at the Falls.

Wayne gives his impression of an impresario. Pinza too.

Tinker Bell hits sweet note in new Peter Pan.

Gilmour Rates

Above and Beyond: Drama. Good.
Androcles and the Lion: Bernard Shaw comedy. Fair.
April in Paris: Musical. Good.
Assignment Paris: Drama. Fair.
The Bad and the Beautiful: Movie-land comedy-drama. Good.
Breaking the Sound Barrier: Jet-pilot aviation thriller. Excellent.
Come Back, Little Sheba: Marriage drama. Excellent.
Face to Face: Two stories. Excellent.
Gentle Gunman: Irish drama. Fair.
Girls in the Night: Drama. Fair.
Hans Christian Andersen: Danny Kaye in fairy-tale musical. Good.
High Noon: Western drama. Tops.
Hour of 13: Crook drama. Good.
The I Don't Care Girl: Musical. Poor.
Iron Mistress: Adventure. Fair.
The Jazz Singer: Musical. Fair.

The Lawless Breed: Western. Good.
The Lusty Men: Rodeo drama. Good.
Meet Me at the Fair: Musical. Fair.
Million Dollar Mermaid: Esther Williams water-musical. Fair.
Mississippi Gambler: Drama. Fair.
My Cousin Rachel: Drama. Good.
The Naked Spur: Western. Good.
Never Wave at a WAC: Comedy. Fair.
Pony Soldier: "Mauntie" drama. Fair.
Prisoner of Zenda: Adventure. Excellent.
Redhead From Wyoming: Western. Fair.
Road to Bali: Musical farce. Good.
Ruby Gentry: Sexy melodrama. Fair.
Stars and Stripes Forever: Brass-band musical. Good.
Stop, You're Killing Me: Comedy. Fair.
The Steel Trap: Suspense. Fair.
Thunder in the East: Drama. Poor.
Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.
The Turning Point: Crime drama. Good.

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Whitehorse Is Heaven For a Single Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

in a dry-goods store at two hundred a month. Like many who trekked north to "make a fast buck and get out" she did neither. Like many another she discovered that Whitehorse, behind its grim façade, is a place of comfortable and even luxurious living by a gregarious people starting a

new life and with every prospect of a solid future.

Whitehorse became an incorporated city in 1950 and became the Yukon's capital the next year. With a mayor and four-man council (and not a dime in the bank) it tries its best to act its new role.

Soon after the first hotel-room council meeting assessors set a value on hitherto tax-free property. Whitehorse's largest department store found its taxes hiked from \$37 a year to \$1500, its business license up from \$150 to \$566. An average of \$60 taxes

was set on the city's five hundred wildly assorted homes.

Outside privies and the sale of half lots are now outlawed. There are license fees for bicycles and dogs and a development blueprint with an area zoned optimistically for heavy industry. Work began last summer on a \$1,670,000 Federal Building, costliest structure in the Yukon's history, and the move of the territorial government from declining Dawson City in the north, is expected to be completed early next year.

The Federal Building is part of a

five-million-dollar construction boom that's changing the face of Whitehorse. Last September a half-million-dollar school was opened, partly financed by the armed services whose children make up half its enrollment. Before the winter set in the steel was up for a seventy-thousand-dollar civic centre.

The new economy is based on military defense. At least half the population, in uniform or in civvies, is there because of the army and air force. Whitehorse is headquarters for the army's Northwest Highway System, which maintains the all-weather Alaska Highway from Dawson Creek, B.C., to the Alaska border. It is headquarters, too, for the RCAF-maintained Northwest Staging Route, the string of intermediate and emergency landing fields on the heavily traveled skyway to the Alaskan bases.

The two services are building spanking new suburbs in upper Whitehorse, the long wooded benchland overlooking the flats. On its crescent drives stand attractive bungalows and more than a hundred modern three-bedroom duplexes for servicemen with families. Tenants have hauled in topsoil for lawns. Nearby is a half-million-dollar barrack block housing single men, and a mess building that seats five hundred. A headquarters' office block will complete the army's move from the flats.

There is no jealousy in the lower town where families pay up to eighty dollars a month for ancient three-room cabins. No merchant in the Yukon is unaware of a combined services' payroll of more than five million dollars.

Relations between the military and civilian population are amicable and interlocking. Meetings of the service clubs or school board may be attended by as many men in uniform as in business suits. Brigadier H. W. Love and Wing Commander C. L. Olsen turn up at the meetings of the Parent-Teachers Association.

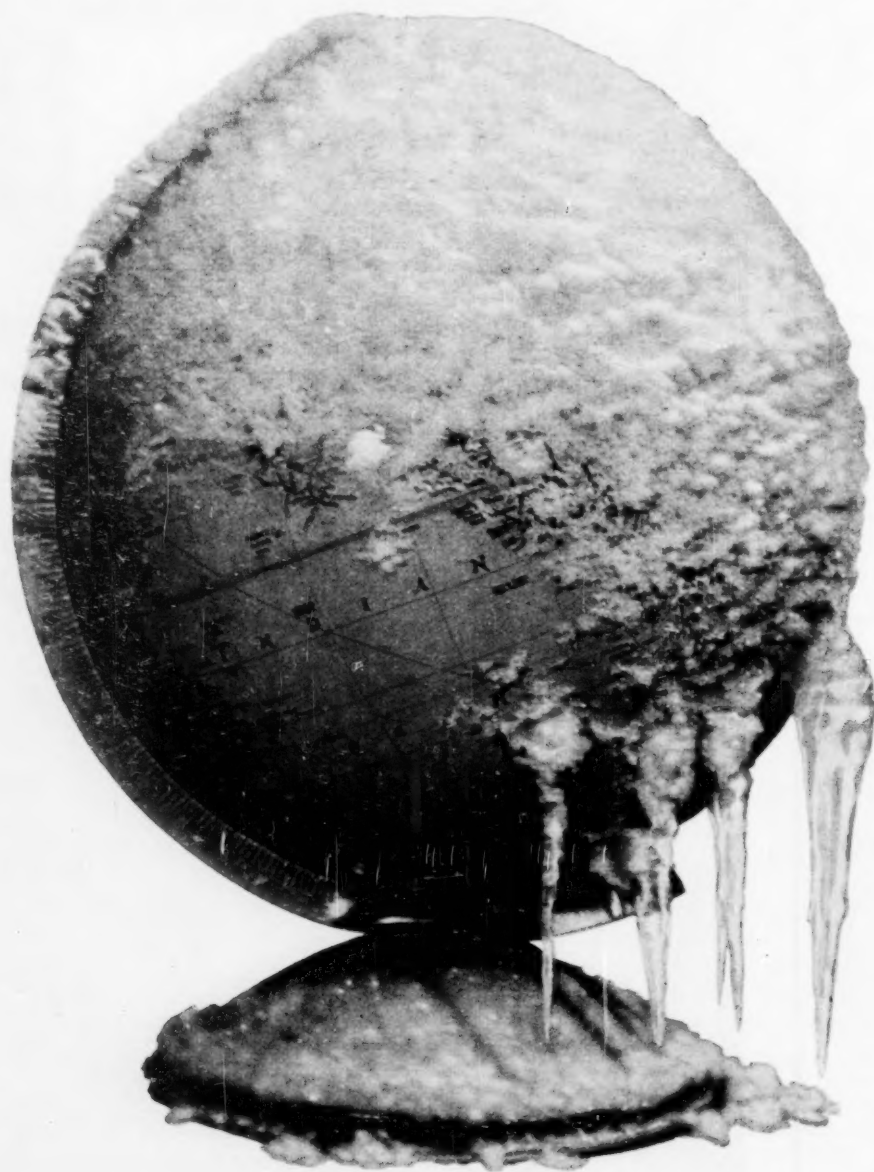
Each Saturday the Twelve-to-Two Club convenes in the army officers' mess where the army plays host to the leading citizens. At one of these sessions Lt.-Col. M. C. Sutherland-Brown, the senior highway engineer, glanced at his watch and departed hurriedly. He was late for his lecture to the Girl Guides.

Servicemen on the Outside, as Whitehorse refers to the rest of the world, are said to pale when informed of a Yukon posting, yet most soldiers and airmen enjoy the life there. Many work at extra jobs when off duty. The childless wives of soldiers and airmen make up the city's most reliable labor pool.

Gene Lewicki, a lean voluble twenty-nine-year-old Army Service Corps private from Winnipeg, serves in his duty hours as a chauffeur and batman. In his own time he drives a new Pontiac sedan, for which he paid cash, and totes a bankbook that shows a five-figure account in savings. Lewicki's regular private's pay of \$200 is augmented by an \$87.50 "northern allowance." His wife Charlotte works as a stenographer for the British Yukon Navigation Company and brings home another \$230 each month.

They live in a snug five-room home—"emergency married quarters" in the army's language—for which they pay just seventeen dollars. That includes furnishings, heat and utilities. They're in line for one of the new duplexes—or "permanent quarters"—that are springing up around them.

The Lewickis' savings account illustrates the sort of opportunities that abound in Whitehorse. Because the city was without a newsstand they cashed a small nest egg in savings bonds and opened Mac's Newsstand. Business was brisk and last year they



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be a
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sold out for five thousand dollars.

Some civilians, too, are striking it moderately rich. Norman Chamberlist, a gangling forty-two-year-old electrician who emigrated to Canada from England in 1948, is one. Eight months ago he drove into Whitehorse with seventy-six cents in cash. A two-hundred - and - fifty - dollar bank loan started him in business. He found an empty store, talked the owner into giving him three months rent-free and lived in the rear. Today, as owner-manager of Whitehorse Electric, he has nine men working for him.

"I'm here for good," he says. "This is the friendliest place in Canada. All a chap needs here is a little faith in the Yukon's future and a capacity for hard work."

Forty - year - old Norman Bain, a salesman in a Vancouver printing firm, raised seven thousand dollars and purchased the weekly Whitehorse Star in 1949.

"My friends in Vancouver thought I was crazy," he recalls. They would have thought him even crazier if they'd seen the Star building, a small frame shack on Main Street, leaning rakishly with age. The paper had been published right there on a hand-pressure press since 1900 (in its back files may be found some of the first published verse of Robert W. Service, then a teller in the Bank of Commerce four doors down the street). The circulation was three hundred and fifty.

Bain introduced high-pressure circulation methods, decided on an editorial policy that occasionally antagonizes the higher echelons of the services. When he ran the story, complete with names, of a businessman accused of assaulting his wife, the businessman visited the Star office with knife in hand. The editor, who is more than six feet tall, chased his subscriber from the premises.

Last year Bain was elected a councillor, his Star grossed \$68,000, and circulation topped seventeen hundred.

Wages are high in Whitehorse but the cost of living is an equalizer. National Employment officials discourage itinerant job-seekers. They advise single girls to locate a job in Edmonton first and wait there for an opening. Many come on anyway and several have thumbed their way up the Alaska Highway.

Prices are higher than Outside. Milk is fifty cents a quart. Lettuce flown in air freight from Seattle is forty cents a head. But this doesn't discourage the Whitehorse citizen, according to Jim Smith, the young president of the Board of Trade, who is manager of a grocereria. The per capita consumption of sirloins, he claims, is higher than it is anywhere in North America. Margarine is sold, but most of Whitehorse eats butter.

"People who were here before the war never complain about our prices," Smith notes. "Before the highway opened the way for the trucks our cost of living here was double what it is now. And don't forget that in 1896 a steak here cost you five dollars. The north has always paid the top price."

Workers who bring their families north are lucky to find a house of any kind and upkeep is punishing to a normal budget. Fuel oil, pumped in through the wartime Canol pipeline from tidewater at Skagway, Alaska, is thirty cents a gallon and the heating bill in some homes reaches seventy dollars a month in winter.

While the army homes are served by a water system, most civilians rely on unpredictable wells or buy water from Fred O'Toole who makes regular truck deliveries at thirty-five cents for twenty-five gallons.

The expanding population has at-

tracted what one RCMP official calls "the usual undesirable frontier types" and the fifteen-man Whitehorse force under Inspector J. R. Steinhauer took six hundred and seventy-five cases before the courts in the first eight months of last year. Burglaries have so increased that the Whitehorse Inn, which prided itself on maintaining the tradition of the north without a lock on any door, sent an order to the Yale company. Apart from two "star boarders" in police cells, Steamboat Mary and Klootchie Jean, there is no organized prostitution.

In this lusty frontier atmosphere the consumption of grain spirits is an awesome spectacle and Whitehorse has what may be the most northerly branch of Alcoholics Anonymous. The city, with one movie house, has two beer parlors and four saloons that open in the morning at eleven and close at midnight. The citizen who buys his water by the pail may purchase for a dollar an Overproof Alexander (*crème de cacao*, cream and rum) in lounges where the lights are as soft and the décor as plush as any Montreal *bistro*.

On a Sunday morning last autumn

after the Saturday-night opening of a new lounge, the Rev. Norman E. Tanner, youthful rector of the Old Log Church where Robert Service wrote his verse in the vestry, observed wryly that there were just thirty-five present in his congregation.

The lounges are changing the traditional drinking habits of the Yukon. In the earlier days bartenders in one saloon served mixtures so fiery that a whisk broom was provided with each drink so that the imbibor might brush himself off when he fell from the rail. Overproof rums are still popular in

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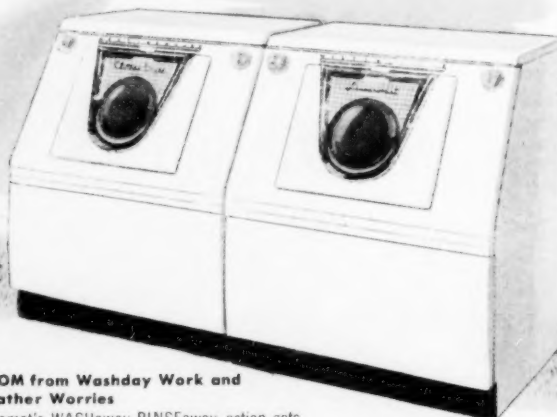
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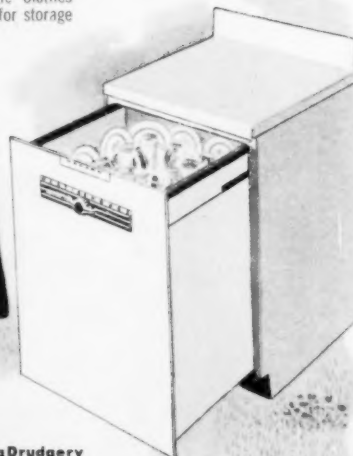


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winter, but the new pioneers order more Pink Ladies.

One of the colorful bartenders is Cal Miller, an affable extrovert of thirty-six, member of Kiwanis and a leading citizen in a classless society. Noticing a certain uncouth turn of phrase among his clientele Miller purchased a gigantic porcelain piggy-bank and inaugurated a system of fines for ungentlemanly language at a rate of ten cents a word or three for a quarter. The proceeds go to charities.

Miller speaks of the nightly throngs in his dimly lit bar as a captive clientele. "There's nothing much to do here after dark except this," he observes. "Folks here have either got so much money that they can afford to stay and drink—or so little that they can't leave and must drink to forget it."

Whitehorse levies a local tax on all spirits. In addition to the regular government taxes there's a ten-cent tariff on wines and beer-by-the-dozen and twenty-five cents a bottle on hard liquor. This revenue is split three ways for schools, hospital and recreational facilities.

Newest and largest of the four bars is the Rainbow Cocktail Lounge, beside the Whitehorse Inn. At its opening a visitor might have met in an hour a cross section of the town.

At one table was Mayor Gordon Armstrong, a tall rawboned man who manages the Burns Meat Market next door. He admired the twenty-eight-foot bar, the room's uninhibited color scheme and the flowers flown in from Hawaii. "We've got a long way to go," he ruminated, "but we're gradually clearing things up. Our plan is on paper—streets, water, sewers. Haven't borrowed a cent and we're not in debt, but I suppose we'll have to borrow some day. Got this big, of course, because of the military here. But even without them we've come too far now to stop growing. What we need most is a feeling of permanence."

At a nearby table, filling to capacity a bucket chair of blond wood upholstered in mauve nylon, sat T. C. Richards, owner of the Inn, the lounge itself and, as Yukon representative for Burns and Company, the mayor's boss. T. C. is Whitehorse's most fabled character and dresses the part. He wore a wide-brimmed pearl-grey Stetson, tilted well back, grey silk shirt, grey gabardine suit, grey suede shoes and a cravat with a cubist pattern.

"Been here thirty-seven years now," he said, "thirty-seven years too long. Came up here for P. Burns to kill cattle and I still represent the firm. I'm a man of no ambition. Get drunk when I want, have a holiday when I want."

Many stories have been told of Richards acquiring the Inn from its former Japanese owner over a poker table but T. C. himself seems vague about details. "I wouldn't say I won it," he said recently, "but I did take it over after a game. Blackjack, as I recall it. Those were the days," he added. "We kept the liquor in the safe and the money under the counter."

Lloyd Camyre, a thickset dark-complexioned man who manages the lounge for Richards, recalls that until 1946 Ace-Away, a three-dice game, flourished in several clubs. Camyre claims that an article in Maclean's caused the RCMP to close them. There are sporadic floating - crap - game revivals, but no more permanent clubs.

"We had our best games when the American speculators came north in the postwar years to buy war surplus," Camyre recalls. "You could get faded for twelve thousand almost any night. In the earlier days the boys used to dig into their pokes for gold dust. Last time I saw anything like that was when a fellow we called 'Cock-Dice' Oley

Henderson lost his cash and produced nuggets worth six hundred and fifty. Lost them, too."

Among the thinning ranks of those who remember the earliest days of Whitehorse are Mr. and Mrs. George Black. George Black was six times commissioner of the Yukon and represented the territory several years as Conservative MP and later as Speaker of the House. Today at eighty he is a ramrod-straight man who still practices law from a small office to the rear of his home. His wife, Martha, is eighty-seven. Eighteen years ago, when illness forced her husband to retire temporarily from politics, Mrs. Black took his place. She was approaching seventy when she sat for the first time in the House of Commons.

The windows of the Blacks' white cottage gaze across the river (properly the Lewes, but commonly called the Yukon) where George and Martha, having survived the Chilkoot Pass, rode the fast current north to Dawson City and the promise of gold. A short walk along the river bank are the wild waters of Miles Canyon, the whirlpool known as "the Squaw" and the foaming White Horse Rapids. Two hundred men lost their lives in this angry stretch of the river in the first summer of the gold rush.

The town at first stood on the east bank and was called Closeleigh. It was moved across the river and took its present name when the narrow-gauge railway arrived from Skagway to link up with the paddle-wheelers which had started two years earlier to run between Whitehorse and Dawson City.

Today Whitehorse, aware of its reliance on the army and air force, is anxious to justify its existence on other grounds. The recently adopted coat of arms, showing four modes of

transportation grouped around a white horse, is a reminder of the city's strategic importance as "the hub of the north."

Lately Whitehorse has become more conscious of the tourist dollar and thus increasingly aware that Robert W. Service was a local boy. The cabin of Sam McGee, hero of Service's poem, The Cremation of Sam McGee, still stands and the IODE has taken it over as a museum. Sam himself died quietly in Calgary twelve years ago. He was not cremated.

Some Whitehorse businessmen think the city's real hope of permanence lies in mining and there are frequent rumors of a smelter being built. Even without a smelter the city is supply base of a mining district of eighty-nine thousand square miles.

Placer and quartz operations on the Yukon creeks are still taking out millions of dollars in gold that escaped the crude methods of the early prospectors. Two hundred and seventy miles to the north the once-abandoned town of Mayo is booming from the Keno Hill mines. The biggest of these is United Keno, the world's largest silver-lead mine, which employs five hundred men.

Whitehorse is excited, too, by the prospects at Quill Creek, two hundred miles to the west, where more than a thousand claims were staked last summer. Quill Creek was overlooked for years until a sample brought in to be assayed for copper was found to be heavy with nickel. Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company, owners of Flin Flon, have optioned property and are making tests.

All of this contributes to the determined optimism with which Whitehorse looks beyond its shanties of today to the bright promise of the future. ★

majority vote

"There's no accounting for tastes," the old lady said as she kissed the cow. It's true, too. Some of us like one thing; some another. It's probably a good thing. We think it was the Aga Khan who is credited with observing that it is difference of opinion that makes horse racing.

Still, the people who write advertisements seem to be of one opinion on one thing. Pick up a magazine: you'll read that *more* people smoke such and such a cigarette than any other brand; that *more* men switched to an electric razor than ever before; that *more* people own a certain toaster than any other. The ad-writers seem to think that's a pretty good argument. It's often overdone, though. That's why we always hesitate to point out in Canada that more people ask for Molson's than ask for any other ale or beer.

It's an odd argument, because it doesn't naturally follow that *you* are going to prefer Molson's. You *could* be different from your fellow man. It's just possible that 167 years of brewing skill will leave you cold. Not likely, though. Maybe the advertising men know something.

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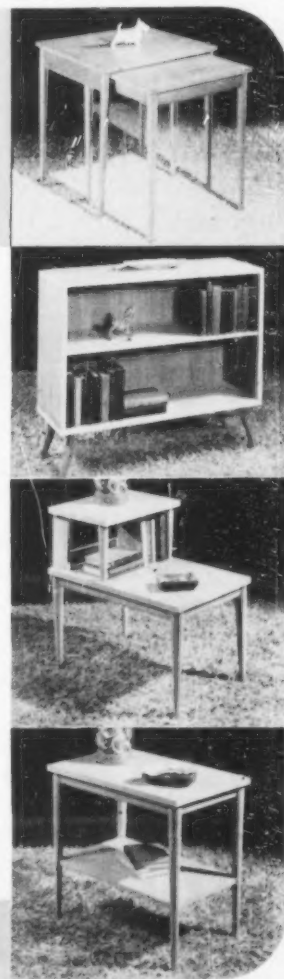
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How Elizabeth Was Taught to Rule

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

sister, was: "Now there will be four bears instead of three."

The bond between the King and his eldest daughter had always been public knowledge. He talked to her as an equal and when he returned from his Canadian tour in 1939 he could hardly take his eyes from her. Margaret he tended to spoil for she was not destined to be Queen. No matter how late the night before had been, Elizabeth always had to rise early next morning to fulfill her duties. Margaret could plead a cold and stay in bed. The King was unruffled by criticism of her dusk-to-dawn parties. "You're only young once," he would say, "have a good time." For he himself had not always had a good time as a boy.

Occasionally, the informality of private life brought public embarrassments. Once, during a discussion when George VI was entertaining guests, Margaret impulsively cried, "Oh, don't be a fool, Daddy!" The King's face froze. A few moments later Margaret, her features white and embarrassed, made an excuse and left the room. She had forgotten that her father was also King.

It was a family whose tastes and recreations were simple. They liked, in the evenings, to play canasta from special packs which had the royal monograms on the back, or a simpler card game called Racing Demon which involved a lot of running around the table. They preferred the simplicity of Royal Lodge, with its pink stucco and its plain unpolished oak furniture, to the musty regality of neighboring Windsor Castle. Here, on week ends, where there were no state servants in livery, the Queen herself would don an apron and cook the evening meal. They preferred the isolation of Birkhall, a white-washed seventeenth-century building that is the most secluded of the royal Deeside residences, to the tartans and turrets of nearby Balmoral. To Birkhall would come Miss Annie Shande, a folk-dance expert from Aberdeen, to play the piano while the Princesses and their parents danced. A visitor to one of these gatherings remembers the King, who was then Duke of York, and his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, their coats off, their faces flushed, dancing like madmen until they could dance no more, then slumping onto the floor exhausted.

Elizabeth II was reared to a simple country existence. Her father was a man who had once told his gardener to stop calling him Your Royal High-

ness because he was sick of hearing it; who confessed to an acquaintance that he was "not palace-minded" and who had agreed to plunge into the task of inspecting factories on the condition that there wouldn't be "any of that damn red carpet." Once, when young Elizabeth answered the phone with the words "this is royalty speaking," she was given a severe dressing down.

For her parents were people of some humility. The King's favorite book was Pilgrim's Progress, the whole family went to church faithfully and the Princesses learned the ancient Scottish collects and psalms.

Once, during the war, the King's secretary wanted to show General Eisenhower and General Mark Clark around the grounds of Windsor Castle. The King and Queen promised to stay indoors so that the visitors could move about freely without protocol. But they forgot about the whole thing and were walking, hand in hand, around the grounds when they spied the military party in the distance. They quickly got down on their knees behind a hedge and crawled away.

The very tightness of the family circle brought to the children a dependence upon the parents unusual in royal families. Long after her marriage Elizabeth was still consulting her mother almost daily on small details of her household. And on her first visit to Balmoral, after she was Queen, it was noticed that she stepped aside and let her mother precede her into the little church at Crathie. Margaret was so broken by her father's death that she could hardly touch food for days afterward and has stuck closely to her mother's side ever since.

Although their tastes and habits dovetailed so neatly together, the personalities of the royal parents were really quite disparate. To the Queen Mother life has always been a broad and gently winding highway down which one can proceed leisurely and gracefully. To her husband it was a cliff up which one struggled with raw and bleeding fingers, never wholly sure of reaching the top.

All his days he struggled. He struggled with his own emotional makeup; with his inherent shyness, with his ungovernable speech blockage, with the irritability of his temper. He struggled with the frailty of his physique: with influenza, pneumonia, dyspepsia, ulcers, arterial sclerosis, Buerger's disease, and the cancer that finally killed him. He struggled with his destiny: with the memory of his brother, which haunted and tormented him in the early years of his reign; with the complexities of a job for which he was never prepared; with the responsibilities of kingship in the most difficult decade his realm had ever suffered.

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE APRIL 24



THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA

In the fourth part of his exclusive series, The Family in the Palace, Pierre Berton re-creates the triumphs and controversies that highlighted the 1951 tour by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and finds much that the hurrying headlines missed.

A FOUR-PAGE SPREAD OF ROYAL PICTURES IN MACLEAN'S MAY 1

But most of all he struggled with his own fear of failure; and in this he emerged victorious.

If he insisted his daughters have a normal upbringing, it was because he himself had not had one. He was a shy child and his shyness was increased by lack of boyhood companions and a father who felt that frailty was inexcusable. George V had a habit of firing blunt rapid questions at his sons. In the presence of the sailor King young Bertie became tongue-tied. He was so shy he would sit alone in the dark by himself rather than ask a servant to light the gas. He was born left-handed but the ageing pastors and ministers who tutored him forced him to use his right. All this combined to give him a stammer that made his every public utterance a painful and embarrassing ordeal. It was noticed in later years that when he did something with his left hand he did it well: (He played left-handed tennis so well he was able to compete at Wimbledon.) And though he stammered uncontrollably around the palace, when he got away from those gilded environs and out to sea he stammered not at all.

He Couldn't Say Good-by

It was the spectre of this nervousness that caused him to train his daughters in public presence through madrigal singing societies and yearly pantomimes at Windsor Castle. He marveled at the results. "I don't know how they do it," he would say. "We were always so terribly shy and self-conscious as children." Watching Elizabeth taking the leading role in a Christmas pantomime, he asked again: "Where does she get her poise? I was always terrified of getting up in public." In his days as Duke of York, whenever his car halted, he would pull the blind down in case somebody in the crowd might recognize him. "I never get used to it," he would say.

His stammer consisted of an inability to say certain words, especially on formal or public occasions. At Privy Council meetings it was a near impossibility for him to get out the single word "Approved." Yet when the council was done he could stand around and chat easily with his ministers. At his Duke of York's camps, where he mixed public-school boys with those from the industrial classes, he could laugh and chaff easily. But when the time came to leave he could not get out the single word "Good-by." As a result there were those who thought him rude. "I know people have said that I have a bad manner," he would say. "But it's just that I couldn't speak to them." Ironically, two of the words which he had the most difficulty with were "king" and "queen" and he generally referred to his parents as "Their Majesties." His nervousness always showed through the quivering of a muscle in each cheek, especially during ceremonies of high emotion or when the National Anthem was being played.

He took a great interest in his speech problem and it did not embarrass him to talk about it objectively. Once he was introduced to a man who had only one vocal chord. "I've got two," said the King, "but they're not much bloody good to me." He once confessed to a high prelate that he never knew how to start a conversation. "That is a less serious problem than your father's, Sir," came the dry answer. "He never knew how to end one."

In the end, he managed to win the struggle with his stammer. He spent long hours with Lionel Logue, the speech expert, going over every word of his coronation responses until he was able to go through them without falter-



ing. The Yuletide broadcasts, which completely ruined his Christmas Day, got the same meticulous attention, Logue sitting with him in the studio and whispering to him, just before he began, "Now take it quietly, Sir."

But his greatest helpmate was his wife. It is hard to imagine how he could have got through fifteen years of kingship without her. This remarkable woman, who at the age of three had the self-possession to dance before strangers and whom Sargent called "the only completely unconscious sitter I ever painted," has an inward

serenity that is enduring and an outward presence that is dynamic.

Of all the family she alone understands the function of the Press. As Queen she was adept at swiftly posing husband and daughters into compact and informal groups that delighted photographers. If a flashbulb failed to go off she always noticed and repeated the pose. Her sense of public relations never left her and, as a result, she has played a vital part in the humanization of the monarchy. Once, in Auckland during a royal tour, a woman called on her to stop and look

at her twin babies. She did so at once, called her husband over, and the two of them peered into the pram at the sleeping infants. Again, in Capetown, she and the King were about to get into the royal limousine when she noticed the crowd watching from behind a barrier. The Queen swiftly crossed the road and began to talk to the people. It was noticed that she made a point of speaking to Negroes.

She has her mother's character. The Countess of Strathmore was a strong, serene, immovable woman completely unperturbed by the perpetual family

turmoil that went on around her. She had ten children and nine of them lived. They were all brought up in Glamis Castle where Macbeth reigned. This gloomy fortress, with its hangman's room, its grey lady who walks by night and its Glamis monster lurking in a remote tower, did not in the least worry the imperturbable Bowes-Lyon family. They simply laughed the ghosts out of existence. Lady Strathmore proudly kept books of press clippings about Glamis spirits. Her daughter Elizabeth amused herself by secreting dummy ghosts in guests' beds.

It was a frugal enough childhood. The Countess led a life of self-sacrifice, skipping social affairs to stay home with her children. They did not have a great deal of money and this had its effect on Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Years later, when she was Queen, a Hartnell emissary brought a new dress to the palace for her approval. Elizabeth asked the price. It was one hundred and fifty pounds. "Surely that's a great deal," said the Queen, "perhaps we might bring it down if I took it without the trimmings." She then removed a large bow from the dress, went over to a drawer where, it turned out, she kept a great collection of bows from discarded dresses. "There!" she said triumphantly. "We can make do with one of these." Hartnell dutifully reduced the price.

But if the Queen Mother's childhood was frugal it was certainly gay. Hers was a musical family and she learned to play the harp and piano well. There was a good deal of practical joking—water poured on arriving guests from the turret tops—and once Elizabeth impersonated a servant, showed a group of visitors around her home and gravely accepted a tip.

Today, the serenity of her character is reflected in her tastes. The Queen Mother likes Jane Austen's quiet novels and chamber music by Bach. She likes gentle colors. The famous powder blues and delicate peach shades of her dresses are matched by the pink and lavender exterior of Royal Lodge, the duck-egg blue and cream of her own rooms and the pale hyacinth of the hangings in the dungeons of Windsor. During the war she refused to don a uniform; she preferred to be as feminine as possible.

She brought the same serenity to the unexpected tasks of queenship. Following the Coronation she and the King went to Deeside for their vacation. She went to Birkhall, which had been her home as Duchess, to say good-bye to her gardener before taking up residence in Balmoral Castle.

"The last time I saw you was in the pictures, Ma'am," the gardener said.

"Oh, the Coronation," replied the Queen. "An awful ceremony. A terrible ceremony!"

"It's a wonder you and the King stick it out," the gardener said.

"Oh, but when it's your duty you stick out anything," she answered with a smile.

There had been a time when she had been racked by doubts and indecisions regarding the life of duty. Bertie, Duke of York, had proposed twice, in his shy hesitant way, and she had refused him for, as she remarked later: "I said to him I was afraid, as royalty, never, never again to be free to think or speak or act as I really feel." But in the end she accepted him. The incident is already becoming wreathed in legend. One story is that he was afraid to propose and sent a friend to do it for him and that she insisted he come on his own. Another is that at the final moment he could not find the words and had to write his proposal on a scrap of paper.

Once committed, she devoted herself wholeheartedly to her husband and



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her job. In the ten years following World War I the Royal Family carried out three thousand public engagements. The Duke and Duchess of York handled eight hundred of them. This meant that once every five days the little Duchess and her shy husband were before the public.

She was almost always with him. When he began to stammer she would look around brightly at the crowd as much as to say: "It's all right . . . it's nothing to worry about." Sometimes during a stoppage she would reach out and touch him and he would find the words. She had a habit of wearing sharply contrasting accessories and when he struggled for a phrase she would catch his eye, move her purse or gloves slightly, and he would carry on. And close observers would note that she would be moving her lips with his, trying to say the words for him.

She was his crutch and he leaned heavily on her. Once at a garden party an acquaintance watched them proceeding up the lines of people, greeting those they knew. The King was detained by a bore while the Queen moved ahead. Then she realized that he had been left behind and with a graceful movement she turned about, floated back, touched him by the elbow and whispered, "Shall we twinkle?"

Diamonds in the Curtains

The two parents liked to do things together. During Abdication week they went to St. Paul's and prayed together that they should not be called upon to reign. When they realized that the burden of sovereignty was on their shoulders they took one last walk together in their garden. Later it became necessary for the new Queen to have her ears pierced to wear the valuable royal earrings. The King went along with her and held her hand during the operation. And, at the end of his days when he was confined to a motorized wheelchair, the Queen ordered one, too, so that the two of them could drive around the palace gardens side by side as they had always been.

On only one point did they differ and this had to do with their completely opposite temperaments. The King was a punctilious man. Like all his line he was almost fanatical about manners of dress and deportment. He liked official affairs to proceed with clockwork precision and he was angered when anything went wrong. His high-strung nature insisted on a split-second punctuality.

There was none of this timetable exactitude about his wife. She is the sort of woman who, in order to see the view properly from the royal train, could absent-mindedly pluck a priceless diamond brooch from her dress, to pin back the expensive nylon curtains, and then drift off later leaving the diamonds dangling. She had little sense of time. At the various affairs and ceremonies they attended she would drift from person to person conversing amiably while the royal car waited and the King, gazing at his watch, danced with impatience. As the royal train neared Balmoral he would pace restlessly up and down the car listening to the voice of his wife in her sitting room chatting away with her maid. Finally he would pound on the door crying, "Ladies! ladies! Are you aware that the train is approaching Ballater?" Back would come the Queen's gently reproving voice: "Not at all, Bertie—you must remember the clock's fast."

It maddened him, this casual leisurely approach to life which he found so difficult to understand. Once he was waiting for her in the great hall of Balmoral. As usual she was late and

the King was pacing backward and forward on the red carpet and drumming his fingers on the pale Hungarian ash of the woodwork. Finally, in an excess of impatience he darted into an anteroom. At this point the Queen floated down the staircase, pulling on her gloves. The King popped out again into the hall to find his wife standing placidly before the great fireplace. "Oh, there you are, Bertie," she said sweetly. "I've been waiting for you." "Waiting for me!" cried the King, his nose an inch from his wife's face—but he could say no more.

He had always been high-strung. As a child he had an ungovernable temper, so bad that he used to break pieces of furniture. He brought it under control, but even as an adult he sometimes had a tendency to throw things. Later, as illness sapped his strength, the old irritability returned, especially if the even tenor of his day was upset. Then the telltale throbbing muscles in his cheeks would signal a warning to his aides. Once, during a visit to Cardiff, a group of enthusiastic school children broke through police lines and ripped the buttons from his

naval uniform. The King was so angry at this lack of discipline that he canceled a reception at the city hall. Once he was sitting with the Queen at a ceremony involving the Lord Mayor of London. The Lord Mayor suggested a change in the seating arrangements so that the microphone would not block the Queen's view. As they got up to change seats the King's voice rapped out: "For God's sake sit in the bloody seat you were told to sit in!"

Periodically, the King used to fire his valet, Thomas Lawrence Jerram. Jerram, disturbed, would go to the

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Queen who would tell him not to worry—the King didn't really mean it.

For his temper cooled as quickly as it rose. Once he was returning from Aldershot on the royal train in a fury because things had not gone quite right. He was chastising his staff. They were all disaffected to him, he cried. Suddenly he looked out the window and noticed the name of a station flashing by. It was Runnymede, the name of the island where King John signed the Magna Charta. "That's where it all began!" roared the King. Everybody laughed; frayed tempers were forgotten.

His humor, like the rest of his tastes, was of a simple kind. He enjoyed practical jokes, such as cutting off the grey flannels of visitors to his boys' camps to turn them into shorts. He liked the ancient puns and rowdy songs of the British music halls. "How do I like my tea?" the King would ask, and answer himself, "In a cup! Ha-Ha!" He liked jazz records and got a good deal of enjoyment out of running films backward at Royal Lodge. On industrial tours he was always delighted when things wouldn't work. "It's because I'm here," he'd say. Once he inspected a "foolproof" envelope-stamping machine. He pressed a button and eight envelopes promptly shot by unstamped. Once at Lloyd's he was shown a system guaranteed to produce the name of any British ship and her captain anywhere in the world. The King mentioned an obscure vessel that had taken him between Australia and New Zealand and was delighted that they had the captain's name wrong.

On these industrial visits—he made so many that the family nicknamed him the Foreman—his sense of the meticulous always showed. He liked to see how things worked and he could not be dragged away from anything that caught his eye. On defense tours he made it a point to try out new weapons. One acquaintance noticed this quality under somewhat different circumstances during a family showing of Princess Elizabeth's wedding presents. She had been given several beds and the King and Queen were going about, bouncing up and down on them to make sure the springs were solid.

No detail of dress or decoration was too minute to escape his inquisitive scrutiny. He was keen on shoes being shined and belts being polished and he was an admirer of the minutiae of service. He showed Field-Marshal Slim how to salute properly while carrying the baton of his rank and he ticked off Field-Marshal Montgomery for wearing two cap badges. He collected the orders of British chivalry and knew the full history of each. He had five hundred suits of clothes, his tweeds and kilts were superbly tailored and it was he who popularized the tartan dinner jacket.

Once he visited Stratford-on-Avon to watch Anthony Quayle play the title role in Henry VIII in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. At the reception afterward, while the players were being presented, it was noticed that the King's attention was straying. Finally he turned to Quayle, who was still in costume, and said: "You know, you're not wearing my Garter properly." Everything came to a standstill while the King, using the royal shank as a model, gave Quayle a lesson in how to put on the Garter. Quayle took it all in, made what he thought were the proper readjustments, and the hand-shaking got under way again. But the King never properly got back into the swing of things. He kept looking at Quayle's leg and shaking his head. Finally he turned to the Queen, shrugged his shoulders and was heard to remark *sotto voce*: "The fellow couldn't put it on!"

A mind devoted to such outward details did not have the inward capacity for intellectual curiosity. In this, George VI resembled his forebears. He did not care for ancient music or modern painting. He is supposed to have thrown a book at an aide who suggested that it would be a good thing if he were seen more often at the opera. And there was the time that John Piper, the contemporary British artist, was commissioned to paint six scenes of Windsor Castle. Anxious to get the royal reaction, Piper, who is known for the stormy quality of his work, tackled the King at a garden party. "Ah, yes," the monarch said. "I recall the paintings. Pity you had such bloody awful weather."

For he was an uncomplicated King, devoted to uncomplicated interests—to home movies and jazz records, color photography, grouse shooting and collections of British medals.

"Don't Bother About Me"

It is a tribute to his courage and his stubbornness then, that this shy and unassuming man, who with his nervous temperament and his tender physique seemed so weak, should turn out in the end to be so strong. All his life he was plagued by the frailties of the flesh. At Osborne, where he trained for the navy, the twin diseases of influenza and pneumonia were visited upon him. All through his war service a gastric condition haunted him and during one nine-month period at sea he was tortured by an intense pain that stabbed at him for hours on end. Sent back to shore duty for two years, he struggled back to sea again to take part in the great Battle of Jutland. Then he was sent to hospital again and for the rest of his life he fought his own personal Jutland with himself.

In the final months of his life he knew death was certain and imminent. The hardening of the arteries that had caused his leg operation had not been checked. The cancer that had forced the removal of one lung had spread to the other. But he refused to compromise with his destiny. He continued to go out onto the moors of Sandringham and the glens of Balmoral on the forays after grouse which he loved above all else.

At Balmoral his head keeper James Gillan tried to rearrange the drives to make things easier for the ailing monarch. He would have none of it. He would insist that the party continue to breast the steep hills as they had always done, nor did he want anyone to wait behind for him. "No no! Go on—go on!" he would say testily. "Don't bother about me—I'll get there sometime." They would go on ahead and wait for him on the knoll and look down the incline at the thin figure of their King slowly but surely struggling up the hills as he had indeed been doing all the days of his years.

He struggled to the end. One evening at Sandringham he received, as he always did, the daily report from the House of Commons prepared by the vice-chamberlain. His careful mind studied it minutely, as always, and he found in it a figure which seemed wrong to him. Back to the vice-chamberlain went a prompt query. The vice-chamberlain replied that the monarch was right; a cipher had indeed been misplaced. This done, the King went to bed. It was his last official act. Next morning he was dead and the Queen whom he had so carefully reared to replace him was reigning in his stead.

END OF PART THREE

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TRAIN TO SERVE AS AN OFFICER IN CANADA'S ARMED FORCES

Subject: Centaur

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

animal asked him to. And that, Ned, is all I know about it.

Ruth and I expect to be in Toronto within the next few weeks and are looking forward to seeing you again.

Sincerely,
John.

484 Argyle Terrace,
Toronto.
Aug. 14, 1950.

Mr. John Hayward,
President,
Wideworld Trading Corp.,
422 Solway Place,
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear John:

Thank you for the interesting report re the centaur. But I think we would both admit that while it makes a lovely after-dinner story, taken seriously it's that sort of thing that leads you to the mental institutions.

The last time centaurs were reported (to the best of my knowledge) was in the year 736 AD in the small village of Brunichi, in the Roman province of Uteran. The report was discredited. Evidence produced made it clear that the story originated with an old man addicted to both alcoholic beverages and tall tales. Without wishing to seem unkind I think you might seriously consider bringing Sampson home for a year's rest.

My regards to you both,

Ned.

Leeds Hotel,
Istanbul, Turkey.
Aug. 14, 1950.

Prof. Werner Albrucht,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Prof. Albrucht:

A letter from John Hayward today explains that he mentioned the centaur to you, and suggests I send along pictures. The pictures are not ready yet, but I will forward them in a few days. You will appreciate that I have gone to some pains to keep the matter quiet—mainly for Cliones' sake. He is really quite a remarkable creature. I was back to visit him last week and discovered for the first time that he speaks quite tolerable English. Once you have conquered the slightly unreal feeling he gives you you find him an excellent companion—one of the best I have met in these parts.

I feel confident that I can trust your discretion.

Yours truly,
George Sampson.

Department of Anthropology,
University of Toronto.
Aug. 21, 1950.

Mr. George Sampson,
c/o Leeds Hotel,
Istanbul, Turkey.

Dear Mr. Sampson:

I can quite appreciate your concern lest news of your recent discovery leak out. I can assure you I will not make it public.

I suggested to John Hayward that you take what seems a much-needed rest. Might I take the liberty of passing it along as a personal suggestion?

Yours very sincerely,
Werner Albrucht.

TORONTO AUG 21/50

PAUL PAXTOS
UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS
ATHENS GREECE

PLEASE CHECK RUMOR CENTAUR
REPEAT CENTAUR SEEN NEAR ARIEN
TEMPLE RUINS REGARDS NED

Arien, Greece
Aug. 25, 1950.

Dear Ned:

When I received your cable last week I suddenly felt as if we were right back to Potosy and the Minotaur rumor. I thought of him that day in London: "Gentlemen—who are we to say that such things cannot be. If you have the courage of your conviction then track it down, track it down!" So we did. The long wild goose chase. I guess we were pretty green, but Potosy did make you believe it could happen. Those were the thoughts on my mind, that wild summer in 1923, as I came up here. I am working on the Sorenson Marbles...

When I arrived in Arien I looked up old Alex Soriopolus, who is the authority on local antiquities, and told him I had heard he was keeping a centaur out in the old temple ruins. Ned, I wish you could have seen his face! He was very upset.

"I would rather not talk of it," he said. "I think perhaps you have been hearing of things that are not of our concern."

That's when I began to suspect there might be something in your rumor, fantastic as it seemed. When Alex found the Arien Blackfigure vase he acted much the same way—as if he soiled the ancient glories when we probed too deep. I pressed the matter. The main trouble with Alex is that he remains as corruptible as ever. A little silver and he told me the whole story.

Cliones (that is the centaur's name) first appeared on the scene about three years ago. He refuses—I have asked him several times—to tell where he comes from, what he is doing here, how old he is, anything. He avoids the village and the inhabitants, but maintains a lively contact with the world through Alex. He seems to have plenty of money, most of it in contemporary currencies. His education is amazing. Nine languages, Ned, and he is currently learning Russian! His cellar is the best I have met in Greece ever, and his library a gold mine.

On the way up I tried to conjure up a picture of what such a creature might look like. He is magnificent. His hair and tail a light straw blond, with a tinge of pink. He has a great torso, of which he is rather vain, and a profile so classically perfect that I found it hard to believe it not a dream. He is charming, and playful. One of his favorite early morning habits is going quietly into town and singing love songs outside Alex's window.

He has tried to swear me to secrecy regarding his existence but I have explained that the news is out and it will probably be impossible to keep it quiet. My suggestion would be that you get on a plane and get over here before the hordes. I have told him of you, and he is anxious to meet you.

I return to Athens tomorrow and will expect to hear from you.

As ever,
Paul.

Department of Anthropology,
Aug. 30.

Dr. Gerald Green,
President,
University of Toronto.

Dear Dr. Green:

I have hesitated until now to bring to your attention a remarkable discovery that has been made in my field.

About three weeks ago I first received word of the existence of a centaur in Greece. Since that time I have

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been able to substantiate the original rumor through the kind office of Professor Paul Paxtos, a colleague at the University of Athens.

While I appreciate the difficulties involved in my leaving at the present time, I would like to request a leave of absence for an indefinite period so that I may personally investigate the matter.

Sincerely,
Werner Albrucht.

Aug. 31.

My Dear Professor Albrucht:

I find the centaur story difficult to credit. Indeed, I must be frank and tell you that I do not believe such a creature could possibly exist. If, however, you feel the rumor worth further investigation by all means pursue it. *Foreat!*

Sincerely,
Gerald Green, President.

484 Argyle Terrace,
Aug. 31, 1950.

Dear Paul:

As soon as I can make the necessary arrangements I will leave for Greece, to see with my own eyes what my reason tells me is impossible. In these past few days I have wondered and wondered whether such a thing could really be true, or whether in the final analysis it wouldn't be like most of our illusions—so real they feel like the taste in your mouth when you wake up in the morning, the dregs of the party the night before.

Potsby would be pleased. I am glad now he taught us well.

Sincerely,
Ned.

Argyle,
Thursday.

Dear Peter:

Events have moved so quickly that I have had no opportunity to write. I am sitting in the study wondering if I can reasonably ask you to cut short the vacation you have planned for so long and return here to help me with a new project. I am enclosing several letters which should explain it. I fly to Greece on Sunday. Please come if you can.

Love,
Father.

Arien, Greece.
Sept. 6, 1950.

Dear Peter:

I have met him!

Last night, just after midnight, we went out to the temple, and with Professor Paxtos and the man Soriopolus I met Cliones. There is no way to describe my feelings—it was as if we had been suddenly wafted back three thousand years, back to a time of traditions and the multiple realities of a pagan world. I felt somehow that here was a creature man had created himself come dramatically to life for we who have so little faith. Even now I find it hard to believe—I expect that when I go back he will have gone, or that he will never have gone, or that he will never have been at all.

I find him a modern centaur (I was going to say man). He knows a great deal about the world as it is, and we talked for a long time of the things that trouble us so much. Several times I had the feeling that he knew much more than he would speak of, that his experience was broader than he ever indicates.

Most importantly though—he asked if he might visit us. As you know I wanted to invite him to come back with me, but I hardly dared bring the subject up at our first meeting. We were talking about what people would

think of him, and say about him, and he suggested he come to Canada. Is there any reply yet from the Minister? We must make sure he gets a royal welcome.

Above all, be discreet. The news will break soon enough. We must at all costs avoid turning Cliones into a circus attraction.

Love,
Father.

Argyle,
Sept. 7.

Dear Father:

I had hoped for some word from you by today. There is none. I thought you should know however that it is not going to be as easy as we imagined.

I was in Ottawa yesterday and had an interview with the Minister. He treated the whole thing as a joke, and almost threw me out of the office. I sent him the documentation today (I stupidly left it here) and I hope that will do some good.

Dr. Green phoned today and asked if anything had happened. I told him you hadn't yet sent word. Apparently after seeing the letters and photographs his attitude has changed. The publicity department of the university stands ready to give you all the help you want when you decide to release the story—which leads me to suspect they see a good thing in it after all.

It may be necessary for you to return to work out the immigration details . . . I will write again.

Love,
Peter.

Department of Anthropology,
University of Toronto.
Sept. 13, 1950.

Mr. Charles T. Biggle,
Minister,
Department of Citizenship and Immigration,
Ottawa.

Dear Sir:

I have today returned from Greece where I have personally verified the existence of a centaur, named Cliones. I was disturbed on my arrival to learn that you have to date done nothing following the request of my son for temporary visa papers for the admission of Cliones to Canada.

As you know, I have undertaken to sponsor Cliones while he is here. I fail to understand your adamant refusal to take the matter seriously. I would ask you to review the case at your earliest convenience in order that we may take the necessary steps to bring Cliones here by the end of the month.

Yours truly,
Werner Albrucht,
Professor of Anthropology.

Department of Agriculture,
Ottawa.
Sept. 17, 1950.

Professor Werner Albrucht,
Department of Archaeology,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

The Minister has asked me to write you concerning your recent request for the admittance of one Cliones, a "Greek citizen." The case has been referred to us by the Department of Citizenship and Immigration.

Inasmuch as "Cliones" does not fit under any of the existing classifications of livestock, we regret that we are unable to be of assistance to you.

Yours truly,
George Leclerc,
Secretary to the Minister.

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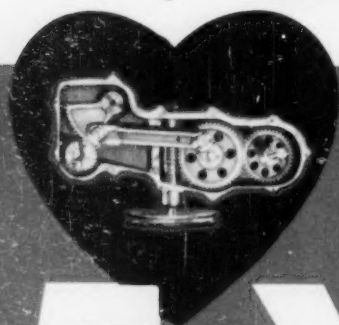
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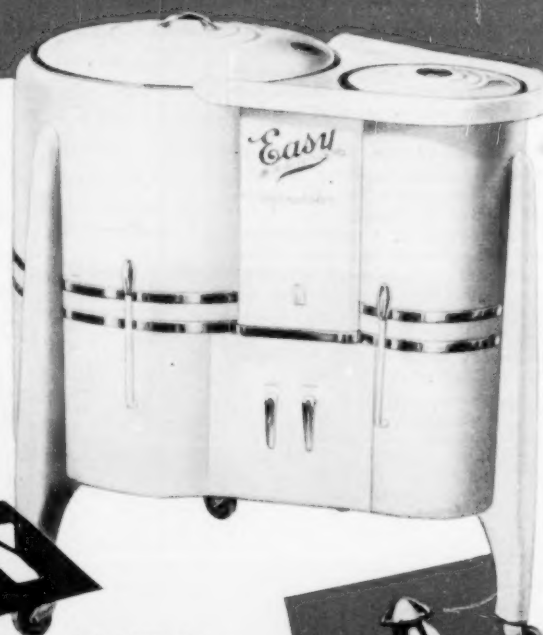
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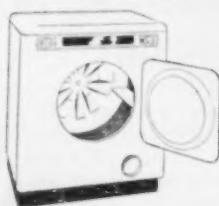
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Department of External Affairs,
Ottawa.
Sept. 17, 1950.

Professor Werner Albrucht,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Professor Albrucht:

Our attention has been drawn to recent investigations you have made regarding the discovery of a centaur in Greece.

We are also informed that you have made tentative plans to bring the creature to this country at an early date. We would like to point out that certain complications make this a difficult plan as far as we are concerned. As you are no doubt aware, international difficulties in the eastern Mediterranean area make it essential that no untoward incidents occur between ourselves and countries of that area which might in any way strain the present delicate relationships. The Minister has already discussed informally with the Greek Minister to Canada some of the problems the centaur poses, and while they are agreed that a courtesy visit would be of benefit and value to both countries, further discussions must take place before concrete arrangements can be made.

Could you be in Ottawa on the 20th, to go into the matter more fully?

Yours very sincerely,
John Johns,
Under Secretary.

Argyle,
Sept. 18.

Dear Peter:

I trust you have arrived in Arien and have met Cliones by now. Please convey to him my very best wishes.

I am deluged by officialdom. Immigration says it can do nothing. Agriculture hasn't the proper classification. External Affairs are worried about the world situation and want to discuss the matter more fully (I go there the day after tomorrow).

Meanwhile, today, a reporter phoned and said he had heard about my recent trip to Greece and would I care to make a statement. I told him I had merely gone to look at some marbles, and described some of them to him in detail. He eventually rang off, and I think I put him off the scent. I have written the shipping people and hope for some reply today or tomorrow.

How will Cliones react to all this? I am beginning to worry that we have made a grave error. We could have talked quietly by the temple and that perhaps would have been enough. Please write fully.

Love,
Father.

45 Place du Gare,
Montreal, P.Q.
Sept. 19, 1950.

Professor W. Albrucht,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ont.

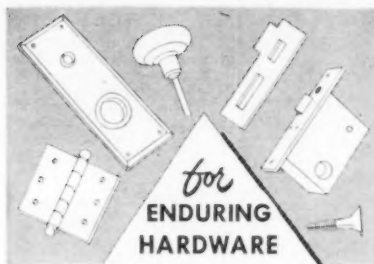
Dear Sir:

Your recent request for passage for one "Cliones" creates a problem.

First class is definitely out of the question. You must remember, sir, that we have many passengers to take care of and that we cannot subject them to freaks of one kind and another. It is possible that hold space could be obtained for the creature, provided he is supplied with his own keeper, and properly provisioned by you.

We will inform you further on this point when we have made further enquiries.

Yours sincerely,
J. R. Longmore,
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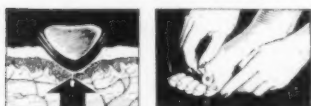
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ECL 211

Argyle,
Sept. 24.

Dear Peter:

Things are in such an uproar. The news broke three days ago and since then the bedlam has been almost unendurable. The reporter I mentioned in my last letter—a John Cunningham—apparently wasn't the least thrown off the scent by my marbles—for it was he who got the first "scoop." The University is very upset for they wanted to do it properly. Since then I have been swamped with letters, with telegrams, cables and people. A man wants to run Cliones in the King's Plate. And an advertising agency forced their way in here this morning and presented a plan to use him as the central theme for a new stunt which would go: "Cliones Says: 'My Horse Sense Tells Me That . . .'" Someone else wants him to model, and another thinks he would be wonderful on the stage.

A couple of hours ago the people from the Society for The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were in. They wanted to know what kind of accommodation has been made for him, what he will do, who is his handler, and so many details. They are very kind—but they simply don't understand. The reporters haunt me. Down at the University things are in a state too. In an attempt to make up for lost ground, Dr. Green got on to the CBC last night and gave a talk on the significance of the appearance of such an animal as Cliones at this time. He called him a "symbol of a return to the humanities, a forging of the great strength of tradition with the developed intellect of modern man . . ." !!! Gower, Shultz and McBean have been a great help, and very understanding, and fortunately my work in the Department hasn't quite come to a standstill.

You were wise to anticipate the flood, and get Cliones away from Arlen. With the exception of yourself and Paul Paxtos, no one, including myself, now knows where he is. That is best. I have written the shipping company and told them we won't need their boat—the airlines are taking care of us. They will have already gotten in touch with you through Paul. Until something happens in Ottawa we can do nothing—I will let you know when we can go ahead.

I am so tired—and so unsure of what we have done.

Love,
Father.

FROM THE MONTREAL GAZETTE

Ottawa, September 24 — The case of the centaur, Cliones, was the occasion of a sharp exchange in parliament yesterday afternoon.

Several questions concerning the centaur, who has aroused world-wide interest, were asked of various Ministers during the question period. Mr. Aldwinkle, the Minister of Agriculture, in reply to a question from Mr. Perry (CCF, Messable Up), stated that there was no question of opening a new classification to allow Cliones into the country. Mr. Biggle, the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, answering a query from Mr. MacDougall (P.C. West Centre), said that the current quota arrangement could hardly be enlarged to take care of a creature "that is neither man nor beast. . . . We must be careful to watch our precedents lest we put the whole immigration scheme completely out of kilter."

Hansard continues:

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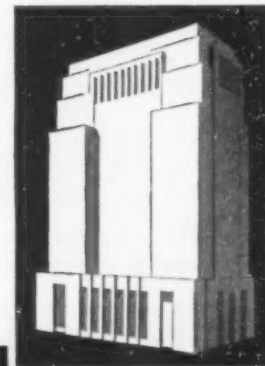
William Keeler,
West Hill, Ontario

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*Extract from William Keeler's prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.



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Mr. Macdougall: Is there no way in which we can grant Clones admittance?

Hon. Mr. Biggle: Under the present regulations, no.

Mr. Macdougall: My constituents have taken a great interest in this creature and on their behalf I would like to ask the government to look into its antiquated immigration machinery and find the inevitable loophole which will allow him entrance.

Some Members: Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. Biggle: Would the member from West Centre care to suggest some way in which the laws of the country can be stretched to admit an animal which simply does not exist?

Mr. Macdougall: Surely the Government, or at least the Cabinet, could once again take unto itself some of those functions ordinarily ascribed to the Deity, and we could have an Order-In-Council . . .

Some Members: Laughter.

Mr. Speaker: Order.

Later in the question period the Minister of External Affairs, Mr. Warner, explained to the House that his Department has had the matter under consideration and expected to be able to announce some action within a few days . . .

Department of Anthropology,
University of Toronto.
Sept. 25, 1950.

Hon. Mr. H. H. Warner,
Minister,
Department of External Affairs,
Ottawa.

Dear Mr. Warner:

The recent conversations we have had and the information you gave the House yesterday prompt me to hope that an early decision will be forthcoming which will allow us to proceed with our plan to bring Clones to Canada. I have had word from my son (today) saying that Clones is very much disturbed at the commotion he has caused, particularly in this country. The same letter also informs me that Clones has received several invitations from the Russian government asking him to visit them, preferably at once.

May I expect your early reply.

Yours very sincerely,
Werner Albrucht.

OTTAWA SEPT 27

PROF. WERNER ALBRUCHT
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
PAPERS DISPATCHED BY COURIER
THIS MORNING TO CANADIAN EMBASSY
ATHENS ALLOWING
CLONES, GREEK CITIZEN, TEMPORARY
ASYLUM IN CANADA STOP IN
DEFERENCE TO IMMIGRATION REG-
ULATIONS CLONES MUST HAVE
VACCINATION SMALLPOX BEFORE
ADMITTANCE AT GANDER STOP MAY
WE ASSURE YOU OF OUR CONTIN-
UED CO-OPERATION H. H. WARNER
MINISTER DEPARTMENT OF EXTER-
NAL AFFAIRS.

FROM THE MONTREAL
HERALD, OCT. 16, 1950:

Clones is dead.
The handsome, strange animal who arrived in Montreal only last night was crushed to death in a sea of people who surged forward to greet him when he appeared unexpectedly at the service entrance of the Mount Royal Hotel shortly after midnight last night. Also trampled to death in the crush were Marcelle Labelle, 7942 St. Sauveur Ave., and Mrs. Jane Smith, 72, of Cornwall, Ont.

In spite of the fact that extra police were assigned to handle the unprecedented crowds who turned out to welcome the highly publicized Clones, nothing could be done

to handle the sudden surge that greeted his unexpected appearance. When he was finally extricated from the mobs of people the centaur was rushed to Royal Victoria Hospital, but was pronounced dead on arrival. Coroner Dr. Henri Movien said an inquest will be held . . .

Argyle,
Oct. 24

Dear Paul:

For a week now I have been trying to sit down and write to you, to try to explain what happened. I can not—for in truth I am not sure. He was with us in the suite, and then suddenly he was gone. It was so strange, for he had only a half an hour before assured me and reassured me with his confidence and his good humor . . . It seemed to go so well.

I was thinking this afternoon of that first evening in Arien when you took me out to the temple and I met him. We talked for a long time while you and Soriopolis went off. It is curious that the conversation should remain so clearly in my mind.

We talked of many things, until finally I felt free to question him about himself. He would say nothing of his immediate background. But he did talk of what people would think of him if he went out into the world.

"For you," he said, "I am hardly real. I am something someone thought up a long time ago that really shouldn't be here. I am a dream that suddenly solidified. Because I'm partly human I will draw the interested stares and the curiosity of those who are wholly human. None of the other animals will have much to do with me. And if I do, as you suggest, appear in the world, people will be partly afraid, partly curious, partly bored, and if I understand the twentieth century in North America properly, they will clip bits off my tail, and want to touch me to reassure themselves that their imaginations have not run riot.

"Yet in the end I will have no meaning for them . . . I will only be a freak, a passing diversion, and after that quite dull. It is very hard on my vanity."

We talked a great deal that evening. In the end, just before you returned, we came back to the projected visit. Clones said:

"Are you quite sure you want me to come? Are you quite sure that if I come I will not destroy what we have found so valuable here tonight, the fusion of the real and the unreal, the dream and the dreamer, the what we are, and what we think we are . . . Perhaps it would be better if I didn't come."

Paul, I don't know. I thought it a good idea. People would have loved him as we loved him, if only they had the chance. But by bringing him out into the open we killed him. Perhaps old Patsy was right—perhaps there are things we think we understand that are far beyond us. I wonder now whether he would have been pleased with us—we chased the rumor—and killed it.

I am so very tired . . .

As ever,
Ned. ★

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The Long Night

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

and get my coat out of the closet"—Arthur moved to the door like a sleep-walker—"and Jessie, you can get the baby ready."

"Not the baby." Her voice was a thin whisper.

Farrell smiled. "Oh yes," he said. "I insist we take the baby."

In the hall Jessie suddenly turned to Farrell and said, "Just a minute. I'll be right back." Before he had time to object she had reached the bathroom door at the end of the hallway and opened it.

Mrs. Lorimer, the landlady, was standing in the kitchen talking to Paul, the medical student, and the two girls from Nova Scotia. She waved to the men and said, "Going out for a while, eh? That will be a nice change."

"Yes, we thought we'd like a drive," Farrell said easily. "Arthur is feeling a bit peckish."

"Oh, what a shame. You don't look too well at that, Mr. Connolly. I had an uncle that color once and..." Her clinical history of her uncle was broken off as Jessie came out of the bathroom. "Good-by now. Have a nice time."

"We will," Farrell said. The door closed behind them.

At eight-forty-five Hilda Walters asked, "Where's Hans? His tea is getting cold."

"Here he is," said Mrs. Lorimer. The young German immigrant came out of the bathroom, blushing as everybody looked at him.

"Please," Hans said diffidently, "I don't read English so good. Somebody is writing on the mirror, I think with soap. It is a joke?"

Mrs. Lorimer shed her affability. "Soap? On my mirror?" The others followed her as she stormed into the bathroom.

Hilda gripped her arm. "Look what it says."

The words stumbled across the mirror. "Help—police—Eric is Farrell—see paper in room—our car JR-372."

"It was Jessie," Beth said. "She was the last one in here."

Mrs. Lorimer frowned at the mirror. "It's not like Jessie to play jokes."

Paul burst in from the hall. "Here's the paper—it was on the coffee table."

They stared at the picture. "It's him all right. And to think that only yesterday I..." Mrs. Lorimer had lost her audience. She trailed after them into the hall, where Paul was at the phone.

They didn't believe him at first, but they sent two uniformed policemen to check. "You are quite sure this is a picture of Eric Simmons?"

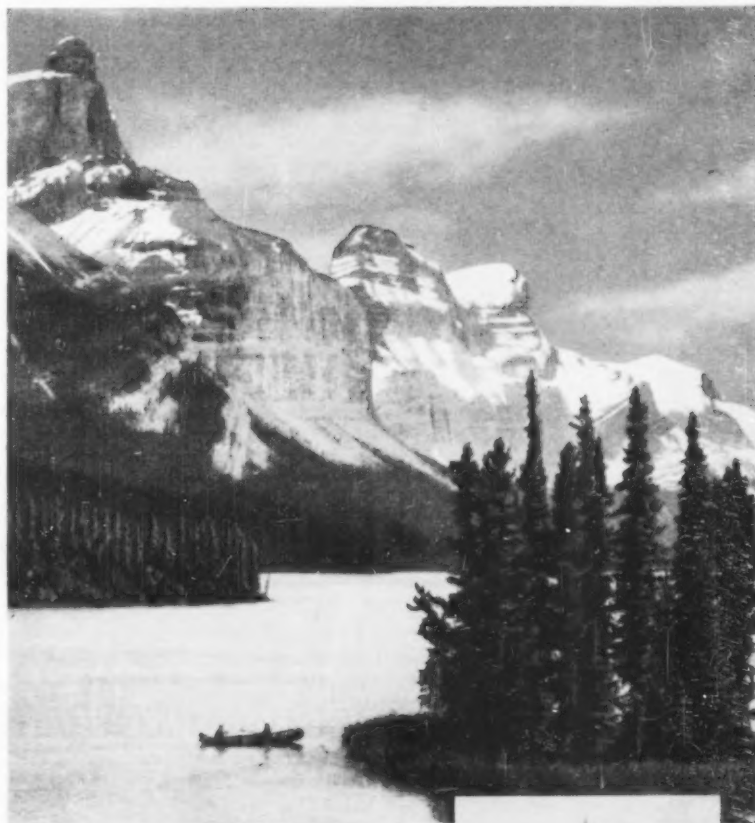
"Sure?" Mrs. Lorimer was enjoying her new importance. She patted a wave of her bleached hair into place. "Why, I know that face as well as my own. And to think that all the time..."

The plainclothesmen came then, and the questions began.

NOT SO fast," Farrell was lounging on the back seat, the gun beside him. "There's lots of time. We don't want to get picked up for speeding."

Careful not to disturb the baby sleeping on her lap, Jessie turned her head to look at Farrell. "You know my mother baby-sits for us on Saturday mornings while we go shopping. She'll get there at eight tomorrow and a few minutes later the police will be looking for this car. They'll never let us across." She seemed to consider for a moment and then said, "Look, if you'll promise to drop us off in Detroit I'll phone my mother tonight and tell

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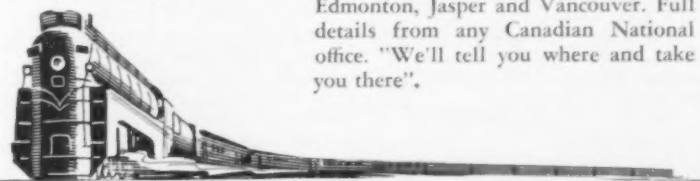
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her to let Mrs. Lorimer know we've gone to Windsor for the week end."

Farrell looked at her steadily. "All right," he said at last, "but tell her Montreal. Arthur, take the cut-off into Hamilton and look for a pay phone." He smiled as he added, "I'll be right outside the booth and we'll leave the door open."

HE WAS a very quiet tenant... no trouble at all. We often teased him about his beard, but he told us he was a writer and showed us articles he'd had published under different names, so it seemed quite natural." The phone rang and Mrs. Lorimer interrupted her monologue. "Hello? Yes... Oh—just a minute." She covered the mouthpiece with her hand and looked around wildly. "It's Mrs. Connolly's mother. She's just had a phone call from her."

The man in grey jumped up from the chair. "Ask her all about the phone call and repeat it slowly."

"Hello, Mrs. Archer. What did Jessie say?... They're going to Montreal for the week end. Anything else?... She said she'd be sure to look up Auntie Flo there... Well, that's strange. Just a moment." She covered the mouthpiece again. "She's worried because Jessie said she'd look up Auntie Flo in Montreal and Flo actually lives in Windsor. What shall I say to her?"

"Tell her that you're sure everything's all right. It must be a misunderstanding of some kind."

That was at nine-thirty p.m. At nine forty-five the man in grey, whose name was Creighton, was back at headquarters studying a map and briefing the special squad which had been assigned to the Farrell case three months before. "If they're following No. 2 highway they should be about

here by now." He marked a red cross on the map. "We'll take the plane to this spot"—he made another cross—"and then go back along the highway by car to intercept them about here." He turned his back on the map. "You know the problem. Farrell is a criminal psychopath who kills without compunction and, if he once suspects that we have been tipped off, you know what he will do. Somewhere between here and Windsor we've got to pick him up, but without endangering the lives of the Connollys." He studied the grave faces of the four men and then, suddenly, grinned at them and tossed the red pencil on the table. "Okay. Lecture's over. We'll go out to the airport and wait. They'll call us the moment the car is spotted."

WHAT'S the matter, Arthur? Cat got your tongue?"

Arthur cleared his throat noisily. "No, no. Just—don't feel like talking."

Farrell and Jessie had been at it ever since they left Hamilton—casual, friendly talk about places they'd been and books and shows and people. It didn't seem real to Arthur. He could see the patch of light rushing over the road to the inevitable ending somewhere in Michigan—a twisted corpse lying in a ditch. His own corpse—he could see it clearly. And yet the vision filled him with numbness rather than horror. There was nothing he could do about it, nothing except wait and hope that soon he would wake up. The nightmarish conversation went on.

"Baby still asleep?"

"Yes, but he'll want his bottle soon. Do you think we could stop somewhere?"

"Oh, sure. There's lots of time. We'll see if we can find a café open in Brantford."

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NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION!

BASIC FRUIT DOUGH

Prepare
1½ cups bleached or sultana raisins, washed and dried
½ cup finely-cut candied citron
½ cup broken walnuts or pecans
Scald
2 cups milk
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a small bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
Sift together three times
4 cups once-sifted bread flour
1 tablespoon salt
4 teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg

¼ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon ground mace
Cream in a large bowl
½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup lightly-packed brown sugar
Gradually beat in
1 well-beaten egg
Stir in lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and sifted dry ingredients; beat until smooth and elastic. Mix in prepared fruits and nuts.
Work in
3½ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:



1. Chop Suey Loaf

Knead ¼ cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries into one portion of the dough. Shape into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 40 minutes. Brush top of hot loaf with soft butter or margarine.

2. Butterscotch Fruit Buns

Cream together ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, ¼ cup corn syrup and

1 cup lightly-packed brown sugar. Spread about a quarter of this mixture in a greased 9-inch square cake pan; sprinkle with ½ cup pecan halves. Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 9-inch square. Spread almost to the edges with remaining brown sugar mixture; roll up loosely, jelly-roll fashion, and cut into 9 slices. Place each piece, a cut side up, in prepared pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 30 minutes. Stand

pan of buns on a cake cooler for 5 minutes before turning out.

3. Frosted Fruit Buns

Cut one portion of dough into 18 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball. Place, well apart, on a greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 15 minutes. Immediately after baking, spread buns with a frosting made by combining 1 cup once-sifted icing sugar, 4 teaspoons milk and a few drops almond extract.

CREIGHTON chewed on a match and looked balefully at the moon. He bit a small piece off the matchstick and spat it out. Directly across the road loomed the huge bulk that was MacDonald, leaning on a fence post with his face turned to the sky. As Creighton glanced over at him he shifted his position and called, "If we'd come out here to neck it would be a nice sight."

"Yeah." Creighton was not amused. He looked down the hill, noting with relief that Kelly and Muller were formless shadows as they squatted at their posts fifty yards away, one on each side of the road. Somewhere beyond them Pete Slemco would be crouching in the ditch, a large packet of flat-headed nails in his hand.

The road swept down to the bottom of the hill and then climbed sharply again. Creighton followed it with his eyes to a point just below the second peak. There Jenkins—the local man who had met their plane ten miles away and driven them to this spot—would be waiting. As soon as the car passed him he was to signal with one brief flash. Creighton hoped he was reliable. He bit another small piece from the matchstick and chewed on it morosely.

Headlights broke over the crest of the second hill. Creighton fixed his gaze below and to the left of the oncoming lights and held it there long after they had flashed past the point he was watching. There was no signal. Cursing, he stretched out full-length behind the fence. He was scarcely conscious of the car as it roared up the hill toward him and past. Head thrust out from behind a fence post, face shielded by his hat, he was watching the other hill with tense concentration.

There were three more false alarms before the signal lamp blinked its warning. A brief flash—and Creighton was on his feet yelling, "Here it comes. Get ready!" He heard Kelly repeating the cry and then, faintly, Slemco's answering "Okay."

He flattened himself on the ground again. The headlights were halfway down the hill. Just before they reached the bottom of the hollow Slemco would sprinkle the nails on the road. Creighton hoped it would work.

"Hell!" Another car had swept over the crest and was rushing down the hill. As Creighton watched, it began to gain on the other. The first headlights were climbing the hill toward him now. He released the safety catch on his gun and waited. Suddenly he heard the blaring of a horn and the second car swept into view on the wrong side of the road. "Get back, damn it!" Creighton hollered. Unheeding, the car cut in front of the other and rushed up the hill. There was a loud bang, the car slewed crazily and ground to a stop with its right wheels on the rim of

the ditch. As the other car veered around it Creighton glimpsed a bearded face at the rear window. Then it sped over the top of the hill.

Creighton got to his feet, brushed the dirt and dried stalks of grass from his coat and climbed over the fence. MacDonald joined him on the road and the others walked up the hill to meet them. "Nice work," Creighton told Slemco, "but we got the wrong car. As soon as Jenkins picks us up we'll follow them and grab Farrell the first chance we get."

THE BABY began to cry fretfully. Jessie dandled him on her knee until the crying turned to a toneless mumble.

"This is Brantford," Farrell dropped his cigarette on the floor and crushed it with his foot. "Watch for a café, Arthur. We've got to feed this infant of yours."

"Bye baby bunting," Jessie sang. They must know about it by now. And yet Mrs. Lorimer might have washed off the mirror without reading it. And her mother was perennially confused, the type of woman who never gets messages straight. She would have to try again, that was all. Her stomach tightened at the thought. "Wrap the baby bunting in," she sang.

The car stopped. Farrell put the gun in his pocket and held out his arms. "I'll take Arthur Junior," he said.

Jessie forced herself to smile as she handed the baby into the back seat. "Watch out he doesn't wet on you."

They crossed the street to the café and Jessie led the way to the last booth.

"Just a minute. Let me in first." Farrell slipped into the seat next the wall and Jessie moved in beside him. Arthur sat opposite, his face a muddy grey. As Jessie rummaged in the plastic bag for the baby's bottle, the waitress sauntered over and pulled a pad from her pocket.

BE CAREFUL not to attract attention," Creighton said. "Remember that you're just a couple of businessmen passing through Brantford on your way to Detroit. You've got some time to kill so you can dawdle over your coffee and maybe play a tune on the juke-box." Muller and MacDonald nodded.

"What do we do if he's still holding the baby?" MacDonald asked.

"Nothing," Creighton said. "Don't take any chances with any of the Connollys. But if he leaves himself open for five seconds, I want you to take him."

"Okay," Muller said. "Let's get started."

THE BABY was draining the bottle in great gulps. Jessie tipped him over her shoulder and held him there

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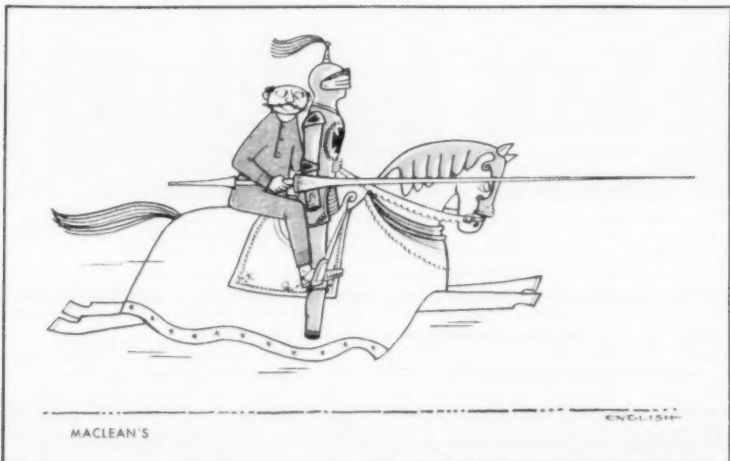
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Mr. Macdougall: Is there no way in which we can grant Clones admittance?

Hon. Mr. Biggle: Under the present regulations, no.

Mr. Macdougall: My constituents have taken a great interest in this creature and on their behalf I would like to ask the government to look into its antiquated immigration machinery and find the inevitable loophole which will allow him entrance.

Some Members: Hear, hear. Hon. Mr. Biggle: Would the member from West Centre care to suggest some way in which the laws of the country can be stretched to admit an animal which simply does not exist?

Mr. Macdougall: Surely the Government, or at least the Cabinet, could once again take unto itself some of those functions ordinarily ascribed to the Deity, and we could have an Order-In-Council . . .

Some Members: Laughter. Mr. Speaker: Order.

Later in the question period the Minister of External Affairs, Mr. Warner, explained to the House that his Department has had the matter under consideration and expected to be able to announce some action within a few days . . .

Department of Anthropology, University of Toronto. Sept. 25, 1950.

Hon. Mr. H. H. Warner, Minister, Department of External Affairs, Ottawa.

Dear Mr. Warner:

The recent conversations we have had and the information you gave the House yesterday prompt me to hope that an early decision will be forthcoming which will allow us to proceed with our plan to bring Clones to Canada. I have had word from my son (today) saying that Clones is very much disturbed at the commotion he has caused, particularly in this country. The same letter also informs me that Clones has received several invitations from the Russian government asking him to visit them, preferably at once.

May I expect your early reply.

Yours very sincerely,
Werner Albrucht.

OTTAWA SEPT 27

PROF. WERNER ALBRUCHT
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
PAPERS DISPATCHED BY COURIER
THIS MORNING TO CANADIAN
EMBASSY ATHENS ALLOWING
CLONES, GREEK CITIZEN, TEMPORARY
ASYLUM IN CANADA STOP IN
DEFERENCE TO IMMIGRATION REG-
ULATIONS CLONES MUST HAVE
VACCINATION SMALLPOX BEFORE
ADMITTANCE AT GANDER STOP MAY
WE ASSURE YOU OF OUR CONTIN-
UED CO-OPERATION H. H. WARNER
MINISTER DEPARTMENT OF EXTER-
NAL AFFAIRS.

FROM THE MONTREAL
HERALD, OCT. 16, 1950:

Clones is dead. The handsome, strange animal who arrived in Montreal only last night was crushed to death in a sea of people who surged forward to greet him when he appeared unexpectedly at the service entrance of the Mount Royal Hotel shortly after midnight last night. Also trampled to death in the crush were Marcelle Labelle, 7942 St. Sauveur Ave., and Mrs. Jane Smith, 72, of Cornwall, Ont. In spite of the fact that extra police were assigned to handle the unprecedented crowds who turned out to welcome the highly publicized Clones, nothing could be done

to handle the sudden surge that greeted his unexpected appearance. When he was finally extricated from the mobs of people the centaur was rushed to Royal Victoria Hospital, but was pronounced dead on arrival. Coroner Dr. Henri Movien said an inquest will be held . . .

Argyle.
Oct. 24

Dear Paul:

For a week now I have been trying to sit down and write to you, to try to explain what happened. I can not—for in truth I am not sure. He was with us in the suite, and then suddenly he was gone. It was so strange, for he had only a half an hour before assured me and reassured me with his confidence and his good humor . . . It seemed to go so well.

I was thinking this afternoon of that first evening in Arien when you took me out to the temple and I met him. We talked for a long time while you and Soriopolis went off. It is curious that the conversation should remain so clearly in my mind.

We talked of many things, until finally I felt free to question him about himself. He would say nothing of his immediate background. But he did talk of what people would think of him if he went out into the world.

"For you," he said, "I am hardly real. I am something someone thought up a long time ago that really shouldn't be here. I am a dream that suddenly solidified. Because I'm partly human I will draw the interested stares and the curiosity of those who are wholly human. None of the other animals will have much to do with me. And if I do, as you suggest, appear in the world, people will be partly afraid, partly curious, partly bored, and if I understand the twentieth century in North America properly, they will clip bits off my tail, and want to touch me to reassure themselves that their imaginations have not run riot."

"Yet in the end I will have no meaning for them . . . I will only be a freak, a passing diversion, and after that quite dull. It is very hard on my vanity."

We talked a great deal that evening. In the end, just before you returned, we came back to the projected visit. Clones said:

"Are you quite sure you want me to come? Are you quite sure that if I come I will not destroy what we have found so valuable here tonight, the fusion of the real and the unreal, the dream and the dreamer, the what we are, and what we think we are . . . Perhaps it would be better if I didn't come."

Paul, I don't know. I thought it a good idea. People would have loved him as we loved him, if only they had the chance. But by bringing him out into the open we killed him. Perhaps old Patsy was right—perhaps there are things we think we understand that are far beyond us. I wonder now whether he would have been pleased with us—we chased the rumor—and killed it.

I am so very tired . . .

As ever,
Ned. ★

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The Long Night

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

and get my coat out of the closet"—Arthur moved to the door like a sleep-walker—"and Jessie, you can get the baby ready."

"Not the baby." Her voice was a thin whisper.

Farrell smiled. "Oh yes," he said. "I insist we take the baby."

In the hall Jessie suddenly turned to Farrell and said, "Just a minute. I'll be right back." Before he had time to object she had reached the bathroom door at the end of the hallway and opened it.

Mrs. Lorimer, the landlady, was standing in the kitchen talking to Paul, the medical student, and the two girls from Nova Scotia. She waved to the men and said, "Going out for a while, eh? That will be a nice change."

"Yes, we thought we'd like a drive," Farrell said easily. "Arthur is feeling a bit peckish."

"Oh, what a shame. You don't look too well at that, Mr. Connolly. I had an uncle that color once and..." Her clinical history of her uncle was broken off as Jessie came out of the bathroom.

"Good-by now. Have a nice time."

"We will," Farrell said. The door closed behind them.

AT eight-forty-five Hilda Walters asked, "Where's Hans? His tea is getting cold."

"Here he is," said Mrs. Lorimer. The young German immigrant came out of the bathroom, blushing as everybody looked at him.

"Please," Hans said diffidently, "I don't read English so good. Somebody is writing on the mirror, I think with soap. It is a joke?"

Mrs. Lorimer shed her affability. "Soap? On my mirror?" The others followed her as she stormed into the bathroom.

Hilda gripped her arm. "Look what it says."

The words stumbled across the mirror. "Help—police—Eric is Farrell—see paper in room—our car JR-372." "It was Jessie," Beth said. "She was the last one in here."

Mrs. Lorimer frowned at the mirror. "It's not like Jessie to play jokes."

Paul burst in from the hall. "Here's the paper—it was on the coffee table."

They stared at the picture. "It's him all right. And to think that only yesterday I..." Mrs. Lorimer had lost her audience. She trailed after them into the hall, where Paul was at the phone.

They didn't believe him at first, but they sent two uniformed policemen to check. "You are quite sure this is a picture of Eric Simmons?"

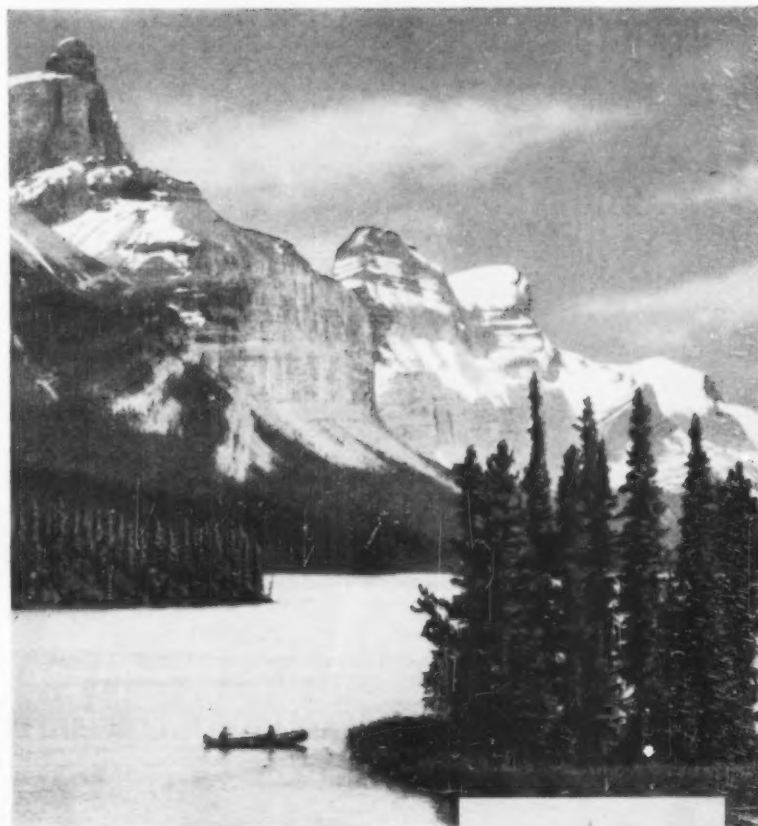
"Sure?" Mrs. Lorimer was enjoying her new importance. She patted a wave of her bleached hair into place. "Why, I know that face as well as my own. And to think that all the time..."

The plainclothesmen came then, and the questions began.

NOT SO fast," Farrell was lounging on the back seat, the gun beside him. "There's lots of time. We don't want to get picked up for speeding."

Careful not to disturb the baby sleeping on her lap, Jessie turned her head to look at Farrell. "You know my mother baby-sits for us on Saturday mornings while we go shopping. She'll get there at eight tomorrow and a few minutes later the police will be looking for this car. They'll never let us across." She seemed to consider for a moment and then said, "Look, if you'll promise to drop us off in Detroit I'll phone my mother tonight and tell

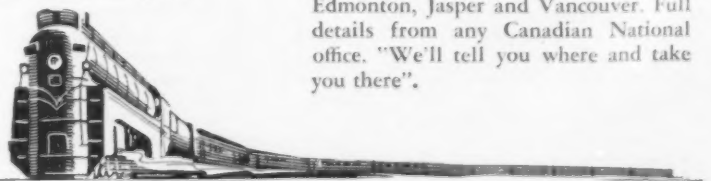
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her to let Mrs. Lorimer know we've gone to Windsor for the week end." Farrell looked at her steadily. "All right," he said at last, "but tell her Montreal. Arthur, take the cut-off into Hamilton and look for a pay phone." He smiled as he added, "I'll be right outside the booth and we'll leave the door open."

HE WAS a very quiet tenant... no trouble at all. We often teased him about his beard, but he told us he was a writer and showed us articles he'd had published under different names, so it seemed quite natural. The phone rang and Mrs. Lorimer interrupted her monologue. "Hello? Yes... Oh—just a minute." She covered the mouthpiece with her hand and looked around wildly. "It's Mrs. Connolly's mother. She's just had a phone call from her."

The man in grey jumped up from the chair. "Ask her all about the phone call and repeat it slowly."

"Hello, Mrs. Archer. What did Jessie say?... They're going to Montreal for the week end. Anything else?... She said she'd be sure to look up Auntie Flo there... Well, that's strange. Just a moment." She covered the mouthpiece again. "She's worried because Jessie said she'd look up Auntie Flo in Montreal and Flo actually lives in Windsor. What shall I say to her?"

"Tell her that you're sure everything's all right. It must be a misunderstanding of some kind."

That was at nine-thirty p.m. At nine forty-five the man in grey, whose name was Creighton, was back at headquarters studying a map and briefing the special squad which had been assigned to the Farrell case three months before. "If they're following No. 2 highway they should be about

here by now." He marked a red cross on the map. "We'll take the plane to this spot"—he made another cross—"and then go back along the highway by car to intercept them about here." He turned his back on the map. "You know the problem. Farrell is a criminal psychopath who kills without compunction and, if he once suspects that we have been tipped off, you know what he will do. Somewhere between here and Windsor we've got to pick him up, but without endangering the lives of the Connollys." He studied the grave faces of the four men and then, suddenly, grinned at them and tossed the red pencil on the table. "Okay. Lecture's over. We'll go out to the airport and wait. They'll call us the moment the car is spotted."

WHAT'S the matter, Arthur? Cat got your tongue?"

Arthur cleared his throat noisily. "No, no. Just—don't feel like talking."

Farrell and Jessie had been at it ever since they left Hamilton—casual, friendly talk about places they'd been and books and shows and people. It didn't seem real to Arthur. He could see the patch of light rushing over the road to the inevitable ending somewhere in Michigan—a twisted corpse lying in a ditch. His own corpse—he could see it clearly. And yet the vision filled him with numbness rather than horror. There was nothing he could do about it, nothing except wait and hope that soon he would wake up. The nightmarish conversation went on.

"Baby still asleep?"

"Yes, but he'll want his bottle soon. Do you think we could stop somewhere?"

"Oh, sure. There's lots of time. We'll see if we can find a café open in Brantford."

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NEEDS NO
REFRIGERATION!

BASIC FRUIT DOUGH

Prepare
1½ cups bleached or sultana raisins,
washed and dried
½ cup finely-cut candied citron
½ cup broken walnuts or pecans
Scald
2 cups milk
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.
In the meantime, measure into a small bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
2 teaspoons granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising
Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
Sift together three times
4 cups once-sifted bread flour
1 tablespoon salt
4 teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg

¼ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon ground mace
Cream in a large bowl
½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup lightly-packed brown sugar
Gradually beat in
1 well-beaten egg
Stir in lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and sifted
dry ingredients; beat until smooth and elastic.
Mix in prepared fruits and nuts.
Work in
3½ cups (about) once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead
dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in
a greased bowl and grease top of dough.
Cover and set dough in a warm place, free
from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk.
Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and
knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 3 equal
portions and finish as follows:



1. Chop Suey Loaf

Knead ¼ cup well-drained cut-up maraschino cherries into one portion of the dough. Shape into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 40 minutes. Brush top of hot loaf with soft butter or margarine.

2. Butterscotch Fruit Buns

Cream together ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, ¼ cup corn syrup and

1 cup lightly-packed brown sugar. Spread about a quarter of this mixture in a greased 9-inch square cake pan; sprinkle with ½ cup pecan halves. Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 9-inch square. Spread almost to the edges with remaining brown sugar mixture; roll up loosely, jelly-roll fashion, and cut into 9 slices. Place each piece, a cut side up, in prepared pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 30 minutes. Stand

pan of buns on a cake cooler for 5 minutes before turning out.

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CREIGHTON chewed on a match and looked balefully at the moon. He bit a small piece off the matchstick and spat it out. Directly across the road loomed the huge bulk that was MacDonald, leaning on a fence post with his face turned to the sky. As Creighton glanced over at him he shifted his position and called, "If we'd come out here to neck it would be a nice sight."

"Yeah." Creighton was not amused. He looked down the hill, noting with relief that Kelly and Muller were formless shadows as they squatted at their posts fifty yards away, one on each side of the road. Somewhere beyond them Pete Slemco would be crouching in the ditch, a large packet of flat-headed nails in his hand.

The road swept down to the bottom of the hill and then climbed sharply again. Creighton followed it with his eyes to a point just below the second peak. There Jenkins—the local man who had met their plane ten miles away and driven them to this spot—would be waiting. As soon as the car passed him he was to signal with one brief flash. Creighton hoped he was reliable. He bit another small piece from the matchstick and chewed on it morosely.

Headlights broke over the crest of the second hill. Creighton fixed his gaze below and to the left of the oncoming lights and held it there long after they had flashed past the point he was watching. There was no signal. Cursing, he stretched out full-length behind the fence. He was scarcely conscious of the car as it roared up the hill toward him and past. Head thrust out from behind a fence post, face shielded by his hat, he was watching the other hill with tense concentration.

There were three more false alarms before the signal lamp blinked its warning. A brief flash—and Creighton was on his feet yelling, "Here it comes. Get ready!" He heard Kelly repeating the cry and then, faintly, Slemco's answering "Okay."

He flattened himself on the ground again. The headlights were halfway down the hill. Just before they reached the bottom of the hollow Slemco would sprinkle the nails on the road. Creighton hoped it would work.

"Hell!" Another car had swept over the crest and was rushing down the hill. As Creighton watched, it began to gain on the other. The first headlights were climbing the hill toward him now. He released the safety catch on his gun and waited. Suddenly he heard the blaring of a horn and the second car swept into view on the wrong side of the road. "Get back, damn it!" Creighton hollered. Unheeding, the car cut in front of the other and rushed up the hill. There was a loud bang, the car slewed crazily and ground to a stop with its right wheels on the rim of

the ditch. As the other car veered around it Creighton glimpsed a bearded face at the rear window. Then it sped over the top of the hill.

Creighton got to his feet, brushed the dirt and dried stalks of grass from his coat and climbed over the fence. MacDonald joined him on the road and the others walked up the hill to meet them. "Nice work," Creighton told Slemco, "but we got the wrong car. As soon as Jenkins picks us up we'll follow them and grab Farrell the first chance we get."

THE BABY began to cry fretfully. Jessie dangled him on her knee until the crying turned to a toneless mumble.

"This is Brantford," Farrell dropped his cigarette on the floor and crushed it with his foot. "Watch for a café, Arthur. We've got to feed this infant of yours."

"Bye baby bunting," Jessie sang. They must know about it by now. And yet Mrs. Lorimer might have washed off the mirror without reading it. And her mother was perennially confused, the type of woman who never gets messages straight. She would have to try again, that was all. Her stomach tightened at the thought. "Wrap the baby bunting in," she sang.

The car stopped. Farrell put the gun in his pocket and held out his arms. "I'll take Arthur Junior," he said.

Jessie forced herself to smile as she handed the baby into the back seat. "Watch out he doesn't wet on you."

They crossed the street to the café and Jessie led the way to the last booth.

"Just a minute. Let me in first." Farrell slipped into the seat next the wall and Jessie moved in beside him. Arthur sat opposite, his face a muddy grey. As Jessie rummaged in the plastic bag for the baby's bottle, the waitress sauntered over and pulled a pad from her pocket.

BE CAREFUL not to attract attention," Creighton said. "Remember that you're just a couple of businessmen passing through Brantford on your way to Detroit. You've got some time to kill so you can dawdle over your coffee and maybe play a tune on the juke-box." Muller and MacDonald nodded.

"What do we do if he's still holding the baby?" MacDonald asked.

"Nothing," Creighton said. "Don't take any chances with any of the Connollys. But if he leaves himself open for five seconds, I want you to take him."

"Okay," Muller said. "Let's get started."

THE BABY was draining the bottle in great gulps. Jessie tipped him over her shoulder and held him there

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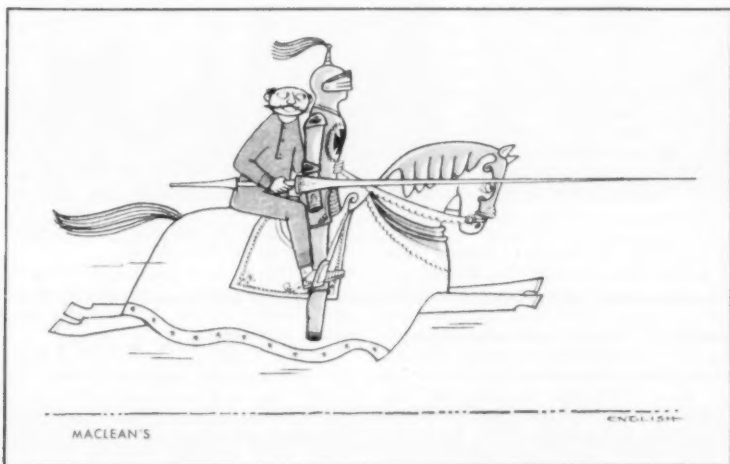
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until he belched. He returned to the bottle with renewed vigor. Farrell watched him curiously, commenting, "Greedy little beggar."

The door opened and Jessie's heart leaped, then stilled again as two men mounted stools at the counter. She smiled at Farrell. "It's long past his feeding time. You'd be hungry too if you missed your dinner."

The baby was sucking noisily on air. Jessie laid him on the bench, changed his diapers and again wrapped him in the cocoon of blankets.

"I'll hold him," Farrell said. "Okay. I'm going in there." She gestured to the door marked LADIES which was directly behind the booth.

With the door bolted behind her she took a notebook and pencil from her purse. She flicked over the pages until she came to an empty one, printed HELP in big letters across the top and scribbled a message below. Then she ripped the page from the book and stuffed it in her coat pocket. Her hand was on the bolt when she remembered to reach over and flush the toilet.

"Ready?" Farrell asked.

"Just about." She sat down long enough to drain the last quarter-cup of coffee and unobtrusively dropped a glove on the floor. One of the men who had come in after them was standing by the Wurlitzer, fingering a nickel and looking at the selections. They brushed past him as they walked to the door.

Arthur paid the bill with the motions of an automaton. He was opening the door when Jessie cried out, "Wait—I've lost a glove." She moved quickly to the booth and bent to look beneath the table. "Here it is," she called. She squatted down and reached for the glove with her left hand, while with her right she slid the note onto the table.

MULLER finally shoved his nickel in the Wurlitzer and paused at the booth to palm the note. He walked back and sat down beside MacDonald. "No chance," he said quietly. "He was holding the kid all the time. She left a note."

MacDonald bit into a doughnut. "Keep it in your hand. The car's still there."

"I'll pay the check," Muller tossed a dollar onto the cashier's counter and thoughtfully picked his teeth as he waited for the change. From the corner of his eye he watched the car pulling out. He nodded at MacDonald. They ambled across the street and then ran along the sidewalk to Jenkins' car.

Creighton read the message by the light of the dashboard. "Nothing new," he said, "except that she's going to try to get him to stop again at London and Chatham. We'll see what we can do at London."

Six miles out of Brantford Jenkins swerved to avoid a huge transport truck, the wheels skidded on a soft shoulder and the car lurched, toppled over and landed on its side in the ditch. Kelly sprinted to the nearest farmhouse, but it was an hour before Jenkins was taken away in the ambulance with a broken wrist and three cracked ribs and the others took up the pursuit again in a provincial police car. "Forget about the other places," Creighton said. "Get to Windsor as fast as you can."

LONDON was ten miles behind them when Jessie noticed that Farrell was growing sleepy. He had said nothing for the past quarter hour and when she looked at him he was leaning back against the seat and yawning, with his eyes screwed shut. She quickly turned her head. "I'll wait ten minutes," she told herself, pulling back her coat sleeve to look at her watch.

She forced herself to keep her eyes

fixed on the road that leaped up at them out of the shadows. Periodically she felt a sudden tension and realized that she was unconsciously holding her breath. The ten minutes dragged past.

She turned her head to look at Farrell. The bushy beard was resting on his chest and his head rolled with the motion of the car.

Arthur, numbed by the grip of his private nightmare, stared at the road as she carefully laid the baby on the seat and knelt beside him. Keeping her eyes on Farrell's face she slowly stretched her arms toward the gun which was lying on the back seat. It was six inches beyond her grasp. She leaned over farther.

Suddenly the car hit a bump. Jessie barely saved herself from pitching headlong into the back. She twisted around and bounced back on the seat. Farrell came to with a jolt. "What was that?"

"I think we hit a rock," Jessie said. Farrell yawned and rubbed his eyes. "Must have dozed off for a minute."

He shook his head to clear it. "Come on, Jessie. Talk to me and keep me awake."

CREIGHTON pinned a map to the wall with a thumbtack and used a folded piece of paper as a pointer. He was wearing the uniform of a Canadian customs inspector and his face was white and strained.

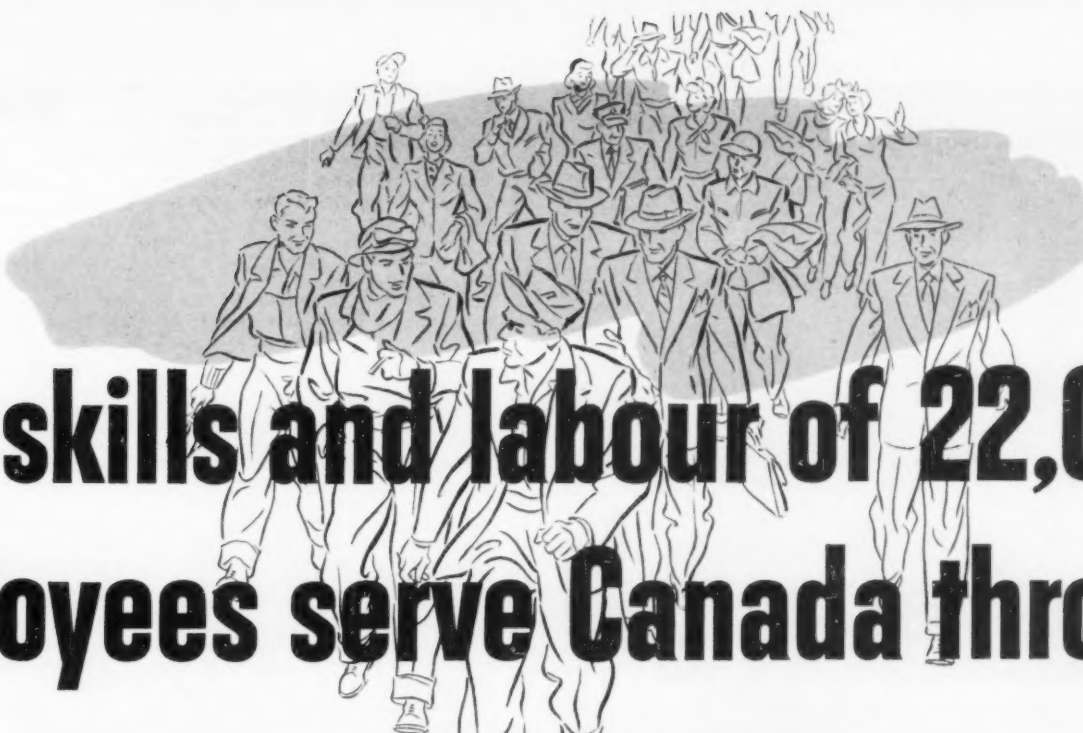
"Smith, Zakrzewski, and Laverty"—he indicated three men who looked like traveling salesmen—"will be parked here. Remember to keep your motors running. As soon as the Connolly car passes, you are to fall in behind—and make sure nobody gets in between you." He turned back to the map. "The other two cars, driven by Will and Skinner, will be waiting here, also with the motors running. MacDonald will be on the other side of the street and several yards behind. As soon as he honks his horn, you start rolling. That should put you directly in front of the Connolly car." He turned to a man wearing a baggy grey uniform with JIFFY CLEANERS printed across the back. "Jeffreys, when the car pulls up you bring your pail around and start working on the windows at the front of the building. Take your time, but don't make it too obvious." He crushed the piece of paper in his hand and tossed it in a wastebasket. "They've been alerted at Detroit, but I hope it won't go that far." He took a match from his pocket and began to worry it with his teeth. "All right," he said finally, "let's go."

WHEN they came out of the café in Windsor Jessie saw that the frost which rimed the telephone wires was already melting in the sunlight. She got into the car and held out her arms for the baby, but Farrell shut the door in her face, saying, "That's okay. I'll hold him till we get out of Detroit."

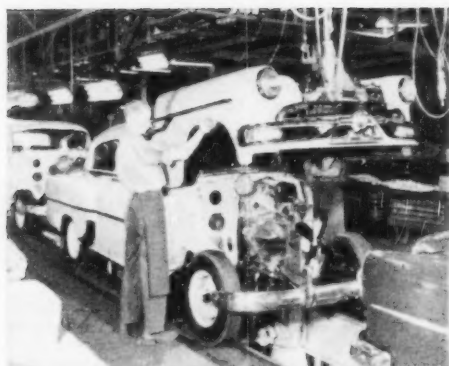
Jessie stared at the road, at the cars and people and morning shadows. It was no good hoping for anything here. At Detroit, maybe—if the man who asked for identification didn't give himself away when he read the message she had scribbled on her unemployment insurance card. She glanced briefly at Arthur—at the dull eyes fixed vacantly on the road ahead. There was no hope there.

The line of cars heading for Detroit was moving slowly. "What's the hold-up?" Farrell asked. "I've never seen it like this before."

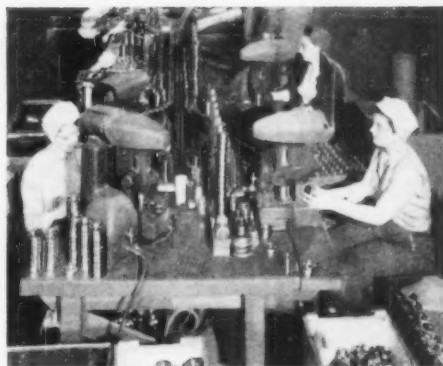
"I don't know." Jessie rolled down the window and poked her head out. There were five cars ahead of them in the line-up. The passengers from the first car were standing on the pavement and arguing with a customs



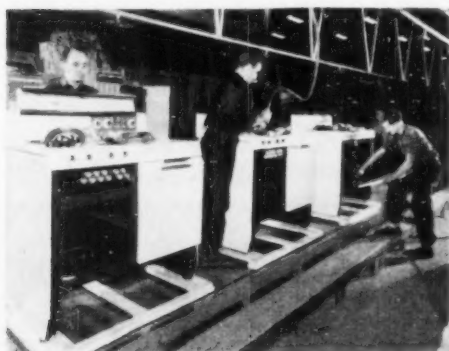
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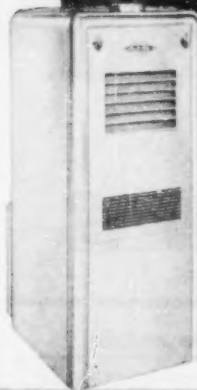
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inspector. The driver of the car directly ahead of them got out and walked up to the group. He talked to them for a moment and then started back again, stopping briefly at each of the other three cars. He bypassed his own car and walked up to Jessie.

"Fine howdyado, I must say." He leaned on the window ledge, a fresh-faced man with red hair and no hat. "Been crossing every Saturday for ten years but I never saw this happen before."

"What's the matter?" Farrell asked shortly.

"Bunch of nonsense if you ask me. Somebody tipped them off a big shipment of dope was being smuggled through, so they're searching all the cars. Not the people—just the cars. Why, I could be carrying half a million dollars worth of the stuff in my pocket, and they wouldn't know." The line began to move and the red-haired man called "So long!" and walked back to his car.

Farrell, his momentary nervousness over, lounged easily on the back seat, rocking the baby. He grinned at Jessie. "Nothing to worry about. We'll be through in a minute."

The line inched forward. Now the customs inspector was saying apologetically "I'm sorry. I'll have to ask you to get out while we search your car."

They got out. Jessie looked at Farrell standing in the sunlight smiling at her, with the baby tucked in the crook of his left arm. Behind him a window cleaner had paused in his work and was turned toward them, wringing out a piece of chamois.

Suddenly Farrell looked at Jessie with a strange expression and held the baby away from him. "Here, take him." Jessie smiled at the disgust in his voice. She cradled the baby in her arms, pressing her face against his cheek.

The window cleaner, with a swift motion, pulled a black object from his pocket and chopped down on Farrell's head. Farrell grunted and his eyes rolled up until only the whites showed. He stood swaying for a moment, then slowly crumpled. Almost before he hit the pavement the red-haired motorist was crouching beside him and pulling the gun from his pocket. The customs inspector bent over. When he straightened, handcuffs gleamed on Farrell's wrist and ankles. Four men carried him to one of the cars and threw him in the back. They drove away.

It was all over—just like that.

The customs inspector stood in front of Jessie and held out his hand. "Mrs. Connolly, congratulations. You're a very brave and intelligent woman."

"I think I'm going to be sick," Arthur said. He dashed away.

ARTHUR touched the knot in his conservative blue tie and stroked his neat mustache. "Yes," he said with a clipped Oxford accent, "it was a bit too close for comfort."

"Oh, I'd just have died," Mrs. Lorimer said. "Wouldn't you?" The others—Hans and the rest of the tenants—nodded agreement. "It must have been horrible."

"It was—tricky." Arthur wore a superior smile. "Of course, the unpleasantness would have been modified considerably if our police officers had displayed a little more intelligence and initiative. We gave them every opportunity, but instead of moving in at Hamilton, as they should have, they let the thing drag on until we reached Windsor. Well, it's what you'd expect of a policeman. Isn't that right, Jessie?"

Jessie was feeding the baby. She said, "Yes, dear." ★

How to Live With a Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

times in the early days of our marriage when I'd look up over the edge of my book at my wife and find that she was looking at me over her book. We'd both smile, bite our lips, and get up briskly as if we'd just thought of something we'd forgotten to do.

I'd go to the bedroom and my wife would go to the kitchen. I'd look around to see if she were still there and find that she was looking to see if I were still there. We'd pretend we hadn't been peeking. We'd start back for two other rooms. We'd wriggle our fingers at one another as we passed in the hall. I'd catch a look in my wife's eye as if she were thinking, "Ye gods. Is this guy going to be around for sixty years?"

I'd go into the bathroom, yank my cheek back, look for cavities, make a catapult out of my wife's curlers and shoot little bobby pins at her nail polish and sometimes recite poetry without making a sound.

One time I was reciting, "My Liege, I did deny no prisoners," with gestures with a bowl brush, and there happened to be a plumber repairing the eaves troughing on the bungalow next door, standing on his ladder watching me. We both stood there looking at one another, me pretending I was just going to wipe off the medicine-cabinet mirror with the brush. He backed slowly down, never taking his eyes off me, folded his ladder and left.

Sometimes my wife and I would crack under the strain and start calling one another, asking if we were all right. "Are you all right?" my wife would call from the kitchen.

"Pardon?" I'd say, from behind the bathroom door.

"Just a minute," my wife would say, "till I turn off the tap."

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" I'd holler.

"I SAID JUST A MINUTE TILL I TURN THE TAP OFF."

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?" I'd holler.

"Pardon?"

I'd stick my head around the bathroom door. My wife would stare at me in some alarm.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" I'd say.

"I thought you were looking at me."

"I was."

"Are you all right?" my wife would ask.

The point is, son, that you're going to find yourself in closer confinement with someone else than those explorers who end up wild-eyed accusing one another of stealing the teapot.

Look, don't get sore. I'm all for marriage. What I'm saying is that

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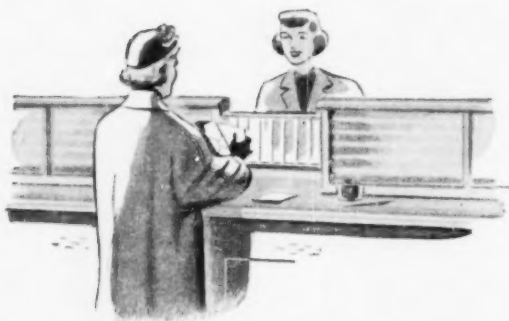
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when people go into marriage with the idea they're about to enter a perpetual state of euphoria they soon start figuring that something's sadly wrong. Then they start adjusting someone — particularly the other one.

I knew a couple who went to a marriage clinic and got Adjusted. They found that they'd both been subconsciously fighting against the fact that his mother had always left things like babies lying around the floor, and that she wanted her husband to be the opposite of her father, who frightened her when she was eight by bellowing old sea chanteys over a lot of foam. They sat around for three nights completely adjusted, chain smoking and reading War and Peace and going to pieces, until one night his wife threw an ash tray at him. That is, she didn't just put her book down and throw an ash tray at him, but they started discussing whether an ocelot and a civet cat were the same animal and ended with him yelling that her old man was a rumpot, and she threw an ash tray at him. Fortunately it only hit the television set and he turned around with a suave cool manner and a slight curl to his lip and said, "Well, my dear. I see your aim is no better than your logic."

This guy was very tall and, even when he contemptuously turned his back to her and bent to pick up the ash tray, he was still pretty high. But his wife had beautiful long slender legs and used to take ballet, and she let loose a kick from the fifth position that nearly put my friend's head through an Old-English stagecoach design in the wallpaper.

After that, he got interested in repairing television sets and she resumed her ballet lessons and both of them stopped trying to make their marriage work. They've been getting along fine ever since. Last I heard they'd just had an eight-pound boy.

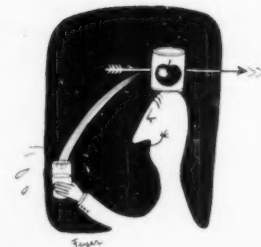
A Bolt for Mr. Emery

The thing to do when you find yourself some night staring with slightly crossed eyes at the wallpaper, your thoughts divided between making a few little adjustments in your wife and Tahiti, is to stop trying to make your marriage work and start making little boats or something down the cellar. Older heads at marriage build huge stone fireplaces, sledge hammer old sidewalks apart and pour new ones, carve little blue lanterns for their gates.

I knew one man, a tall dark fierce-looking man with a gladiatorial profile, who, when he felt his marriage wasn't working, used to go into spells when he wouldn't talk to his family for days. He'd stand on the other side of a cedar hedge, just his head and shoulders visible, looking south. If his wife or kids went out to him and spoke to him, he'd just smile sardonically. His wife was smart enough to let him sulk, and it ended with him writing a paper for an obscure philosophical publication, adding to Descartes' "I think, therefore I am," his own thesis: "I think I am, anyways."

Another man, named Mr. Emery, was always wandering around Sunday mornings without his collar on, trying to borrow an old bolt. Whatever you were doing Mr. Emery would appear, frown, purse his lips and look at an old stripped bolt in his hand and say, "Say, you wouldn't happen to have an old bolt about that size, would you?"

One day somebody gave him a bolt just the size he'd been looking for and there was nothing else for him to do but go home. After that he started hammering something down the cellar. His wife used to go nearly crazy wondering what he was doing and



had mad suspicions that he was just hammering nails into boards and pulling them out again. But every time she'd start down the cellar, before she got more than two steps down, he'd say, "Get back upstairs, dear, or I'll let you have this hammer over those open toes."

Nobody knows to this day what he is making.

Another man I know, every time he feels that his wife and he are in danger of becoming maladjusted, says, "Well! Think I'll go down to the hardware store and get that two-inch double-flanged mortar bracket."

"What for?" his wife says.

"Need it for a ferrule socket."

Women never like to admit they have no more feeling for mechanical things than a man has for running up an accordion pleat with smocked edges, so she doesn't say anything, figuring it's something that goes on sparkplugs.

After a while he'd come back, his usual courteous friendly self and take his wife to a movie, which, after all, is a lot better than getting grim-lipped about Learning To Love Again.

Every time I ever asked myself Is This Marriage Worth Saving? and decided to work the whole thing out, I ended up doing something I had no intention of doing, like shrieking in a high falsetto when I found my wife cutting the bread more and more on a slant until she was practically slicing it like hamburger buns.

"That's the way you want it, that's the way you're going to get it," I'd say, straightening up the whole thing with one huge wedge-shaped slice and putting it on my wife's plate.

"For heaven's sake," my wife would say, "have you gone completely out of your mind? We can't afford to waste bread like that, not on your income."

I'd chant:

"Then somebody

Will have to

Learn to

Cut it straight."

"I can't cut it straight," my wife would say, eying me as if she'd like to see me try this on John Wayne. "I was born that way. There are some people who can cut bread straight and some people who can't cut bread straight."

"How'd you like it if I measured your hems like that," I'd yell. "Look. It's your approach. You don't stand right. Where do you think you should put your foot?"

A wild hysterical gleam would come into my wife's eyes.

So make up your mind, son. Are you going to be serious about this thing or aren't you? Start off by playing games about making marriage work and you're going to end up trying to make some other marriage work, with no better luck. Get used to the idea now that man is basically about as domesticated as Attila the Hun. That's why marriage was invented.

It's an unnatural condition developed for the general good of society, like pants, and a good thing, too. ★



Where do you put radiators in a room this modern?

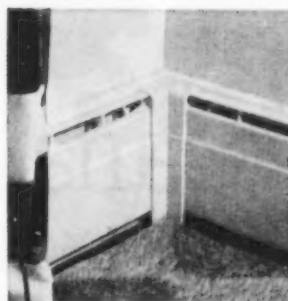
The most modern touch in this room is something you probably wouldn't even notice.

That's because it was designed to be inconspicuous. It was also designed to answer the question: "Where do you put radiators when you go modern?"

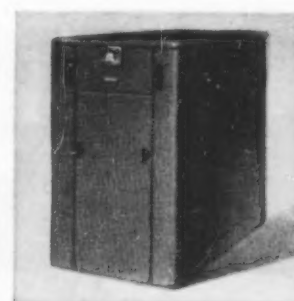
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Brockington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"Take your pick," said Henry. "You're fired in either case."

Brockington's Edmonton phase ended there. He got a job as clerk in the Land Titles office at Calgary, continued his extramural study of law with the University of Alberta, and was accepted as a legal apprentice by Richard Bedford Bennett, later prime minister of Canada. The dignified Bennett did not always approve of his less inhibited junior associate. One day a roughly dressed cattleman who had some legal dealings with Brockington wandered into Bennett's law suite, poked his whiskey face into Bennett's private office, peered at the senior partner, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "you're not the — I'm looking for. I want that — who looks like a Highland cattle." Bennett unhesitatingly directed the caller to Brockington's office.

Brockington graduated from law school with high honors, in spite of his unorthodox training. His brilliance in law, added to his unusual ability as a speaker, seemed to be the ingredients of a Canadian counterpart of Clarence Darrow. And Brockington undoubtedly would have become famed as a "great mouthpiece" but for one circumstance. In 1924, when he was in his early thirties, he was severely stricken by arthritis. It was a long, slow and often painful illness, which was to bend his tall figure and leave him partially crippled. So, instead of becoming a courtroom lawyer, Brockington settled down to a career as city solicitor of Calgary.

During more than a decade in this post Brockington polished and practiced his oratory. By the early Thirties he was recognized as the peer of Alberta's two other great public speakers, Michael Clark, of Red Deer, an Irish type of speechifier, and the late Judge Augustus Morrison, an orator in the classical tradition. Some of Brockington's quips are still remembered and quoted by his western admirers twenty years later. At a banquet given by the Red Deer Chamber of Commerce Brockington was low man in a long roster of speakers which included Premier John Edward Brownlee. Each speaker in turn was heckled by a somewhat intoxicated member of the audience who enquired loudly and at frequent intervals: "Why?"

When Brockington started to speak and received his first "why?" he paused and looked at the heckler. Then he said slowly and clearly, "If the gentleman who is so full of whys were as wise as he is full, he would return to that silence from which he ought never to have emerged." There was no further interruption.

In 1932 Brockington got what would be called in show business his "big break." It was, of course, a speech that did it. And, as in the case of the bibulous Edmonton reporter in need of a stand-in, this performance too was unprepared and unrehearsed. At the president's banquet at the Canadian Bar Association's annual convention, held in Calgary that year, the arrangements committee found itself at the last moment lacking a proposer for the vote of thanks. Brockington was called upon at the last moment and did a typical job of felicitating the president, who happened to be a prominent non-political Quebec City lawyer named Louis St. Laurent. Brockington was promptly booked as chief speaker for the association's 1933 gathering in Ottawa.

When the time came Brockington

was broke. He and other Calgary civic employees had recently taken a severe salary cut. But a captive audience of the nation's leading lawyers in the nation's capital was something no true orator could resist. He borrowed the last money available on his already heavily nicked life insurance and set out for Ottawa, confiding to a friend, "I feel as though I were taking the last crust out of the mouths of my family and casting it upon the waters." But the return was to be more than tenfold. In the Ottawa audience was Prime Minister Mackenzie King, who privately earmarked Brockington for future reference. En route home Brockington stopped off in Winnipeg to address the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Royal Winnipeg Regiment. A man who heard that speech recalled recently that a number of Winnipeg's leading citizens "listened as though they were hearing human speech for the first time."

Next day a group of Winnipeg wheat tycoons went into a huddle and decided, in the typical western spirit of inter-city rivalry: "We can't let this man bury himself in Calgary." Brockington was invited to become general counsel of the North West Grain Dealers' Association—in effect, spokesman for the Canadian Wheat industry. He moved to Winnipeg in 1935.

The next year Brockington, bound for the American Bar Association convention in Boston as guest speaker, stopped off in Halifax where the Canadian Bar Association was meeting. He was asked to "say a few words"—with typical result. Soon afterward he was named chairman of the young Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

For the first time the Brockington habit of punctuating steps in his career by making a speech was publicly noted. Norman McLeod commented in the Toronto Mail and Empire: "It was

his speech at the recent dinner of the Canadian Bar Association in Halifax that, all unknown to Mr. Brockington, convinced Federal Government officials that he was the man for whom they were looking to take over the CBC." At the same time the Toronto Star rated the new national figure as "the premier after-dinner speaker of the continent, a man of wide culture, infinite wit and kindly humor."

The chairmanship of the CBC at that time paid only a modest honorarium, but it occupied about a quarter of Brockington's time. When his first three-year term was completed his Winnipeg employers suggested that he decide between them and the CBC. Brockington resigned from the CBC, but was not to remain long away from Ottawa. At the outbreak of World War II Prime Minister King asked him to become "the invaluable counselor of myself and the cabinet in the preparation of important documents."

Nowadays Brockington tends to pass lightly over his two years in Ottawa, but there is little doubt they were not the happiest of his life. The job he was supposed to do for the Prime Minister was never clarified to the satisfaction of both. Brockington thought his powers of oratory were in demand to rally the country to war and to record the high points in Canada's wartime achievements. King, to judge by his own comment—"I thought I was getting a cart horse, but I found I got a race horse"—expected Brockington to be a sort of general factotum.

Brockington had already decided to resign from his vague Ottawa assignment when, in late 1941, he was yet again invited to address the American Bar Association. With, of course, the usual result—only more so this time. Sir Norman Birkett, the eminent

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British jurist, read a copy of the speech and straightway went to Brendan Bracken, Churchill's Minister of Information, and Lord Cranbourne, the Dominions secretary.

"Here," said Birkett, "is the man we need as a morale weapon." The two cabinet ministers agreed and Brockington was invited to go to England as "adviser to the Empire Division of the British Ministry of Information." The next four years of Brockington's life can only be described as hectic.

Past fifty, physically handicapped and ill—he had recently been informed he had diabetes—Brockington literally plunged into the war. To gather first-hand material for his broadcasts to Britain and the Commonwealth he wangled his way right into the front lines. He flew in submarine hunts over the Bay of Biscay with the Coastal Command; he was aboard the Canadian destroyer Sioux at the D-Day landings.

One naval officer, doubtful of Brockington's right to be there at all, and horrified at his "out of dress" uniform consisting of a midshipman's jacket, lieutenant's cap and seaman's boots, asked worriedly: "What would the enemy say if they captured you?"

Brockington replied: "They'd put

broadcast—a broadcast by Brockington on Britain's sacrifices to build and maintain an all-out war effort.

The most important speech Brockington ever made, as far as his personal business is concerned, was to an audience of one. During his association with Brendan Bracken in London, Brockington once mentioned that he thought Pilgrim's Progress should be made into a movie.

"Why don't you tell that to Arthur Rank?" Bracken suggested. Rank was just beginning to put English movie-making and distribution on a big-time basis. Brockington visited Rank and launched into an impassioned argument for putting Pilgrim's Progress on film. He enlarged on the magnificent dialogue, the scenic possibilities and the dramatic story line of endurance and exaltation. The picture, he added, would give British movies great prestige in Canada and help open up the Canadian market.

Rank, quick to appraise and decide, turned a blind eye on Pilgrim's Progress and a bright one on Brockington's enthusiasm. "How," asked Rank, "would you like to survey the Canadian situation for me and estimate the chances of success of an Odeon chain of theatres?"

Brockington still thinks Pilgrim's Progress would make a great movie. But he accepted Rank's assignment and helped organize the theatre chain which has become the second largest in Canada and which set the pattern for other Rank expansion outside England. Rank calls Brockington "the father of my overseas enterprises." With the organization of Odeon Theatres in Canada, Brockington became a director and vice-president, and when the president, J. Earl Lawson, died two years ago Brockington succeeded him.

Busier today than he has ever been before in an unusually full life Brockington can accept only a small fraction of the bids he receives to make speeches. Just what a Brockington speech consists of is difficult to describe—especially without the aid of the chief ingredient, the measured musical voice which has become so familiar to Canadians, and to others, as Canada's chief voice. Brockington himself is at a loss to describe his own speeches. "All I know," he says, "is that I try to have a beginning and an end and see that the middle moves logically from one to the other."

The British Broadcasting Corporation some time ago provided its speakers and would-be speakers with a recipe for good radio technique by citing Brockington's "ability to create a visual image in the first two sentences."

"So that's what I do, is it?" Brockington commented.

The only truly predictable feature of a Brockington speech is that it is sure to contain from one to a dozen quotations of verse. This is a dual legacy from his father and grandfather. The latter was a Birmingham gold-beater of modest education who nevertheless managed to learn long passages of Shakespeare by heart. His father, who left the Midlands to become a Cardiff schoolteacher and married a Welsh girl who spoke the native language, taught all his seven children poetry and enunciation at an early age.

Leonard Brockington graduated from University College of South Wales at nineteen. His first job was as English and classics master at Cowley Grammar School. But he was restless, and wanted to be either a barrister or a journalist.

Then, in 1912, when he was twenty-four, Brockington decided to emigrate to Canada. He bade farewell to his parents and his six brothers and sisters

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Departing guests who block the door,
Then chew the rag and chew—
I think that about nothing they
Are making much adieu.

MARY ALKUS

my picture into magazines, newspapers and newsreels and caption it: 'If you want to know the depths to which the Royal Navy has sunk, look at this typical Canadian sailor.'

He got into the front lines in France, Italy, Belgium and Germany. He flew over them in light observation planes. He spent some time with Montgomery in his headquarters and sat beside General Patton and Marshal Zukov at the triumphal march of Russian and Allied soldiers in Berlin. On a trip to Australia and New Zealand he met General Douglas MacArthur and made sixty-four speeches and broadcasts in four months, including at least one public address in each state and provincial capital. His speeches, according to Australian listeners, "revealed a technique entirely new to Australia . . . an episodic method of drawing on a rich store of experience, spiced with humor."

England gave Brockington two of the highest honors it can bestow on a lawyer and a gentleman. He was made an honorary bencher of the Inner Temple, a position shared with only one other Canadian, Louis St. Laurent. He was elected to the ultra-exclusive Athenaeum Club—an honor he prizes only slightly less than his membership in the Ranchmen's Club of Calgary.

When the King's birthday honors list of 1943 was published the Glasgow Sunday Post complained that it should have included Brockington "for broadcasts that have done more to unite the Dominion with the Old Country than a whole series of Ottawa Conferences. He has won his way into our hearts by his understanding of the common folk." The Times rectified that omission, however, by giving Brockington the greatest honor within its power: it printed on its editorial page for the first and last time the full text of a

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with the stout assurance that he would be "back in six years with a fortune." As it turned out he next saw England thirty years later.

Brockington might well have become a Maritime newspaperman or a Montreal lawyer; he carried letters of introduction to a Moncton editor and to the principal of McGill University. But on the boat he met a young Irishman who was going to Edmonton. Brockington had never heard of the place but, on an impulse, he said, "Why, that's where I'm going, too."

Brockington has spoken before so many hundreds of audiences that he seldom travels by plane across Canada, by train into the United States, or on one of his frequent trans-Atlantic flights—he has made forty in the past ten years—without being recognized by a fellow passenger. He attributes this modestly to the fact that his physical appearance is not easily forgotten. And indeed that's true, since his great bent height, still-red hair and piercing eye are memorable. But it is a curious fact that Brockington's acquaintances dating back up to forty years can remember anecdotes concerning him in greatest detail.

One such friend is Joseph W. Adair, a cheerful and convivial Edmontonian who is still irrepressibly active at seventy-five. In 1914 when Brockington was making less than a hundred dollars a month as a city-hall employee, and had recently married Agnes MacKenzie, a Cardiff schoolmate whom he had persuaded to come to Canada, Adair was publishing a weekly give-away newspaper. He offered Brockington ten dollars a week to write a column, the contents of which could be "anything, so long as it fills up space." Brockington took him at his word.

One week, lacking material and with the column a few lines short, Brockington's eye fell on the advertisements which two Edmonton merchants, named Diamond and Crystal respectively, ran regularly on opposite pages. Brockington filled his column with this significant thought: "Every Diamond is a Crystal, but not every Crystal is a Diamond."

On publication day Brockington was in the newspaper office when Mr. Crystal entered with blood in his eye. "Who wrote that thing about Diamonds and Crystals?" he demanded ominously. "Oh, yes," said Brockington, "splendid publicity, eh? Mr. Diamond was very pleased. He is going to double his advertising space."

Crystal, who had come in to cancel his advertisement, stared. "So Diamond is doubling his space? Well, I'm going to double mine too."

Brockington became a familiar figure in the colorful frontier city. Edmonton had no lack of characters, including a couple of bona-fide Italian counts, a Polish baron and assorted remittance men from noble, or at least aristocratic, English families. But Brockington's appearance, easy manner and ready speech stood out in any crowd. H. R. Milner, now president of the Edmonton Gas Company, who came to Edmonton a year before Brockington and became his lifelong friend, recalls his early envy of the swashbuckling Brockington. "I was tied down to a desk," said Milner, "while he seemed to go everywhere, and be welcome everywhere."

A Calgary friend of Brockington's recalls that "even when his illness was at its height, Brockington never lost his sparkle."

One day he was sitting in the lobby of Calgary's Palliser Hotel when a man, mistaking him for a partner of the Calgary law firm of Short, Cross and Biggar, slapped him resoundingly across his back.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the man when



Brockington turned around abruptly. "I thought you were Biggar."

"No, dammit," snapped Brockington, "I'm Short and Cross."

In the depth of the depression Calgary's mayor and civic officials held a series of meetings to discuss the problem of unemployment relief. One day in the midst of such a meeting a Calgary newspaperman quietly opened the door of the meeting room and pushed something in. The newspaperman was Chief Buffalo Childe Long Lance, one of the strangest characters ever to inhabit the west. The Indian journalist doubled as an unofficial spokesman for the unemployed.

What Long Lance pushed into the room was nothing more than an alarm clock wrapped in a handkerchief. But it ticked ominously, and the city fathers had recently received threatening anonymous letters—so the meeting broke up hurriedly. Two officials leaped through a window without the formality of opening it and crashed through the roof of a greenhouse en route to the ground. Brockington pulled a cabinet of ancient civic reports over him. Later he observed sagaciously, "I always knew there must be some use for old municipal documents."

Brockington, honorary member of two Indian tribes, tried to save the newspaper job of his blood brother, Long Lance. But the Indian extrovert had played one prank too many, and he departed. Long Lance went on to a movie career in Hollywood and was killed in a shooting affray in the film capital.

Brockington's brief tenure of the CBC chairmanship in the early stage of national radio yielded at least one important principle. That was his decision that air time on the CBC network could not be sold to individuals or organizations for the expression of partisan opinions. The issue arose when the Leadership League, a political "ginger group" organized in Toronto by the late George McCullagh, publisher of the Globe and Mail, applied for network time, was turned down, and raised such a row that the matter ended up before a parliamentary committee on broadcasting.

In his testimony before the committee Brockington contended that one of the ideals of the CBC was to keep network radio in Canada free from the domination of wealth. "If time on the CBC can be bought at

fifty dollars a minute for the expression of controversial opinion," Brockington declared, "then 'free air' is just a sign outside a service station. It means that a wealthy industry with labor troubles could tell its story without reply from a hard-pressed union—and, of course, a prosperous union might do the same to a struggling employer. The political party with the richest war chest would have an unfair advantage in an election campaign."

The committee sided with Brockington and the long-range result was the present CBC policy of free air time to political parties and both-sides debates of controversial subjects.

In his two years as Mackenzie King's assistant, Brockington paid the penalty of his ready wit by becoming a sort of male Dorothy Parker—just about any edged and pointed remark going the rounds was attributed to him. A number of sharp exchanges between himself and the prime minister were reported, but Brockington's disclaimer today is: "I didn't say them, and if I did I said them in private."

The only comment he admits making on his Ottawa period was at a luncheon of the Ottawa Women's Press Club. One of the members, seeking to clarify the confusion regarding Brockington's role, asked him: "Is it true that you are keeping the Chronicles of Canada?" "No," replied Brockington drily, "apparently the Book of Kings."

Actually, Brockington says, he never quarreled with King. During his last illness the prime minister asked Brockington to visit him and made him his confidential lawyer and adviser. Brockington helped King make his will, and became one of his trustees. King asked Brockington to be one of his pallbearers and left a deathbed message of hope that Brockington would make him the subject of a memorial speech. Brockington fulfilled both requests. When it was learned that a woman spiritualist medium in London was writing a book showing proof that King was a convinced spiritualist, Brockington visited her and tried to dissuade her from the project.

He found, however, that she was delighted with her plans for the book and would not listen to his pleas. When a friend asked Brockington what success he had had in his mission he replied with a grim pun: "Never before have I felt so inclined to strike a happy medium." ★

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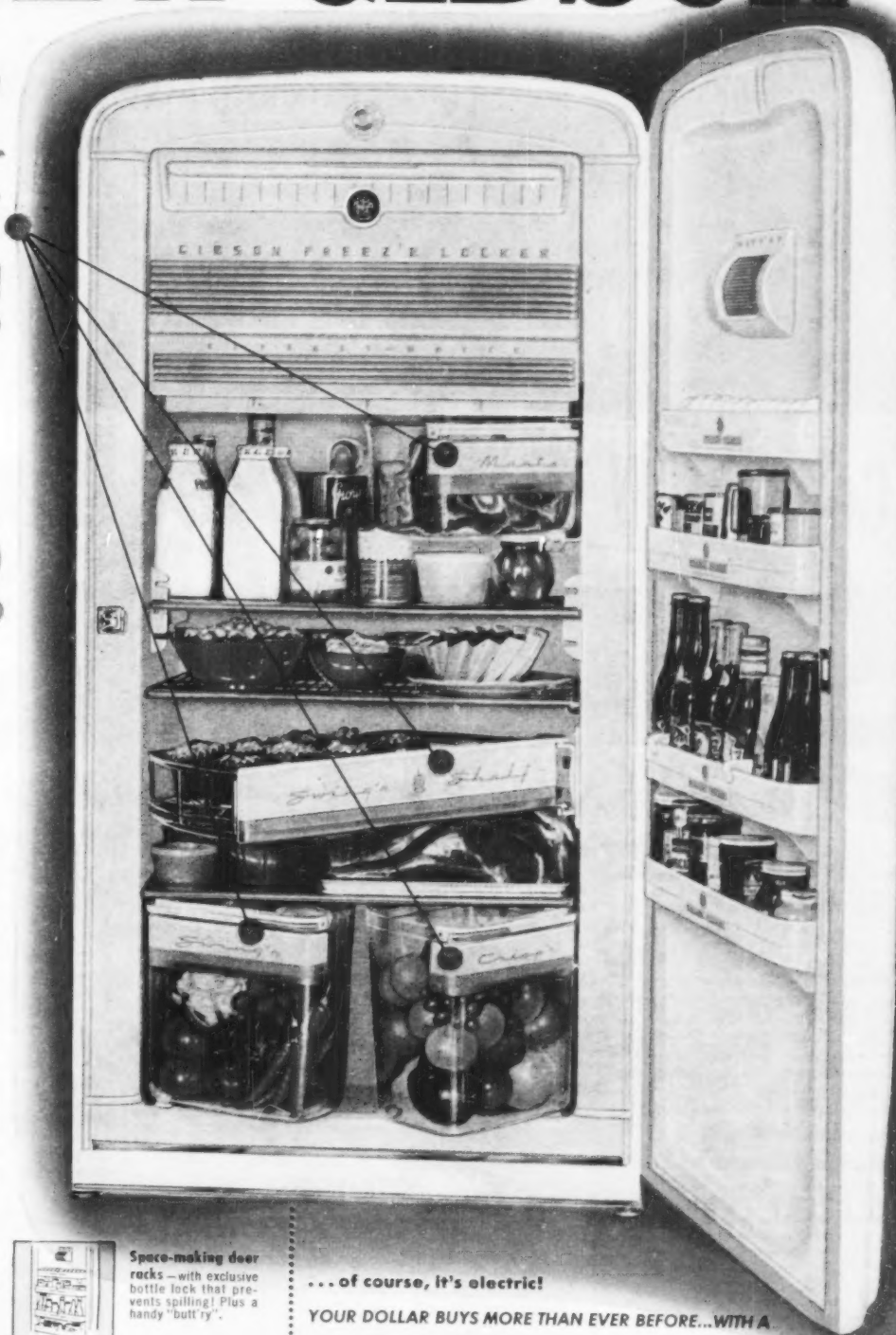
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NEW "DRIVER-ENGINEERED" CABS

For 1953, Mercury Trucks introduce "built-around-the-driver" Cabs—Custom and Standard. Everything here is new and everything new is here . . . to make the driver's job easier, safer and more efficient.

Entirely new "Driver-engineered" Cab interiors feature new smartness—new roominess—new comfortable three-man seat—new all round visibility—new curved instrument panel—new wider doors. Everywhere there's something new, something better.

Mercury Truck "Driver-engineered" Cab exteriors look big, they are big—they are engineered to improve overall truck operation.



GREATEST LINE OF MERCURY TRUCKS EVER BUILT!

8 great series . . . 17 Wheelbases . . . 5 V-8 engines . . . over 100 completely new models from 4000 to 27000 lbs. G.V.W.

Here they are—the new 1953 Mercury Trucks—introducing a completely new concept of truck design. Mercury Trucks for '53 present new handsome appearance—new time-saving features—new visibility—new conveniences—new power ranges—new models—new wheelbases—and there's completely new comfort and safety with the new—built-around-the-driver "Driver-engineered" Cabs. Yes, '53 Mercury Trucks have more of everything truck operators need.

Completely new '53 Mercury Trucks are "strength-engineered" for durability—have stay-on-the-job stamina. New axles, new transmissions, new "short-turn" chassis design make handling easier and faster.

Mercury Trucks offer FIVE "power-engineered" V-8 engines ranging from 106 Hp. to 155 Hp. . . each teamed with proven "Loadomatic" economy.

Completely new "Driver-engineered" Mercury Trucks are truck-built to meet the hauling needs of expanding Canada.

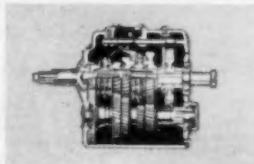
5 GREAT ENGINES

V-8
definitely!

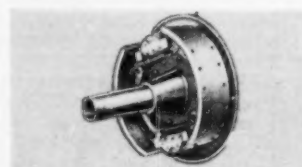
NEW TRANSMISSIONS
"SERVICE-ENGINEERED"

More good news! Synchro-Silent transmissions are "standard" on all Mercury Trucks for '53! Synchro-Silent transmissions bring new smoothness, new quietness—and eliminate "double clutching".

Mercury Trucks also introduce steering column gearshifts on ALL Light Duty Trucks—for passenger car convenience. In addition, Automatic Drive or Overdrive are available (at extra cost) on 1953 Mercury Truck Series M-100.

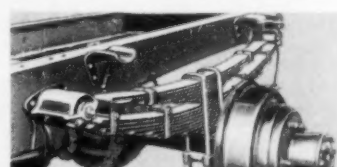


NEW BRAKES
"SAFETY-ENGINEERED"



New power to STOP! New stamina to LAST! New SAFETY—that's Mercury Truck's "safety-engineered" brakes. All-new self-energizing action, reduces need for extreme pressure.

NEW SPRINGS
"STRENGTH-ENGINEERED"



More comfort! More stability! More truck life—because, '53 Mercury Trucks introduce new, longer, Wide-Span springs. Deflection rate is reduced—fragile loads are cushioned.



SEE YOUR **MERCURY TRUCK DEALER** ... MOVE IT WITH **MERCURY** FOR LESS!

Our Flabby Muscles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

experiencing that four-o'clock back-ache. It enables the housewife to put in a day of floor polishing and still feel like going out for a show in the evening.

Near the bottom of the list statistically, but deserving a position at the top for its menace to national health was the incidence of overweight. This is one fitness factor that has a direct link with health and longevity. Thirty-nine percent of the people quizzed were overweight. One out of every three was more than ten percent heavier than he should be—the danger line recognized by doctors.

Up to age thirty, men and women rank about equal in physical fitness. But at forty women are definitely more physically fit than men. No one knows why for sure, but apparently from thirty on men become more sedentary, promotions tend to funnel them into less active jobs; their wives, on the other hand, become more active physically as family size increases and the switch from apartments to homes of their own is made. At forty, considerably more men than women are overweight.

We were surprised to learn that the most physically fit economic group in Canada appears to be the well-to-do. The laboring class ranks second, the white-collar class third.

The well-to-do rank first because they play more games—tennis, bowling, skiing, golf and fishing—of the less strenuous type which can be continued into middle and later years. They have the means to buy the sports equipment and join the clubs which provide facilities.

Laborers get in there next solely because of the work they do. They are much more active physically but their physical activity doesn't pay off full measure in fitness, because to be most beneficial a physical activity has to contain a large element of fun.

White-collar workers are most unfit because of their ambition. They desire to move into a higher economic class and direct most of their after-work activities into sedentary channels that will advance them economically. They have less time and money for sports.

We don't have to base our indictment of Canada's physical fitness solely on our Sports College survey. There are many other illustrations.

A year ago when Toronto's streetcar operators went on strike we were treated to a warning of how physically incapable the average Canadian city would be to meet an emergency like aerial attack. Although large numbers of car drivers came to the rescue with lifts, Toronto became a city of falling arches, Charley horses and aching calves. Heart-attack deaths soared, drugstores sold buckets of liniments and doctors were busy with limping sufferers.

Military rejection figures tell just as sad a story. Half of them were due to eye defects but the other half, eliminating twenty-five percent of Canadian youth, were the result of physical defects that didn't need to exist. No wonder the Committee on Health of the Canadian Youth Congress in 1945 called Canada a C-3 nation from the standpoint of military physical-fitness standards.

Another gauge of the physical fitness of Canadians is the extremely poor showing our teams have made in the Olympics since the war. At London in 1948 not a single event was won by a Canadian; at Helsinki last year Canada wound up in twenty-fourth place. We have fared so badly at the

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Olympics because of the low fitness level of our youth generally. Many smaller countries produce more and better athletes because their average youth is better physical material to begin with. We have good athlete material in Canada, but not enough of it.

Mass physical - fitness comparisons with other countries are difficult, but the comparisons that are possible should make Canadians blush. We at Sports College know, for example, what the streetcar strike did to Toronto—contrast that with the fact that thousands of ordinary citizens in Scandinavian countries can run a six-minute mile, and do it every week end just for fun.

Immigrants are amazed at how little physical activity goes on here, and at the way we ignore our superb outdoor facilities for sports. One DP, after seeing the Rockies, couldn't believe that practically all mountaineering in Canada is done by visiting Americans.

An Austrian now in Canada, a former physical - education instructor at the University of Vienna and a member of the Austrian Olympic team coaching staff, told me recently: "In Europe, Canadians are pictured as a rugged frontier people who spend their leisure in strenuous outdoor activities such as swimming, skiing, snowshoeing, horse riding, canoeing, camping and hunting. Instead I discover the average Canadian adult is a flabby overweight fellow who thinks he needs a streetcar or taxi every time he has to go half a dozen blocks. You are the most physically run-down nation I have seen and, what's more, nobody seems to care."

Families Run For Miles

In Australia a common sport is surfing—swimming out through a heavy sea-coast surf, then riding back in to the beach on the crest of a large breaker. It demands strength, endurance and good co-ordination and can cause injuries to the unskilful. Canadians who have seen it regard it as a foolhardy venture, but thousands of Australians play at it as casually as some of us play golf.

Sweden's most popular outdoor activity is "orienteering." A ten- or fifteen-mile cross-country course is mapped with "stations"—a tree, bridge or building—every two or three miles. At each station the compass course and distance to the next station is posted. Teams start out, following a compass course to locate each station in turn, and racing each other back to the starting point. Usually they finish the last stretch running. Sometimes as many as five thousand people take part, largely in family teams.

If you are an average Canadian accustomed to regarding physical-fitness advocates as fanatics like vegetarians and nudists, all this evidence probably still leaves you saying: "So what?" In a nation in which the majority can afford to drive cars, why worry if a three-mile hike would give most of us Charley horses? Nobody wants to hike three miles anyway.

But unfitness is costing Canada a great deal as a nation, and it's costing most Canadians a great deal as individuals.

About fifty thousand workers are absent from their benches and desks in Canada every day because of minor ills, injuries and fatigue. In wartime national fitness becomes one of our most valuable weapons. It not only determines our rate of production, but also the number of men we can mobilize. Military analysts credit the physical fitness—call it toughness, if you like—of the average Russian peasant infantryman as being one of the

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"YES we used up less than \$4 worth of Kem-Tone to do the living room. We started with a gallon... one coat did a beautiful job... and left us enough to re-decorate the hall, too."

More people use KEM-TONE than any other flat wall paint. Its flat, matte finish is washable, beautiful in its range of restful "decorator" tones. And you can intermix or add Kem-Tone Tinting Colors to get any special shades you want. Most people find that applying Kem-Tone with a Roller Koaier helps them do a faster, better job.

Here's how Kem-Tone stretches your paint dollar:

One gallon of Kem-Tone paste costs \$3.98*. When mixed according to directions your actual cost per gallon is only \$3.99. (One quart of Kem-Tone, after mixing, works out at only \$1.12* a quart!)

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Kem-Tone combines beauty with quality in an economy paint

The oil paint that mixes with water—dries in one hour—one coat covers most surfaces including wallpaper—one gallon does a large room. There's no painty odor, so you can paint with your windows closed



main factors that turned back the Panzer tide at Stalingrad in 1942.

What does physical fitness mean to you as an individual? There is no doubt it can mean dollars and cents. It will allow you to do more with less effort—work or play. Some experts like Dr. Leonard A. Larson, of New York University, claim that top physical condition also sharpens mental ability, producing a capacity for greater concentration and more rapid decisions.

Nervous breakdowns don't occur until fatigue and tension have caused a physical breakdown first. We have

evolved a social and economic system in which tensions for which there is no physical release pile up. We must take the tensions sitting down, waiting for a phone to ring, debating a point with a business opponent when we'd feel better if we could punch him in the jaw.

You can't bang around a competitor who gets the best of you in a business deal, but banging around a tennis ball is just as good.

Finally, a reserve of energy may become a life - and - death matter in an emergency. There's proof in the

newspapers every day. A pedestrian jumped for the curb, but didn't jump fast enough. A canoe overturned a mile from shore but the occupant sank before he had swum a hundred yards. Help reached an auto-accident victim too late because a man who had never walked farther than a few blocks in ten years took twenty minutes to stagger a mile to the closest phone. Civil-defense authorities read stories like these with misgivings for, if Canada is ever subjected to aerial attack from any quarter, our lack of physical fitness may make the death toll

considerably higher than it needs to be. Why is Canada's fitness level a national disgrace?

A few months ago we might have said it was the result of our prosperity. We don't walk because we can afford cars, we don't eat the simple, nutritious foods because we can afford the fancy ones. But our Sports College survey scotched that idea by indicating that the most physically fit in Canada are the well-to-do. Prosperity seems to increase recreation and play, and improve fitness.

What is more likely the fundamental reason is that in Canada we place no value on physical fitness. We have blown up commercial success and cultural achievements as the things that matter. Here we can work up admiration only for the body beautiful of Marilyn Monroe. True, we can get excited over an athlete in prime condition—but not until he becomes a fifteen-thousand-a-year professional. The other reasons stem from our sedentary life, overeating and poor food habits, and our lack of facilities and organization for mass participation in sports.

Money Has Killed Sport

There's no doubt that the main cause for the rapid drop in sports participation after age twenty-one is our extreme commercialization of sport. Sport is no longer something you do for fun and recreation, it is something you bet money on and scrounge tickets to see. Visitors to Canada first gain the impression that we are a very sport-minded country. Every newspaper devotes several pages to sport. It's our most common topic of conversation. Then the newcomer discovers it's all a sham. We're not really interested in sport; we're only interested in a few teams of professional performers whom we worship like movie stars, but who are in the business simply because it's a job they enjoy that pays good money.

Professional sport is fine if it could exist side by side with amateur sport, but in the past twenty years it has killed most of our amateur sport. A large majority of our leagues and clubs today exist only as training grounds for professional teams. Fifteen years ago in a city like Toronto or Winnipeg there were scores of ball and hockey teams. Now most are gone, for the big leagues have won all the support, and interest in neighborhood sport has practically disappeared.

The minor leagues we do have now foster only the games such as football, hockey and basketball, and young Canadians are not learning the games that have carry-over value into middle age. We have our skiers, golfers and tennis players, but their number is comparatively small because we give our youngsters the impression that you've got to be good or there's no place in sport for you.

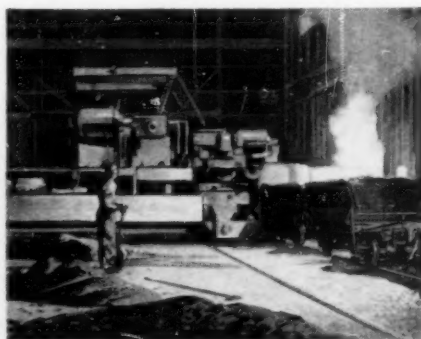
Amateur sport and physical fitness have taken a licking from another quarter in the past decade or two—from culture. The Ys and churches and community groups are stressing more and more the indoor cultural activities such as debating clubs, handicraft groups and operetta societies, instead of the physical activities they used to sponsor. The boy who used to save his money for skates and a catching mitt now saves it for a record player and dancing lessons.

We lack an organized fitness scheme to educate, provide leadership and enlarge our system of sports facilities. The federal government's National Fitness Council is hobbled by a constitution which allows it to send out fitness information only to those who

"Charging" side of new Open Hearths. Here, the furnace is charged with iron, steel scrap and limestone required in the process of making steel.



▲ Pouring steel in new Open Hearth building.



Canada's New Steel Age is Born!

When the history of industrial Canada is written, *Steel* will head up Chapter One in the volume labelled 1953. For with this year's start, Canada entered a new era of steel production. Now, four giant new Open Hearth Furnaces at Stelco's Hamilton Works, add an extra 650,000 tons to this country's capacity to produce steel for today's needs and tomorrow's progress.

The new Open Hearth installation is one of the largest and most modern anywhere. It represents the final, completing link in the chain of new and improved steel-making facilities at Stelco. Other links, forged to completion in 1952, include a great new Blast Furnace, new Coke Ovens, and an entirely new Ore Dock. This new steel will mean much to Canadians. Steel is the secret of making more and better things for more people to enjoy. Steel is the mainspring that keeps things ticking in mill and factory. More steel from Stelco means a stronger Canada—in '53 and for the years to come.

"Steel for Canadians"—new documentary film in colour, available on loan for group showings in English and French. Write Benograph, Dept. K., 108 Peter Street, Toronto.



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ask for it. Only those already interested ask. The core of our Sports College operation is our weekly CBC radio session and whenever we do a broadcast urging that everyone take up some game we get a flood of mail back asking: "Where? Everywhere I tried it costs too much." Or this tragic comment from a teen-ager: "I couldn't make the team, so what can I do now?"

There's one other big reason for our lack of fitness. The only thing most Canadians carry over from their physically active younger years is a big appetite. Doctors say there are only two self-inflicted diseases—obesity and alcoholism; and some of the franker ones say that overeating kills far more people than overdrinking.

What can you, individually, do about raising Canada from its C-3 status?

You can build up your own physical fitness, because I'll bet a brand-new tennis racquet against the old one you haven't used in ten years that your physical fitness can stand improvement. (See the tests on pages twenty and twenty-one.)

First thing you have to do is realize that the human body is the only machine on earth that will wear out with disuse and repair and improve itself with use.

Next, forget all the old stories about exercise harming your heart. Sensible exercise will harm your heart only if it is damaged or imperfect to start with. So get a medical examination to determine what you are capable of in the way of added physical activity.

Next, get your weight down to what it was when you were twenty-five to thirty. Few have any excuse for being heavier than they were at that age. This will involve primarily a critical look at your diet.

Concentrate next on regaining flexibility, with a brief stint of evening or morning exercises that stretch muscles and free joints. This is essential. If you jump into too strenuous a program without cutting weight and acquiring flexibility in easy stages first, you may burden yourself with so many aches, sprains and stretched ligaments that even the words "physical fitness" will make you wince.

Walk All The Way Home

You'll soon be in shape for a fifteen-minute daily exercise period that will get your fitness program really rolling. Take it easy, regardless of how your heart is. Fifteen minutes of daily jerks and bends at the foot of the bed are plenty, maybe five minutes if your heart isn't as chipper as it should be.

As you get interested in fitness you'll discover many other everyday shortcuts to keeping fit. Stand on one foot, don't sit, for putting on shoes or rubbers. Walk up stairs instead of using the elevator. Get off the streetcar and walk the last six or ten blocks to work every morning. Before long you'll be dissatisfied with that indoor fifteen-minute routine. Your muscles will be crying for something tougher to do. You'll want to take up outdoor sport or exercise.

One evening after the sort of day at the office that used to leave you feeling ready for the cleaners, you'll decide to walk a bit on the way home. Before you know it you'll have walked the whole five miles home and realize with a shock that you've taken only fifteen minutes longer than the streetcar you usually ride.

Maybe you won't live any longer—though you probably will—but you'll certainly live a great deal more. And you'll have made a real contribution toward the correction of a national disgrace. ★

The West Indies Want To Join Us

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

West Indies are not exactly poor. In the last year for which full figures are available (1947) the West Indies, with a total population of four millions, had a larger government revenue than any Canadian province except Ontario and Quebec, approximately one hundred millions in Canadian currency. But

what contribution the West Indies would make to Canada's federal treasury is difficult to calculate. Many of the chief sources of federal revenue in Canada, like income tax, excise taxes on liquor and cigarettes and sales tax, are either not levied at all in the West Indies or are considerably lower than in Canada.

Incidentally, the shocked reaction of West Indians to Canadian liquor and cigarette prices due to taxes indicated that they would be extremely unwilling to accept this particular Canadian "way of life." In Trinidad, to cite a

typical example, there are no excise taxes on cigarettes and an import duty of sixty-five cents a pound on tobacco. As a result, excellent locally manufactured cigarettes sell for one third the current Canadian price. The excise charge on rum is \$1.75 per proof gallon, and identical brands which sell in Ontario for \$4.50 per bottle, seventy proof, cost ninety cents per bottle, eighty proof, in Trinidad.

"We would," a Trinidadian told me seriously, "have to receive some mighty big benefits from joining Canada to offset what those incredible liquor and

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cigarette prices would do to our standard of living. Rightly or wrongly, rum is part of the way of life of the West Indies. We believe we use it intelligently, but we certainly use it in considerable quantities. Frankly, I think the poorer classes would riot in protest."

On the subject of the feared invasion of Canada by West Indians, I asked the owner of a large coconut plantation in Tobago if he thought his laborers would head for Canada if they had the right.

"Not a chance," he said. "The la-

borer would have to raise about two hundred dollars for his passage, and there's too much he could do with the money to go investing it in a trip to a cold climate in chase of higher wages. If higher wages were what he really wanted he could make them right here on my plantation.

"I pay him the equivalent of a dollar a day, Canadian. But that's for three hours work, what we call a 'task.' If he wanted to work a nine-hour day he could make three dollars. Lazy? Not at all. He works hard for me during that three hours, and he works hard in

his own piece of garden when he goes home, maybe for another couple of hours. Then he sleeps, or goes fishing or drops into the rum shop for a few drinks and a gossip.

"The point is that whatever he does with his spare time is something he would rather do than earn money."

A competent economist or sociologist could probably knock wide holes in the West Indian employer's appraisal of his workers. The man who is content with low earnings is possibly undernourished, or suffering from a mild chronic parasitical disease like hook-

worm or malaria, or he requires education to enlighten him on the joys of radio, packaged breakfast food, mortgages and other rewards of ambition. Those factors are undoubtedly present to a degree, but I consistently encountered other arguments against the probability of any large-scale exodus from the West Indies to Canada.

One was that the low income of the West Indian laborer is deceptive. By all standards it is lower than in Canada, but then less "capital" is required to live in the West Indies. The hundred dollars or more required to heat a Canadian house in winter must be added to the theoretical income of the West Indian. So must the outlay on cold-weather clothing and the higher rents for the stout houses required in a harsh climate. Food is considerably cheaper, except when imported. All in all, the attractions of Canada are more valid to Canadians than to West Indians.

On the other hand, free entry is considered an absolute must if political union takes place. An editor of one of the largest newspapers in the West Indies told me bluntly: "Any attempt to organize a union on any other line would be indignantly turned down as an insult."

There would be West Indians entering Canada, to do business, to go to school—even to work. But the West Indians themselves do not think the number would reach problem proportions, especially if, as expected, Canadian investments in the West Indies result in development of the islands. Given opportunities in their own land the West Indians, especially the colored population, will choose to remain in their accustomed surroundings.

Nor are the West Indies likely to outgrow Canada in population, as one Canadian feared, or to present a serious health problem. The rate of natural increase in the islands is twenty-five per thousand annually, compared with the Canadian figure of eighteen to twenty. The death rate is twelve per thousand, Canada's nine to ten.

One of the most interesting developments in the early days of union would be the scramble of Canadian political parties to win allegiance of West Indies politicians and voters. The precedent set by Newfoundland was for the new province to elect a local government of the same party as that in power at Ottawa.

But in the West Indies, although there is a fair degree of political awareness, there are no major political parties as in Canada, Britain, or the United States. Usually independent or unattached candidates outnumber named parties. And the latter, in most cases, derive their name and policies from a single leader. The Bustamante Party in Jamaica, and the Butler Party in Trinidad are examples. The Butler Party is led by a lean, bearded, mystical Negro named Uriah Tubal Butler, who promises elimination of all taxes and institution of a pension for all citizens.

Canadian advocates of union are off the track in one important argument—the supposition that there is a race in the offing between the United States and Canada for possession of the islands. Canadians become furious when some ignorant Congressman suggests the United States take over this country for Britain's war debts, and so do West Indians, who have been subjected to proposals of that kind far more often. The truth is, of course, that Britain no more could—even if she wanted to—"give away" the West Indies than she could dispose of Canada.

It seems extremely unlikely that the West Indies will ever voluntarily join



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the United States. Before World War II the masses in the West Indies regarded the American way of life as the height of ambition, but the behavior of the large number of U. S. servicemen in the islands under the "bases-for-destroyers" barter deal with Britain modified West Indian thinking.

"We have the greatest respect and admiration for the American people," says Ralph Vignale, of Trinidad, "but we are accustomed to our own mode of life under the Union Jack and it would be distasteful to the majority of us to be elsewhere."

The Georgetown, British Guiana, Daily Argosy stated recently: "Since local people have had an opportunity of judging the United States' conception of colonial administration, they have learned their lesson and, if anything, more than ever realize and appreciate the privileges which are theirs because of birth and residence under the British flag."

A Trinidad historian related some of the reasons for the American fall from grace: "The U. S. made the mistake of sending down base troops who hailed from the South. Their attitude toward 'colored folk' was a great shock to people who were pretty high up in government and the professions, but who did not happen to be Anglo-Saxons."

A West Indian doctor who attended McGill University adds: "If Canadians take color for granted and don't make an issue of it they're the right partners for West Indians."

Jewels In Their Noses

If union did occur Canada would be brought into continued physical contact with a number of foreign nations for the first time. The new frontiers would touch Mexico and Guatemala, Brazil, Venezuela and Dutch Guiana. Canada would take over, with British Honduras, a perennial "international incident" with the Central American republic of Guatemala, which has never admitted British ownership of the eighty-eight-hundred-square-mile mainland colony. As recently as 1950 two British cruisers landed marines in British Honduras to guard against a feared invasion. Britain has maintained good relations, however, with the other nations bordering her colonies.

Union would create three new Canadian cities with populations of more than one hundred thousand—Port of Spain, Trinidad; Kingston, Jamaica; and Georgetown, British Guiana.

Architecturally the buildings in the business sections of the three cities mostly belong to the English period in which they happened to be built. The early builders made little concession to tropical climate—what was good enough for the mother country was good enough for her loyal colonials, small windows and all. There are some modern buildings in the downtown areas, usually government buildings or department stores. In general, however, merchants, businessmen and professional men prefer to earn their money in makeshift premises and spend it on fine homes. It is in the residential areas that tropical architecture really blossoms—terrazzo tile floors for coolness, glassless windows to admit every breeze, low-eaved roofs to keep out sun and rain, roofed patios for outdoor-indoor living.

The most striking differences between the larger West Indian cities and communities of similar size in Canada are:

● The colorful crowds—colorful in complexion and costume. Many Indians wear armfuls of bracelets, and jewels in their pierced nostrils.

● The traffic. Imagine the downtown streets of any Canadian city with a few hundred carts drawn by donkeys, mules and horses thrown in among the cars, trucks, buses and streetcars. This primitive transport is still favored for short-haul deliveries from dock to warehouse and from warehouse to retailers.

● The vendors. Downtown Port of Spain, to take a specific example, is a dozen blocks of stores and shops of every description. But for every store there are five or six sidewalk vendors selling at the top of their voices sweepstakes tickets, fruit, cakes and soft

drinks, curios, cheap jewelry, taxi rides, haberdashery and green coconuts, to be decapitated by a slash from a murderous-looking cutlass and drained on the spot. Price, four cents.

The West Indies would contribute to partnership with Canada several bonus items which Canadian legislators probably will not take into account when evaluating the proposition.

A West Indian province would put Canada into the big time in cricket. The Caribbean Eleven is in the same league as England, Australia, India and South Africa, and periodically

engages in those long leisurely series known as Tests which cause so much excitement in all parts of the commonwealth except Canada. As a matter of fact Canada's indifference to cricket is one of this country's few flaws in the eyes of many West Indians. "What," growled one islander, "would be the point of joining Canada? You don't play cricket worth a darn up there."

A West Indian province would give Canada a track-and-field team of top Olympic calibre. At the last Olympics Jamaica alone finished higher than Canada, on the strength—or rather the

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speed—of a couple of their runners.

The West Indies possess a distinct music. It may sound a little primitive to northern ears, but is recognized by calypso devotees all over the world as a distinct art form, as genuine as American jazz or the German lieder. The typical calypsonian is both composer, lyricist and vocalist. He is almost always Negro or part Negro, and his theme is usually the major or minor news of the times which happens to catch his fancy or tickle his sense of the ridiculous. Otherwise, as a standard theme, he boasts of his own love-life.

For sheer abandon, for pagan joy unconfined, for active participation by the entire population, Trinidad's carnival on the Monday and Tuesday before each Ash Wednesday probably stands alone. For those two days the island is overrun by masked, painted, grotesquely costumed, singing, drinking, clowning hordes of black, white, yellow and mixed Trinidadians. A Canadian airline official who saw the carnival for the first time last year declared: "It simply has to be seen to be believed. After I'd looked on for an hour, who do you think I found,

masked and wearing a funny hat and streamers of pink paper, singing and prancing down the street with a band of raving mad total strangers? Why, ME!"

What would union do for Canada in terms of dollars and cents? The first effect, as Senator McLean and Colonel Brooks predict, would be the opening of a vast market for Canadian goods of all kinds. Canada must maintain a high rate of exports to remain prosperous. In the West Indies she has a three-hundred-million-dollar market at her doorstep, a market eager for Canadian

food, manufactured goods and building materials. At present Canada gets a little more than eight percent of this market, because the West Indies, a member of the sterling area, is not free to buy from Canada.

This has broken a trading pattern which dates back to sailing-ship days, when rum northbound and salt cod southbound were the chief items of commerce. The influence of this trade persists at both ends: Maritimers to this day drink more rum than any other liquor, and salt cod from the Maritimes and Newfoundland is the favorite staple food of the Caribbean.

In 1949 the first shipment of flour from Australia reached the West Indies—and flour was once virtually a Canadian monopoly. Trinidad alone now buys more than six million dollars' worth of goods from Australia each year—in exchange for one tenth that amount of exports to Australia. On the other hand Canada, Trinidad's natural supplier, has a six-million-dollar annual trading deficit with the island.

Trinidad is the industrial and mercantile heart of the West Indies. Port of Spain is the designated capital of the proposed West Indies federation, and would undoubtedly be the capital of the eleventh province.

Until Canada's spectacular oil discoveries, Trinidad was the largest oil-producing country under the British flag. An annual production of twenty million barrels of oil has been maintained with remarkable consistency, and huge new deposits have recently been discovered in the shallow Gulf of Paria which separates the island from the mainland of Venezuela. Trinidad has the largest oil refinery in the empire, and one of the largest oil companies of eastern Canada is a subsidiary of Trinidad's biggest oil enterprise: Trinidad Leaseholds (Canada) Ltd., which sells Regent gasoline and oil.

Trinidad also has the largest sugar refinery in the empire, and exports 150,000 tons of sugar, 3,000,000 gallons of molasses, and 1,500,000 proof gallons of rum a year.

The streets of the world's cities are paved with asphalt from Trinidad's unique pitch lake. This one-hundred-and-fourteen-acre pool of solid asphalt is all but inexhaustible. It is two hundred and eighty-five feet deep and, although more than five million tons of asphalt have been taken out, the surface has dropped only twenty feet.

Canada-West Indies interdependence is already very real in one of this country's most important industries—aluminum. Canada's aluminum industry is literally built on West Indian bauxite. The world's largest bauxite operation, at Mackenzie, British Guiana, feeds the huge aluminum smelters at Arvida, Que., with nearly three million tons a year of the vital red dust. The even larger new plant of the Aluminum Company of Canada at Kitimat, B.C., will soon go into operation on ore from Jamaica, where Alcan has invested forty million dollars in property and plant.

This partnership has social as well as industrial implications. At Mackenzie, sixty-two miles up the Demerara River from the capital, Georgetown, Alcan has built British Guiana's second largest city, with a population of fifteen thousand, in the heart of a tropical forest. Mackenzie may well be typical of West Indian small cities of the future—tropical, with Canadian features like public and high schools for the thousand children of Alcan employees and a big hospital staffed by Canadian and local doctors. This hospital charges four cents per clinic visit.

Alcan has taken the lead in banishing racial discrimination in company ranks. When it first started to work the



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bauxite deposits, Alcan, like all other foreign enterprises in the West Indies, built a "white compound" and a "colored section." Then, from the company's employee-training program for all the skilled trades, British Guiana workers of exceptional skill started to graduate. Alcan decided that staff status alone should be the residential qualification and assigned houses in the "white compound" to colored personnel. There has been no trouble of any kind.

Following the discovery of bauxite in Jamaica during the last war Alcan bought thirty thousand acres of land, including five thousand acres of bauxite pockets. But the Jamaican bauxite proved to be unsuitable for processing at the Arvida plant and, instead, Alcan launched an agricultural development program, hiring Canadian agricultural scientists to produce strains of beef and dairy cattle adapted to a hot climate.

By crossing purebred Aberdeen Angus and Red Poll cattle with native Jamaican strains, and with purebred Brahman cattle from India, Alcan built up a herd of four thousand beef cattle with a greatly increased carcass weight. A dairy herd now supplies a large part of the requirements of the capital, Kingston.

Gold in the Jungles

Alcan's agriculturists next turned to citrus crops. The orchards were old and unprofitable, since they produced "old-fashioned" oranges and grapefruit containing seeds. Wholesale "top-working"—the grafting of improved stock onto old trees—has resulted in a rebirth of the Jamaica citrus industry in a fraction of the time it would have taken to plant new orchards.

Then, with the development of the huge Kitimat aluminum plant in British Columbia, Jamaican bauxite became important once more. Instead of shipping raw ore to Canada, however, Alcan has built an alumina refinery in Jamaica. This refines the ore, right at the deposit, to a point about halfway between bauxite and aluminum, and saves about half the shipping bulk and cost. In Jamaica, too, Alcan has set up training schools to develop skilled workers among the natives.

"When we took over the Jamaican land," an Alcan official told me, "some people there protested that a lot of small landowners would be dispossessed and, even if the land was poor, the island could not afford to lose the produce of that land."

"Well, today there are four thousand people on that land, just double the number we found there. And they're producing double the crops they did before, and are better housed. Oh, yes, they found a use for bauxite we had never thought of—bauxite is an excellent cement for house-building."

Canadian private enterprise is already pioneering in the groundwork of West Indian development. Canadian branch banks, for example, dominate the banking business of the West Indies, even though most of that business is conducted in sterling. If the West Indies become Canada's eleventh province, Canadians will find many profitable fields for investment and development.

The new Canada would, in fact, be a country with a pioneer hinterland in its far south as well as its far north. About eighty thousand square miles of British Guiana's interior is largely unexplored. It is known to contain unestimated quantities of bauxite, hardwood, gold, diamonds, manganese and mica. How much, and where, is something Canadians might be interested in finding out. ★

New Brunswick's New Millions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

and particularly in Bathurst, the news was received at first as too good to be true. The province has ranked hitherto as one of Canada's poorest, almost unknown to mining and miners. It has little first-class farming land, its forest resources have been exploited almost to the limit, and its industries

—apart from pulp mills—have been mostly small.

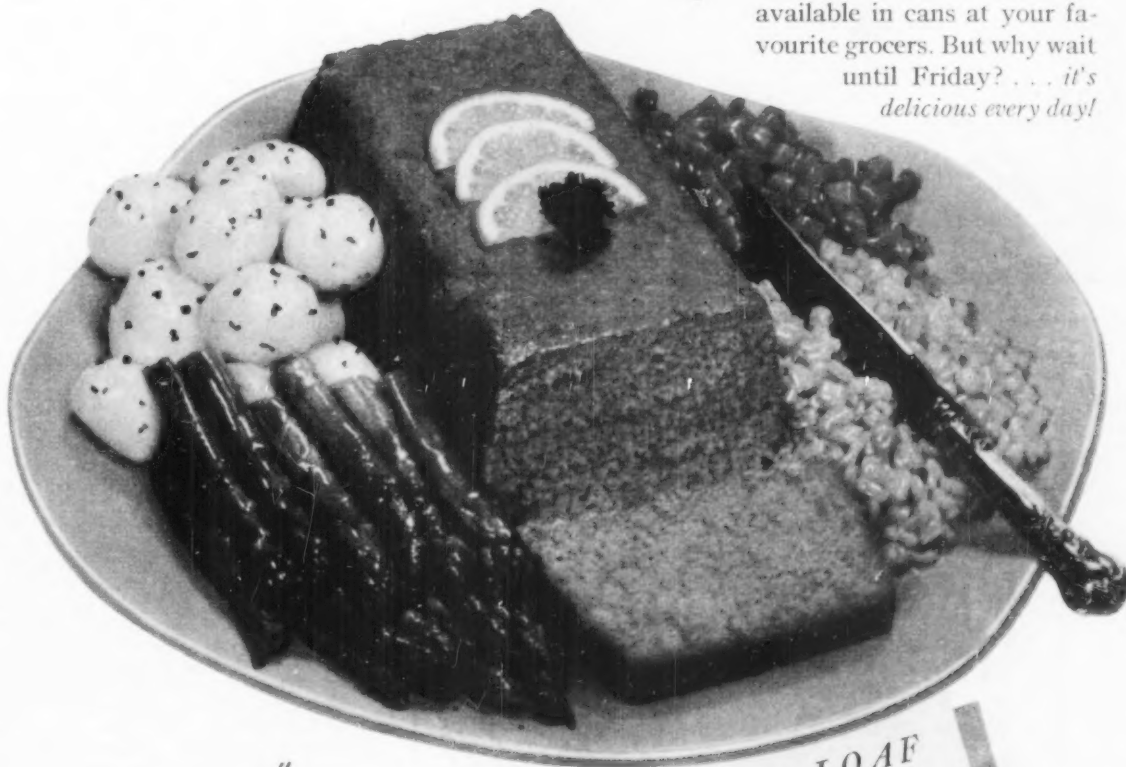
Today, basically an old lumber town in the middle of the Chaleur Bay fishing coast, Bathurst is dominated by the sprawling sulphite-smelling mill of the Bathurst Power and Paper Company, its chief employer of labor. The town contained barely a thousand inhabitants until the late Angus McLean built his pulp mill after the First World War. This multiplied the population and added a peculiar fragrance to the atmosphere. Today a substantial proportion of the boxboard used in Canada

(employed in cigarette cartons) as well as corrugated cardboard in quantity is made there. The George Eddy planing and woodworking mill is the largest in eastern Canada. The Northern Machine Works manufactures heavy construction equipment for shipment all over Canada. These three enterprises account for easily seventy-five percent of the employment supporting greater Bathurst's twelve thousand population. This winter, at mid-January, the unemployed figure for Gloucester County, of which Bathurst is the shiretown, stood at three thousand in

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A "Scrumptious" Salmon Loaf

RECIPE

SAVOURY SALMON LOAF

1 1-lb. can salmon
2 eggs, beaten
1/4 teaspoon salt

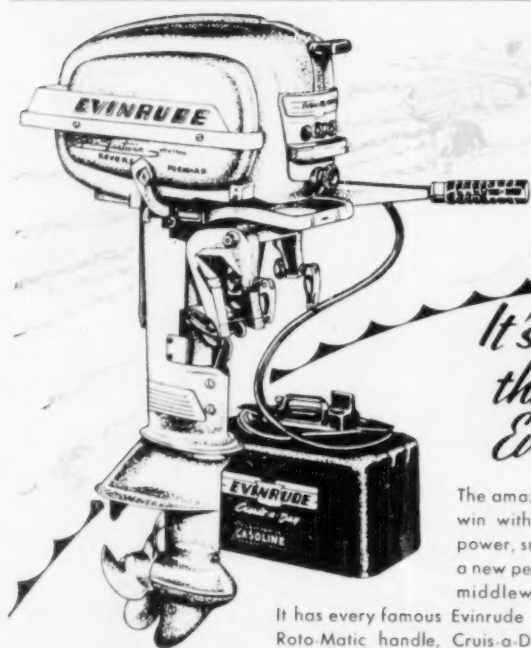
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard
Dash of pepper

Drain salmon, reserving 1/4 cup liquid; crush bones and flake salmon. Combine fish and reserved liquid with remaining ingredients. Pack in well greased 7 1/2 x 3 1/2 x 2 loaf pan.

Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 45 minutes, or until firm in centre. Four to five servings. Serve hot or chilled as salad loaf with generous portions of asparagus, corn, diced carrots, and new potatoes . . . all from cans.

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a population of fifty-seven thousand.

Bathurst and New Brunswick had known of mining before, and unhappily. Hopes had been raised and dashed by such discoveries as the old iron mine, scene of the present discovery, which had been operated during both world wars when the need overcame the relatively poor quality of the iron ore. In each case the mine had closed down when the urgent need of ore ceased. Then there had been discoveries of zinc and copper, but the quantities had been disappointing; money had been raised and lost, and the mines never materialized. Manganese deposits had been discovered, only to be found too low in grade to justify mining. Oil had been discovered, but the wells weren't major producers. Coal deposits are mined fairly extensively but the seams are thin and the coal has a high ash content.

It had been almost as a last hope that the New Brunswick government had decided three years ago to engage the geophysics division of the Geological Survey of Canada, a branch of the federal government, in making an aerial magnetometer survey of the region between Bathurst in the northeast and St. Stephen, southwest at the Maine border. Such a survey is capable of detecting rock formations which show a magnetic reaction to the instruments in the plane. Areas where these reactions are shown on the map are known as anomalies. Anomalies, when drilled, sometimes reveal iron ore. They sometimes also reveal sewer pipes.

Meanwhile, Pat Meahan, a Bathurst prospector who has been in on most of the great staking rushes of the last forty years, had been engaged by Matthew James Boylen, a Toronto mining executive, to act as a scout for a prospecting syndicate that Boylen had formed with a grubstake of a mere million dollars. This money had been raised largely in the United States, and Boylen had told his associates: "You probably won't see a dime of this again."

A lot of people thought, nevertheless, that Boylen's record justified the risk. At forty-five, burly and with a thinning thatch, Jimmy Boylen already had an impressive list of discoveries to his credit. He got his first taste of prospecting at Larder Lake, Ont., when he was twelve, and he claims that he has been a prospector ever since. He followed most of the great rushes of the Twenties and Thirties—Rouyn, Red Lake, Sturgeon River, and the rest—but he didn't get his first respectable stake until Quemont made its spectacular rise in the Forties. He had still retained the shares in Quemont which he had received for some mining claims when it was penny stock. After a rich ore body had been struck by drilling, Quemont jumped within a week from seventy-five cents to nine dollars, and is currently comfortably resting around the twenty-dollar mark, rated as "one of the big ones." He also staked part of Eldona Mine, and did very well out of that. Boylen really moved into the mining-executive bracket when he became president of Anacon Lead Mines, then headed up United Lead and Zinc Mines, Montauban Mines, and Chibougamau Explorers. Altogether Boylen now has a controlling or substantial interest in about forty mines, most of which he staked himself.

Boylen still manages to spend his summers in the field. Apart from the fact that prospectors get special income-tax concessions he retains a sentimental feeling for this link with his past. But, in Who's Who in Canada, as a member of the Seignior Club, the Engineers' Club, the Granite Club, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, mar-

ried, with three children and a home at 35 Kingsway Crescent in Toronto that is rated something of a showplace, he sounds more like a successful businessman.

Boylen originally appeared on the New Brunswick scene to investigate a property twenty-eight miles north of Bathurst. This had been turned up by his prospector, Pat Meahan, who also suggested that he investigate possibilities at the abandoned iron mine where there were surface traces of zinc and lead. The first venture was to result in the Keymet Mine, which is now being prepared for production on a modest ore body of zinc-lead-silver. At the same time that Meahan had mentioned the possibilities at the old iron mine, Boylen was being approached in Montreal by Eric Kippen, a Montreal broker who represented the group which still retained the iron concession. Kippen's proposal that Boylen take over the property was supported by a map and a geological report by G. S. MacKenzie, professor at the University of New Brunswick and a summertime government geologist. MacKenzie advocated a series of drill holes in the vicinity of the old iron mine where the traces of zinc and lead had been noted.

In Came the Doodlebugs

Boylen agreed to take over the concession after promising to carry out a drilling program. His chief engineer, R. J. (Bob) Isaacs, and his associate, W. C. Ringsleben, neither of whom was overenthusiastic about the project, recommended an electrical survey be carried out as a further guide to drilling. There is great dispute between geologists and mining engineers on the merits of magnetometer and electrical surveys (old-timers call them all "doodlebugs" and claim that no major ore bodies have ever been located by their use), but it is generally agreed that while a magnetometer will reveal the presence of concentrations of magnetic minerals, such as iron, the electrical survey goes a step further by distinguishing massive sulphide deposits, often found in association with magnetic materials (as was the case here). It is the sulphide rocks which are most likely to contain commercial concentrations of base metals such as copper and zinc. However, the presence of sulphide rock is no guarantee that these sought-after metals co-exist with it, and drilling predicated by electrical surveys has often revealed nothing.

Boylen, in accordance with his agreement, began exploration of the property by the more thorough drilling method without waiting for the electrical survey. Eleven holes were put into the ground in the vicinity of the iron ore. All they revealed was more iron ore. At this point Boylen's associates became restive: Nearly a hundred thousand dollars had been spent with no trace found underground of the zinc-lead mineralization which had been hinted at the surface.

Boylen was worried himself as, eventually, they went ahead with the electrical survey. Lines were cut through the heavy bush and the survey was made. It revealed an area which began about a thousand yards away from the main iron body and the instruments reacted strongly. The twelfth hole was spotted to intersect this new area. That fateful drill hole barely intersected the body but the ore came to the surface with the long-sought-after sulphide ore. Then, as successive holes were drilled over the area and greater and greater intersections of sulphides were made, the analysis came back from the assay office—the ore contained rich commer-

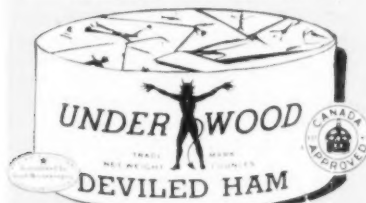


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cial quantities of zinc, lead and silver. Later holes were to reveal copper in commercial quantities. It dawned on Boylen and his associates that they had made a major mining find.

John C. Udd, one of Boylen's closest associates, told me: "I had tried to persuade him to give up. It looked to me as though we were just pouring money down a drain. All the rest of us felt the same way. But Boylen persisted. That is why the major credit for the find belongs to him."

Boylen worked quickly, for he knew he could not hold the news back very long. In addition to the long powerful magnetic anomaly alongside which the ore body had been found, he staked another big anomaly to the east, reasoning that sulphides might be found in association with it also. Finally, when he had staked close to nine hundred claims, he gave the news to the Northern Miner, and the rush was on. Meanwhile, with a crew of sixty men in the field he continued feverishly staking until his total reached the neighborhood of two thousand claims. Then, as big and important companies rushed on the scene, he did a land-office business, turning over groups of claims for amounts ranging between twenty-five thousand and a hundred thousand dollars, nearly always retaining a fifteen-percent interest.

In this way he was able to assure that such solid groups as N. A. Timmins, New Jersey Zinc, Conwest Exploration, Leadridge Mining and Anacon Lead were well-placed on what became known as "Main Street." At the same time he reserved excellent locations for companies in which he had a substantial financial interest, and arranged financing deals that would enable them to explore their holdings more thoroughly. Some of these were new companies, like Maritime Mining Corporation and Bathurst Mining Corporation, each with a half million in the treasury. Others, like Fab Metals and Nubar Mines were more or less dormant Boylen companies, which got a new lease of life in the deal. Fab Metals obtained three hundred thousand dollars and Nubar Mines, one hundred thousand. An early Boylen love, New Larder U Island Mines, gained the big anomaly to the east, together with nine hundred thousand dollars in the treasury and underwriting to the tune of five millions. It was these already incorporated companies which were the object of the first flush of market speculation. New Larder, which could have been bought at nine cents not long before the discovery, skyrocketed in a week to two dollars.

The main company was Brunswick Mining and Smelting Corporation, and Boylen proceeded slowly with it. A small offering of two hundred thousand shares was made on a subscription basis to the public, and it was oversubscribed five times at ten dollars a share. Boylen had to send back eight million dollars' worth of buying orders. "It hurt," he admitted. "But with two millions in the treasury we have ample funds to explore the ore body completely and to draw up our plans for production."

The big rush hit Bathurst the week end of Jan. 17. Only two groups had been able to penetrate the fog of mystery with which Boylen had surrounded his operations for the previous four months. Allen Jeckell, Toronto mining engineer, had beaten the gun on behalf of the P. Harrison, Noranda, interests; and New Jersey Zinc Company had men staking in the bush when the vanguard of the first wave of prospectors engulfed Bathurst.

Then came Harry Isaacs, a soft-spoken prospector who sells mining equipment in off seasons. His brother,

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Bob Isaacs, Boylen's chief engineer, had dropped not a single family hint in all that time, but Harry was able to make the mine site his headquarters as he organized staking crews on his own behalf and on the behalf of Boylen. Bill Plexman, twenty years a prospector at thirty-seven, came in from Montreal with his brother, the tall, spare and fabulous Tony, who scorns traditional prospector's procedure and often travels the bush with only a pocketful of raisins and a bottle of pop to sustain him because he begrudges the time lost making tea. They came to stake for themselves and for a Toronto syndicate.

Hard-driving Henri Phillipon from Noranda, whose axe can clear a path through the densest bush as though by magic, arrived to stake for himself, as did the ascetic-looking Gus Kellar, whose knowledge of rock structure equals that of the best-schooled mining engineer, and diminutive Tony Fayolle, whose deceptive bush shuffle can walk the legs off men twenty years his junior. They had formed their own prospecting syndicate.

The efficient McDonough brothers arrived on behalf of Madsen Red Lake Mines and other companies of Joe McDonough. They decided that best staking prospects were to the west of the main show. Rapidly they assembled staking crews and, equipped with jeep and snowmobile loaded with camping equipment, disappeared into the snow-clad spruce. Red-faced broad-shouldered Scotty MacLeod, representing MacLeod - Cockshutt Mines and Murdock-Mosher, staked to the south with his crews; Boylen's staking had been lighter there. Father-and-son teams, the Kyles, appearing on behalf of O'Leary Malartic Mines, and the Sweets from Val d'Or, staking in their own behalf, were quickly in and out of Bathurst, bound for the staking areas.

Sleeping Bags in the Lobby

White-haired and slow-speaking George MacMillan, co-founder of the Prospectors and Developers Association, whose Violamac Mines has made him and his wife millionaires, came into town. His wife, Viola, one of the few women in the mining business, is current president of the Prospectors and Developers Association and George likes to hide behind her driving personality. But he couldn't resist the lure of another big rush, and soon he was deep in deals with returning prospectors who had staked ground that he liked.

Bathurst's three chief hotels were soon overflowing; first the Gloucester, then the Carleton, and finally the Royal. Prospectors clumped in, sleeping bags, snowshoes and duffel bags over their shoulders, stayed a day or so getting maps, licenses and grub, then headed into the bush as other newly arriving prospectors took over their rooms. Big blustering Harper Kent was not unhappy over this. He owns the three leading hotels, the rambling department store where most of the prospectors went for outfitting, and several other businesses.

But for most of the people of Bathurst the boom was something not quite to be believed. For some there was temporary employment as about two hundred prospectors engaged roughly the same number of axe-men to form staking crews. They were happy to receive wages ranging from six to ten dollars a day. But the rush did not alter the unemployment figure substantially. A few taxi drivers reaped a harvest, charging as much as twenty-five dollars a day to drive prospectors to the bush in the morning and pick them up at night. But

most natives seemed to share the scepticism of the barber who told one prospector: "Ah, it's all a slick trick by some Toronto stockbroker."

Only one local group really moved fast enough to stake choice ground. Headed by John Ferris, of Bathurst Power and Paper, they took advantage of the Christmas holiday to go out and stake thirty-four claims immediately north of New Larder U Island Mines, and then sold these claims to Porcupine Peninsular Gold Mines for a handsome profit. But most other local stakers were slow to move, and when they did move they knew neither how to choose good locations nor how to stake with the speed and skill of the veteran prospectors.

While cultivated land and incorporated townships are protected from staking by the provincial mining laws, in all other cases the mineral rights do not go with ownership of the surface land. So a farmer came into the Bathurst recording office one day and bought a staking license for ten dollars. "Now nobody can stake my woodlot," he announced with satisfaction. He was mystified and angry when he was informed that he still had to go out and set up posts, pace off the distances, and blaze lines according to the law. Then he would have to register his claims and pay another dollar per claim for each that he had staked and wished to register. Finally, he would have to undertake exploration work or restake his claims the following year if he wished to keep them in good standing.

Then there was the woman who took out a license for ten claims and returned a few days later to have her claims registered; she learned that there had been a mix-up in the license numbers and that she would have to retrace her steps to alter the license numbers listed on some forty posts. "It's all a bubble, anyway," she declared with conviction, abandoning the venture on the spot.

The essence of fast staking is to get located on the map and then, oriented by a compass, to pace off the ten claims allowed on each license. Stakers usually work in teams; one man handles the compass and the other blazes the line with an axe. Each claim is 1,320 feet square, or an average of four hundred and fifty paces in each direction. At each corner a post is erected, or often the nearest tree is topped and squared off. Then the license number, the claim number, the name of the staker and the person for whom he is staking, the post number and the time and date are marked on each post. Each claim has four posts. A good team of stakers can worm their way through the bush in a reasonably straight line and never deviate more than a hundred feet from their objective. Usually they "block out" the outside lines of a group of ten claims and then return later to cut them up claim by claim, "cutting the lines." In this manner, ten claims can be staked in two days by expert stakers, even in the New Brunswick woods, which many prospectors declared to be the worst they had ever encountered.

One group of prospectors told of meeting two old men with a rope which had been cut exactly sixty-six feet (one chain) in length. Using the rope, they were carefully marking off and computing their distance as they went. "I figure they might get one claim finished in about a week at that rate," an experienced prospector said.

Another prospector came across a group of six would-be stakers in a violent argument. Two of their number had compasses. One compass was a ship's compass, contained in a paper bag. The other was a big awkward



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box compass, which customarily has a wire attachment on the needle pointing south as the needle points north. Half of the party held to the ship's compass which pointed unmistakably north. The other half contended that the wire in the box compass was pointing north, and that was in exactly the opposite direction. "I didn't stay to find out how they settled it," the prospector chuckled. "I think they're still there."

In spite of all the inevitable confusion of neophyte staking, the recording office at Bathurst reported no serious disputes after a month of hectic staking, and no mistakes that could not be ironed out. By that time more than a million acres of land, representing about twenty-five thousand claims, stretching from north of Bathurst to St. Stephen on the Maine border had been staked, and about two hundred stakers were still active. Most of the staking has been around the magnetic anomalies revealed by the government's aerial survey.

Surface prospecting in the ordinary sense will have to wait until summer. Meanwhile, many of the prospectors who entered the rush on their own initiative have been selling their claims to Toronto and Montreal brokers and promoters. Companies like Brunswick Mining and Smelting and New Larder U Island Mines are continuing with drilling programs. Most of the other companies will probably conduct electrical surveys hoping to turn up sulphide zones before they embark on drilling programs. At least a dozen of these companies have already indicated firm plans, and others will try to raise funds for drilling by sale of stock. Only months, and more probably years, of financing and drilling will finally separate the good ones from the inevitable duds. If it's certain that millions will be made, it's equally certain—as in any mining rush—that millions will be lost.

But the prevailing mood is one of optimism. Even Bathurst itself is recovering from its initial shock and scepticism and is preparing to deal with the problems and benefits that a large-scale mining development will undoubtedly bring to the town. Lumbering, nevertheless, has long been the economic basis of the town's existence and there is a strong determination not to let the bird in hand suffer for those that seem to be in the bush.

The new mining projects will require considerable manpower, and there was some fear that there might be strong competition for workers. But, according to P. L. Chiasson, manager of the Unemployment Insurance Commission office at Bathurst, a large portion of Gloucester County's labor force customarily leaves the province each spring seeking employment in Ontario, Quebec, and even in Newfoundland, returning home in early winter. He felt there would be no immediate manpower problem.

Bathurst is a quiet town and some of its people worry that hell-raising miners will disturb the peace. The occasional prospector, returning from a two-week staking session in the bush, gives vent to his high spirits in traditional style in the hotel and on the main street. But most of the prospectors agree that for rip-snorting wing-dings the Bathurst rush is a very tame affair. "It's a nice place, by gosh," says Henri Phillipon. "Nobody feels like kicking up."

The townfolk are more than curious to learn what the mine development has in store for them. When it was mooted that a civic reception should be given to the prominent mining executives who were involved in the new development, one local wag re-

marked: "We're going to spend a thousand dollars to find out what that fellow Boylen intends to do with us."

When I called on Boylen in his Bay Street office in Toronto both he and Isaacs, his chief engineer, seemed still a bit dazed by the discovery and by the public reaction to its announcement. Boylen was busy on three different phones apologizing to people who hadn't received their allotments of stock. At this point the market had reached its highest frenzy. Porcupine Peninsular Mines had traded three million shares in a single day.

What does all this mean to the people of New Brunswick? As far as the stock-market phase is concerned, those who have taken part in the big flurry stand the same chance as any other speculators; if the mines on which they have gambled fail to prove up when they are properly explored in the coming months they will probably lose their money. But so far as the discovery and exploration of Brunswick Mining and Smelting Corporation is concerned there seems no doubt at this stage that, in the words of the Financial Post's Gordon Grant, "A major mining project is now seen assured."

Some Castles in the Air

Neither Isaacs nor Boylen is prepared to translate the strike into exact figures. It will take at least six months of further study and exploration, they say, before they can outline concrete plans. Only when they have an approximate idea of the total available tonnage can they determine the size of the operation; they claim they already know that they can mill five thousand tons a day for twenty years. How many people may find employment through the mine? Their own guess ranges from three thousand to five thousand.

But what about smelting? Eastern Canada has long stood in need of a zinc smelter. Today the concentrates of other zinc mines are shipped as far away as Belgium for smelting. The huge new tonnages uncovered at Bathurst make it likely that a smelter will be built somewhere in eastern Canada. It must be located close to a source of cheap power. Both Boylen and Isaacs feel that it may be possible to harness the huge coal deposits of Nova Scotia to steam power and plan a smelter near Bathurst. They intend to explore that possibility.

If a smelter is built in the area the sulphur will have to be recovered from the fumes to avoid damaging New Brunswick's valuable forests. When this was done at Trail, B.C., the resulting sulphuric acid was combined with phosphates from the United States to develop a huge fertilizer business. New Brunswick's Saint John County contains some of the continent's largest deposits of limestone. At one time a six-million-dollar fertilizer project was planned to use these deposits, but the project fell through for lack of a cheap source of sulphuric acid. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island are a large and ready market for fertilizer; eighty thousand acres of potato land demand a ton of fertilizer per year per acre.

Enticing castles can be built in the air, but only careful study will tell how solid they'll be a year from now. Meanwhile Bathurst has formed an Industrial Committee to deal with immediate and long-range developments. But when Jimmy Boylen urges sceptical old E. G. Eddy, lumber baron and unofficial prime minister of Bathurst, to get busy and build apartments for the anticipated influx of miners, Eddy dryly replies: "You build them, I'll sell you the lumber." ★

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Our Illegal Federal Elections

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

direct return on their campaign-fund investments. Gold-mining companies may give more to the Conservatives because they resent Liberal policy on gold; other industries or individual companies might favor the Liberals because they like government policy, or hope for a policy that they will like. But, in the main, what they expect is a favorable climate or atmosphere for business, which they would count on getting from either the Liberal or the Conservative Party. They are, in effect, contributing to maintain private enterprise and the two-party system.

Contractors expect or at least hope for a more direct and tangible reward, but in the federal field they don't always get it. A good many federal contracts are let by tender, and the lowest bid usually gets the job.

"Anybody who gives money to the federal party, and hopes to get it back, is a fool," one veteran politician said. By way of illustration he told of a recent situation in Quebec:

"A fellow down there is a first-rate contractor but he's a Duplessis man, everybody knows it. When this federal contract came along, some Defense Production job it was, this Duplessis man takes a careful look at it and puts in a really waterproof bid—not too low to look irresponsible, but just barely high enough for a good firm to break even and maybe make a small profit.

"So, he got the job. Liberals are screaming and screaming and saying something should be done, but there's nothing to be done. Low bidder gets the job."

Some MPs have been a little slow to grasp this principle on Defense Production contracts. Not long ago a Liberal member wrote indignantly to a Defense Production official to say that two of the contractors on defense projects in his riding were known Conservatives.

"I am notifying you so that you may take them off your list," he concluded.

The official turned the letter over to C. D. Howe: "Maybe you'd like to answer this letter yourself, sir."

"I certainly would," said Howe. They haven't heard from that MP since.

Nothing infuriates Defense Production so much as mention of a "patronage list," which they swear they have never seen. John Dickey, Howe's parliamentary assistant, put the figures on Hansard last month—871 contracts of which 855, or about ninety-eight percent, were let by open tender. The rest were special secret jobs such as the radar stations now being built in co-operation with the U. S.

Normally, even on these jobs, the secret work is given to some big well-screened company like Canadian General Electric, but the general contractor is required to call tenders for sub-contracts and let the department see the tenders, to make sure the low bid gets the job. In the case of the radar stations, for which the U. S. is paying about two thirds of the cost, American anxiety for speed led Ottawa to omit calling for tenders and allot a few cost-plus contracts. Stories that all these contracts went to Liberals are denied with great indignation.

Maybe there wouldn't be so many of those stories, though, if campaign funds were let in a different way. And not all departments are as sensitive about patronage as Defense Production.

Old-fashioned MPs see nothing wrong with that—instead they bemoan the fact that so many departments,



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such a high fraction of federal contracts, have been removed from the field of patronage. They believe, in the immortal words of the pre-Confederation Premier, John Sandfield Macdonald, that "we must support our supporters." Also in the equally immortal words of one-time Public Works Minister Israel Tarte: "Elections are not won with prayers."

Other MPs, probably a majority of both parties, detest patronage and deplore their own need for it. They wish with all their hearts that party funds could be raised in some other way, that parties could find some escape from this deep recurrent indebtedness to a relatively small group of big contributors.

What baffles them is how to do it. To every plan for limitation of campaign spending, the same baleful rejoinder is made: "How are you going to make it work?"

It's not enough to say "Pass a law." We have a law now, and remarkably little attention is paid to it. It's a doleful paradox but it is true that most elections to the House of Commons are illegal. The great majority of our law-makers become lawbreakers in the very act of being elected to make the laws.

If this were not so there'd be no secret about election costs, no difficulty about computing them. The Canada Elections Act requires every candidate to furnish a complete and detailed statement of all his expenses, which is published. Any candidate who knowingly makes a false declaration is liable to a two-thousand-dollar fine and two years in jail. Yet MPs readily admit that accurate statements of campaign expenses are the rare exception.

Some years ago it was suggested that campaign funds be limited to ten cents a voter, and a Nova Scotia Liberal was appalled: "That would give me only thirty-five hundred dollars. I want to say you just can't run an election in my county for thirty-five hundred."

Costs have quadrupled since then—but in 1949 that same MP formally declared his total expenses to be only \$1,067.70.

There are in Nova Scotia several seats the Conservatives know they can't win, and they waste little money trying. But they found in 1949 that even "token" campaigns cost them three thousand dollars each. Without that much, candidates wouldn't accept the nomination. Men of experience in both major parties say it costs between eight thousand and twelve thousand to stage a real campaign in a typical Nova Scotia seat. Yet the three Conservatives who won declared expenses averaging just over three thousand. One Liberal who carried an expensive urban riding put his down as five hundred and seventy-five dollars.

In Ontario a Liberal got sixty-five hundred from the party treasury, thinking that would be all he'd need. The campaign cost eight thousand. He had to borrow fifteen hundred dollars from the bank to pay the extra bills. Officially, though, his total expenses appear as \$2,909.69.

"I don't like it," a troubled Conservative said. "I've never before in my life put my name to a document that wouldn't stand examination."

Some MPs explain that their official statements contain "all the costs I know anything about," but they admit other people spent money for them. Far from being an excuse, this is another violation of the Canada Elections Act. Section 62 of the act expressly forbids any campaign outlay by anyone except the candidate's official agent.

But the commonest illegality of all, the one which is virtually universal in both the major parties, is the hiring of



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cars to take voters to the polling places.

Section 73 of the act forbids hiring, paying for or promising to pay for in whole or in part any form of vessel or vehicle to convey voters to or from a polling station. Anyone doing so, or taking such payment for use of his vehicle, is liable to a five-hundred-dollar fine and a year in jail.

This law is ignored all over Canada. There may be local exceptions, but I do not know of any constituency in which cars are not hired by the Liberal and Conservative candidates. All kinds of excuses and devices are used, such as

deferring payment until the day after the election or having it made by somebody else, but the law is drafted carefully enough to cover every imaginable evasion. The plain fact is that both parties break the law, openly and consistently.

In most parts of Canada those are the only violations of the law that are still openly practiced and tolerated by honest men. But in some regions, and certain ridings within those regions, other old and nasty practices survive.

"I draw a line at the Ottawa River," said one party organizer. "West of it,

with a few local exceptions, political machines are reasonably cheap and reasonably honest. East of it, in Quebec and the Maritimes, they are expensive and corrupt."

For instance, the old custom of dishing out free liquor has pretty well died out in most provinces. But in the Maritimes both parties still put a large item in the budget for rum, and in Quebec for whisky *blanc*. One recent Maritime by-election, in which the winning candidate decided he'd hand out no rum and no cash, was regarded as a revolutionary departure from

the long-established tradition.

As for handing out cash, most of the money nowadays goes to so-called leaders and organizers. Trying to pay individual voters for their votes is a practice that has become almost obsolete. But here's a story one Maritime Conservative tells on himself:

He was running in a by-election a few years ago and, on the Saturday night before election day, the Liberals went into a slum ward handing out two-dollar bills. He heard about this, so on Sunday he went out there himself to call on people.

"I heard the Liberals are giving you two dollars for your vote," he'd say. The voter would nod, and the Conservative would go on: "The damned cheap skates. Here, give it back to me and I'll give you four dollars."

Not being very quick at mental arithmetic the voters thought (at least, the Conservative thinks they thought) he was doubling the Liberal bribe.

"And it worked," the story concludes triumphantly. "We didn't win the election but we did carry that slum ward."

Few candidates are so indiscreet as to get mixed up personally in that kind of operation (or at any rate, so candid as to admit it). Not so few are those who deliberately shut their eyes to what is done by obviously disreputable agents.

A common proposition runs something like this: Old Joe Blow, here, is the man who really knows how to deliver the Umpteenth District (or the Ruritania vote). Just give old Joe five thousand dollars and leave the rest to him. You don't have to know anything about these things, you don't want to mix in dirty politics; just leave it to Joe.

In nine cases out of ten the only candidates nowadays who fall for this line are the gullible rich. The sophisticated politician will have found out long ago that Old Joe delivers nothing at all—that he puts the five thousand in his pocket, plus perhaps the additional two thousand that he exacts in the final week "or else we'll lose the whole Umpteenth District."

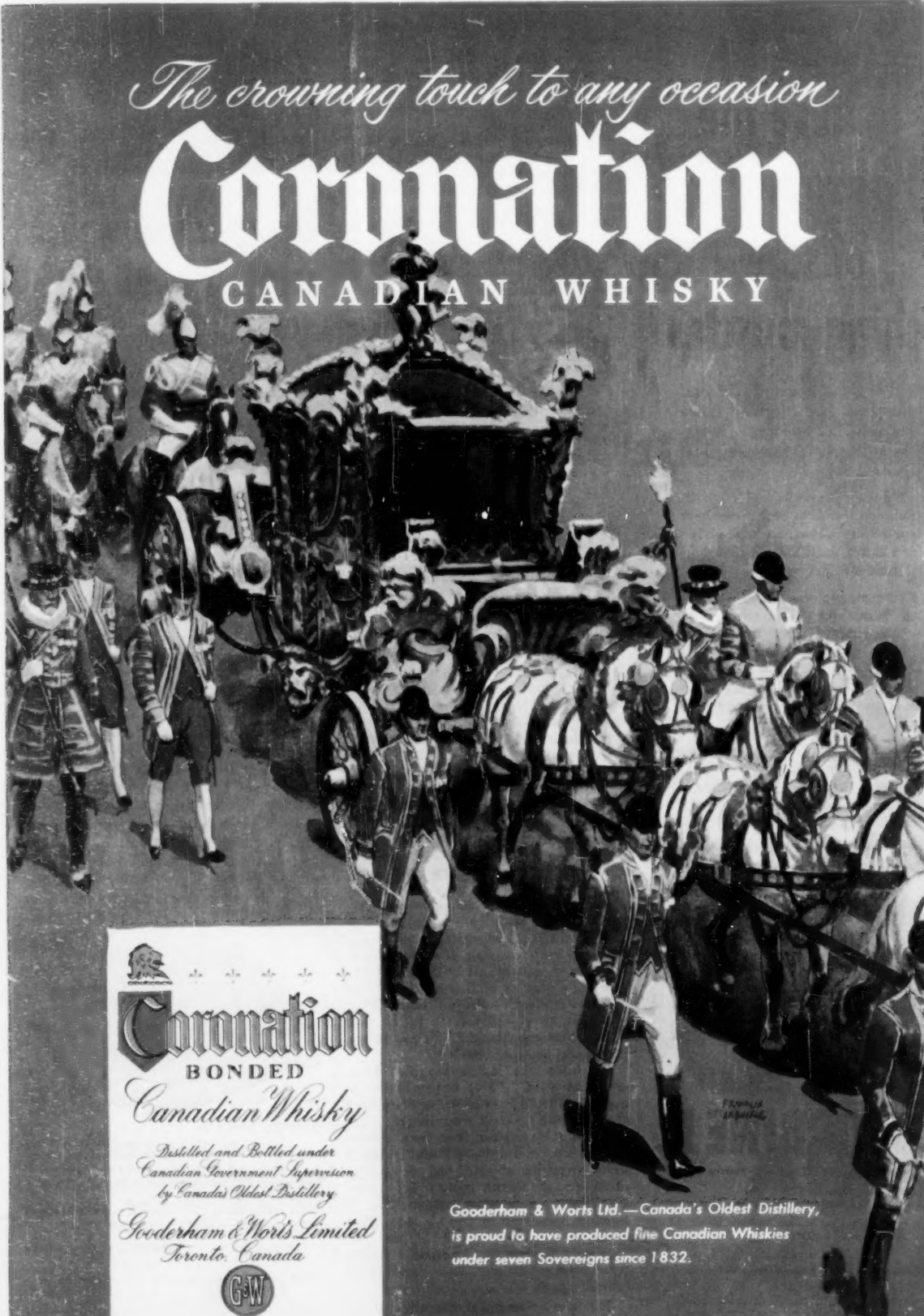
It's Quicker When Crooked

In the tenth case out of ten, or maybe the hundredth out of a hundred, Old Joe is a different sort—not a relatively harmless old fraud who lives by separating fools from their money, but a real and competent criminal. Given the right time and place (they're diminishing, fortunately) Joe can deliver a good deal. Any good organization, honest or crooked, keeps an up-to-the-minute list on election day showing who has voted and who hasn't. The scrutineer's job is to keep that intelligence flowing steadily to party headquarters.

In the last hour the honest organization proves its worth by knowing whom to go after and whom to let alone, among those who still haven't voted. The crooked machine has a quicker way. It sends out squads to vote the names themselves.

In one election in the Thirties the Anglican Bishop of Montreal, the late Right Rev. John Farthing, turned up at the poll to find his vote already cast. That was the time the votes cast in this riding outnumbered, by several thousand, the total number of voters on the list—a simple feat if Joe can bribe the deputy returning officers and either buy or beat up the other party's scrutineers.


But that was eighteen years ago. I don't suppose there are a dozen ridings left in the whole of Canada where the same kind of thing will go on this year. The Joes cancel each other out, and so are not worth what they cost, and so both parties are dropping them.




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Yet the cost of elections is rising, not falling. Where then does the money go? And why does it still go so much faster in Quebec and the Maritimes, with their "expensive and corrupt" machines than it does in the rest of Canada?

It goes because more and more people, in more and more places, insist on being paid more and more money for work they once did for nothing. Take scrutineers. There are still candidates who say they can find volunteers who are willing to sit all day at a polling station, keeping track of who has voted and sending lists back to headquarters. But most MPs admit that nowadays these essential workers have to be paid. In Ontario they can still be got for five or six dollars each. In Quebec they get ten or twelve.

In Ontario, even though you do have to pay your workers now, you aren't expected to hire any more than you need. In Quebec you're expected to hire the customary number, or more. For instance it is wise to employ a "checker" or messenger at each poll, for six dollars, and a poll captain to direct the getting out of the vote, at forty or fifty dollars.

It's the same all the way down the list of election expenses. That's why a Quebec MP can show you accounts that include "not one cent for graft," and still run to twenty-two or twenty-seven thousand dollars. The same campaign, two hundred miles farther west, would cost a little more than half that much.

But enough of these invidious comparisons. The serious fact is that election costs are rising in all parts of Canada, and everywhere for the same set of reasons.

"I still get my ward chairmen to work for nothing," an Ontario MP said with just pride. "You need four or five of them in a city riding like mine—fellows who really know the district and can take charge. Most candidates have to pay them five hundred apiece."

But even that man, like almost everyone else I talked to, had an item in his campaign budget for "nonsalaried help." Bluntly, this means the remuneration of the "volunteers," the people who like to have it thought they are working for pure love of the party, but who like also to get some tangible token of the party's appreciation.

"You'd be astonished," one organizer said, "how many people nowadays expect to be paid. Well-to-do people, sometimes. Often what they get is chicken feed to them—but they still take it, and like it."

This tendency is not confined to individuals. It also applies to whole industries and occupations, including the somewhat self-righteous one to which I belong. Politicians of both parties complain bitterly of being overcharged by Press and radio for election publicity.

They say publications in all parts of Canada charge their very highest rates, sometimes rate-and-a-half, for election advertising. Radio stations charge the rate they normally quote for the best listening time, regardless of what time the political broadcast or spot ad goes on the air. One excuse offered for this policy is that political accounts are not classed as good credit risks, and in some local situations that is certainly true. National advertising, however, is placed and guaranteed by agencies of impeccable standing, yet the top rates are charged just the same.

"I estimate the two parties pay at least one hundred thousand dollars each, over and above the normal price of the space and time they buy," said a man who has settled many such accounts in the past twenty years. "I don't resent it so much from the papers that are opposing our party. But when

we get the same treatment from our so-called supporters—and some of them are the most rapacious of the lot—it really burns me up."

Needless to say the local candidate pays the same kind of rate to the local media of publicity. He pays high for other things, too. Halls that normally rent for fifty dollars suddenly cost two hundred. Shabby stores, vacant for months and begging on the local realty market, cost around three hundred dollars to rent for campaign committee rooms. And, worst of all, he's expected to hire more of everything than he really needs, for fear of offending people by refusals.

"These last two elections I've had fifty percent more people than I had any use for," a Maritime Liberal said. "Maybe I'll have a good man in a certain polling district, man who really knows his job. In comes his next-door neighbor and says, 'I'd like to work for the party this time, too; been a Liberal all my life but never worked in a campaign before.' What can you say? You have to make them think they're doing you a favor—though they expect to be paid, don't worry. And they don't know how to do anything, they just get in the way."

The British Obey the Law

This tremendous inflation of campaign costs, even for quite legitimate purposes, has got politicians more concerned with this ancient perennial worry than they have been for some years. "It's got to stop," said a Quebec MP with desperation in his voice. "It's not so the man who puts a pitcher of water on the platform table expects to be paid five dollars for that."

There are several ways in which we could try to stop it. Theoretically, at least, it could be done by law.

We might impose a ceiling on party expenditures throughout the country. That's what the United States has done. Their two parties are forbidden to spend more than three millions each, or three quarters of the probable figure for Canadian parties. Since the cost of the 1952 campaign in the U.S. has been estimated at seventy-five millions for each party, it appears that the United States law doesn't work well.

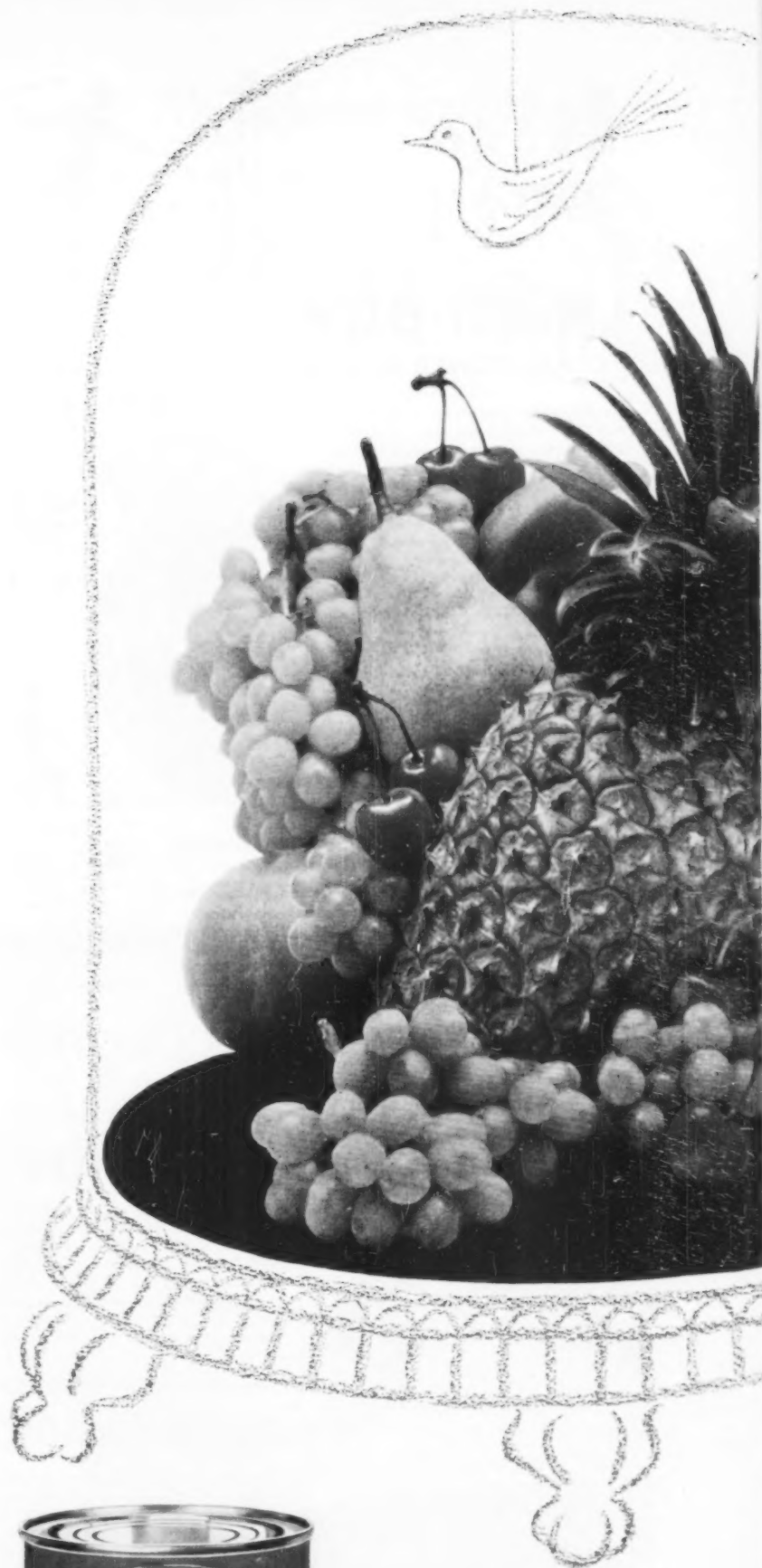
We might do as Britain does and limit expenses to so much per voter in each riding, plus a flat sum for the national campaign. (In Canada the national campaigns cost a bit less than a million for each party.) This does work in Britain, but the British are a more law-abiding people than any in North America.

Also, how would you ever fix a uniform rate to cover a prairie riding where any candidate is comfortable with three thousand, and a Quebec urban riding where each party normally spends thirty thousand? It's hard to see how any such law could be enforced.

But even with the law as we have it now one or two steps might be tried.

First, politicians might take their courage in both hands and decide to wage a legal campaign. No more hired cars. Let the real friends of the party lend their cars free, as some do now; if those won't carry all the voters let the rest walk. That decision alone would save as much as five thousand dollars to some candidates.

Second, both parties might undertake a little plain ordinary economy. In 1949, for example, when they spent half to three quarters of a million apiece on publicity, the outlay included great wads of propaganda material for use in the ridings. One MP told me he used to have to sneak out to the city dump at midnight, in the last week of the campaign, to feed into the incinerator the unopened bales of worthless pub-



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licity which had arrived during the day from party headquarters.

To take a smaller but even more spectacular example, in 1935 a party leader's national tour could be run for twelve hundred dollars, which R. B. Bennett, for one, paid out of his own pocket. The railways provide each leader with a private car and charge him nothing but the actual cost of the food consumed and the wages of chefs and stewards. Yet in 1949 one leader's national tour cost nearly twenty thousand. The cost of living hasn't risen that much.

Candidates on both sides might remember that they don't need to compete with each other dollar for dollar, only vote for vote. Dollars don't necessarily get votes. Indeed, some people doubt whether they even help. And that brings us to the third step that could be taken:

Recruit party workers who are willing to work for the party, not for money. The minor parties have proved it can be done.

At a committee hearing in 1938 a Liberal backbencher said ruefully: "I know the CCF followers have the apostolic zeal that they'll do anything for nothing, but we haven't got that in the old parties. The apostolic spirit has faded away, unfortunately, and I don't imagine it will ever come back."

Even the CCF is not entirely free of the general embarrassment about party funds. At the CCF convention last summer one resolution demanded "public disclosure of all donations to campaign funds in excess of two hundred dollars." Someone pointed out that several people gave more than that to the CCF's own coffers and might not like their names printed. So the resolution was amended to affect "donations in excess of five hundred dollars."

But, with that minor and amusing exception, the CCF has a pretty clear record. They collect their money almost wholly from individual party members in small amounts. These small contributors want all the books examined publicly so they can see where their money went. The CCF in 1949 ran one hundred and seventy-nine candidates and elected thirteen of them with a total campaign expenditure of \$248,053.07. That is the figure they publish, and their MPs earnestly affirm (as Liberals and Conservatives do not) that their official statements are really accurate and complete.

Social Credit in 1949 ran eighty candidates for about sixty thousand dollars. This year they may run a great many more and they may, with two provincial governments in power, get a piece of the big money to do it with. But up to now they too have run cheap but effective campaigns.

Both parties have been able to do this because they can summon volunteer help. They get on without advertising, without hiring cars, with a bare minimum of committee rooms and similar equipment. Instead they have willing workers who believe in the party's program and are willing to do something to bring it to reality.

Every shred of evidence indicates that in this country the believers in free enterprise vastly outnumber the socialists. If only a fraction of these believers had the socialists' zeal for their own beliefs, the old parties would have more free workers than they'd know what to do with and their advertising and radio time would be offered to them free.

If politicians could manage to rouse that kind of enthusiasm in the people who vote for them the problem of campaign funds would disappear. But until they do, it looks as if they'll have to go back every four or five years for another eight or ten millions. ★

The Movie Revolution

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Toronto, United Artists' *Bwana Devil*, the story of a lion hunt in Africa, and are looking at Warner Brothers' 3-D horror picture, *House of Wax*—also being premiered in Toronto. The National Film Board's two 3-D cartoons, *Now is the Time* and *Around is Around*—made by Norman McLaren and shown a few years ago at the Festival of Britain—are touring the country, and Famous Players is equipping fifty Canadian theatres for three-dimensional pictures.

Looming on the immediate horizon are Columbia's historical epic, *Fort Ti*; Paramount's costume drama, *Sangaree*; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's rodeo film, *Arena*; Twentieth Century-Fox's religious drama, *The Robe*—and a provocative little something called 3-D Follies, emerging from the studios of Sol Lesser and starring Montreal's favorite strip-tease artist, Lili St. Cyr.

By the end of the year every large Canadian city will have had its own introduction to the third dimension—possibly including the most spectacular of them all, Cinerama.

In the meantime, as some Hollywood wit has put it, "Everybody's got three dimities." What is it all about? people ask each other. What is this thing called 3-D? How new is it, how does it work, and what does it promise us?

Briefly, 3-D is the successful achievement of a third dimension—depth—in the realm of motion pictures, which hitherto have been confined to two dimensions—height and width. There are two basic kinds of 3-D, as Hollywood uses the term:

- Real (or stereoscopic) 3-D, requiring viewers to wear polaroid glasses.
- Pseudo (or wide-screen) 3-D, which can be viewed without glasses.

Three main sub types of 3-D are, at the moment, in the news. They are Cinerama and CinemaScope, which use the wide-screen approach, and Natural Vision, which is truly stereoscopic 3-D.

What does depth do for a movie? It gives things a new reality. A good three-dimensional process can bring pictured people mysteriously alive, make scenes vivid and exciting, give a film a flesh-and-blood substantial look.

Bwana Devil, made in stereoscopic 3-D, is not a good picture, but it captures some of this magic. For instance, when (in one sequence down by a river) the reeds part and a native face peers out, it peers *really* out—that is, the face comes toward you, there in the audience, as close as if the man six rows ahead had turned round in his seat and was staring at you . . . Native warriors jig up and down in a circle, pointing their spears. Another couple of yards, you feel, and that thin boy's weapon will stick you between the ribs.

The Philadelphia theatre where I saw *Bwana Devil* early in February carried its advertising to a logical conclusion when it promised patrons "A Lover in Your Arms." "A Lion in Your Lap" would have been more apt.

This three-dimensional sight is the kind of visual reality that our own two healthy eyes provide us with every day for the simple reason that human beings have "binocular vision"—that is, our eyes are separated so that they see at different angles. Then the two different views seen by our two eyes reach our brain simultaneously and are combined there into one picture, firmly planted in the three dimensions of height, width and depth. Nearly a hundred years ago Oliver Wendell

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Holmes described stereoptic vision in the Atlantic Monthly:

By means of these two different views of an object, the mind... feels around it and gets an idea of its solidity. We clasp an object with our eyes as with our arms... then we know it to be something more than a surface.

True, or stereoscopic, 3-D attempts to imitate this natural vision.

In New York, a spokesman for the Bwana Devil interests explained to me, "One-eyed people lack depth of vision. It is in the play of your two eyes that you get three-dimensional sight. We call our kind of 3-D Natural Vision because it photographs with two cameras representing your two eyes, perfectly synchronized. We put our film into two projectors and project the two reels simultaneously onto the screen. When you look at the screen with your naked eye it appears as if you're looking at two pictures a bit out of focus. It's only when you put on our special polaroid glasses that the two outlines move together, the picture comes into perfect registration, and you get a three-dimensional effect."

It costs about fifteen hundred dollars to install Natural Vision in a theatre. The equipment includes a Natural Vision screen and two synchronized projectors. Each projector has a filter made of a different kind of polaroid, a material which plays tricks with light rays. In the glasses worn by the audience the polaroid in the right lens is the same as that in the filter on the projector which reflects the right-eye image, and the polaroid in the left lens corresponds to that in the projector which reflects the left-eye image. The effect is that a person in the audience simultaneously sees two images, one with each eye, and his mind fits them together so that they register depth, the third dimension. A big advantage of stereoscopic 3-D is that it can be viewed from any seat in a theatre without distortion.

This Is Cinerama, the amazing film currently being shown in New York to a record crowd, is pseudo 3-D and achieves its effects in a quite different fashion. It is, as the science editor of the New York Times points out, "an engulfer"—by which he means that it manages, by using an enormous curved screen, numerous projectors and half a dozen microphones, to engulf you—the audience—in the scene you are witnessing. Cinerama does not pretend to imitate nature's binocular vision, and you wear no glasses to look at it. Instead, its astonishing three-dimensional effects are achieved by what its inventor calls "peripheral vision"—that is, it brings to your brain not only the impact of what you see in front of you, but also what you see out of the corner of your eyes.

In its psychological suggestion, peripheral vision is amazingly effective. This Is Cinerama opens with a breathtaking sequence on a roller coaster. To photograph the scene, the three-eyed Cinerama camera was placed in the front of the little car; you, the audience, are in the position of a man astride the camera—in other words, you are taking a ride in a roller coaster, with nothing ahead but hills and hollows, and to either side the buildings and shapes and figures that go to make up an amusement park. Your eyes see ahead of you, up and down, and to both sides. The roller coaster starts to move... you climb up and up and up... the buildings on either side fall back... you mount higher still... you are at the top, suspended between heaven and earth in a small red roller coaster... Then the car drops. And a few seconds later you

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are sitting in a moving-picture theatre, your voice hoarse from screaming on a roller-coaster ride you didn't really have.

That's peripheral vision. That's Cinerama, so real that General James Doolittle had to clutch his seat for support during the roller-coaster sequence; so real that young jet pilots home from Korea find themselves banking and swinging during an airplane stunt sequence.

Cinerama is so expensive its owners think that two hundred Cinerama-equipped theatres across the continent

is the most they can hope for. Conversion of a theatre to Cinerama involves installing a concave screen in three sections—the one in New York City is fifty-one feet across and twenty-six feet from top to bottom, almost six times the size of an ordinary screen. Three projectors, five amplifiers and eleven sound projectors are scattered through the house. Once a theatre is converted for Cinerama it's useless for anything else. Cost of conversion is said to be approximately fifty thousand dollars per theatre, but prefabricated projection booths are now in the

making, which will bring the outlay down.

New York prices for Cinerama—now sold out till June—range from \$1.20 to \$2.80 a ticket and are expected to stay high in every city where Cinerama plays. A spokesman for the outfit says, "This is quality entertainment for a discriminating audience." Unfortunately, not everybody can sit in the centre of a theatre—from where Cinerama looks its best. Those who have to sit upstairs, or on side aisles, are treated — quality entertainment notwithstanding — to a picture with

peculiarly distorted sound and sight.

CinemaScope has been defined as "Twentieth Century-Fox's cheaper process for avoiding glasses." It appears to be a sort of middle way between Natural Vision (inexpensive to install, but requiring polaroid spectacles) and Cinerama (no glasses required, but prohibitively expensive for most movie houses). CinemaScope produces a three-dimensional effect with a camera which squeezes a wide image onto ordinary film; a special lens in the projector releases the image full-width on the screen. It requires a larger than usual curved screen and synchronized loudspeakers. CinemaScope has been called "the poor man's Cinerama" because it is less expensive to install (from five thousand to thirty-five thousand dollars, depending on the theatre) and is an engulfer rather than a stereoscope. Twentieth Century-Fox, owner of the process, has announced it intends to make all its future productions in CinemaScope and that its cameras and projection equipment will be available to all studios, producers and theatres in the United States as soon as they can be manufactured. Already several other companies have indicated their interest — including Warners, Paramount, Columbia and M-G-M. Spyros P. Skouras, president of Fox, recently predicted that about three thousand theatres throughout the world would be equipped with CinemaScope by October. Meanwhile, for showings in unconverted theatres, Fox has developed an optical process for converting film photographed in CinemaScope to ordinary flat projection, and Paramount plans to bring out a method which will give a 3-D effect to the backlog of flat films on hand.

Where Cinerama brags that it doesn't have to rely on the Hollywood star system for its effects, Fox likes to dig you in the ribs and chuckle, "Wait till you see our Marilyn Monroe in three-dimensional CinemaScope!"

Now, all this interest in 3-D is not new, as anyone will tell you who ever whiled away an old-fashioned Sunday afternoon with a bulky stereoscope set. Thousands of us remember wearing colored glasses (one eye was red, the other green) and looking at Pete Smith shorts away back in the Twenties. Children with Viewmasters have a kind of 3-D today. There was 3-D at the Paris International Exposition in 1900, at the 1939 World's Fair, at the Festival of Britain, and 3-D in Russia, where a theatre operates full time showing three-dimensional films using a lenticular screen made of small cylindrical lenses. The weakness of the Russian system is that it works only in very narrow theatres (a British patent for an identical process, called Autostereoscopy, was applied for before the last war).

There was 3-D on Broadway in 1930, called Anamorphoscope. It was the invention of a German camera maker called Paul Rudolph, who passed it on to a physician called Sidney Newcomer, who passed it on to a professor named Henri Chrétien, who is credited with being the inventor of 1953-style CinemaScope.

What's new in today's stereoptic 3-D process, of course, is the use of polarized glasses, plus color, plus stereophonic (or 3-D) sound, beamed at its audience from all over the theatre.

Some of the most advanced work in the 3-D medium has been done by Norman McLaren, a young Scottish-born artist with Canada's National Film Board. A few years ago he was asked to submit something in the way of 3-D cartoons to the Festival of Britain, for showing in the super-modern Telecinema theatre. He came up with two colored animations: Now

She's not worrying about wear ...

it's a *Viscose* carpet!

Because Viscose carpet yarn is man-made for greater strength, Viscose carpets, either tufted or woven, can really take it in stride ... their ability to stand up under hard wear has been proved by gruelling, practical tests. But Viscose means *more* than long life in a carpet. Viscose takes dyes beautifully ... it means richer colours, new and more attractive patterns. Viscose carpets are absolutely and *permanently* mothproof ... clean beautifully, too. Next time you're shopping find out how a Viscose carpet can help your home ... and your pocketbook!

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Producers of Viscose Yarn and Staple Fibre
Head Office and Plant: Cornwall, Ont.



is the Time (from the advice given to 3-D viewers, "Now is the time to put on your glasses") and Around is Around. These two films, which have been shown to two and a half million people in Europe, got their first Canadian showing at the 1951 Canadian National Exhibition, played five weeks at the Kent theatre in Montreal, entertained New Yorkers early this year at Broadway's Globe theatre, and began a cross-Canada tour recently.

A novelty animation, set to composer Louis Appelbaum's delightful 3-D music, McLaren's work presents various geometrical shapes dancing, looping, and waving against beautifully colored backgrounds.

With all these experiments in 3-D floating around for fifty years, people are naturally wondering why Hollywood is so excited about 3-D so suddenly. The Motion Picture Herald believes it has the answer:

Interest in stereoscopy might have been greater within the industry if there had not been the hope that somebody, somewhere, somehow would sometime come up with a third-dimensional process that would not require those damn glasses!

Finally, of course, someone did. His name was Fred Waller and his process was Cinerama—admittedly not true 3-D, but no one was in the mood to worry about technicalities. Sir Alexander Korda declared, "Sound, which came at a time when the silent-picture industry was on the decline, raised the film industry higher than ever before . . . Cinerama, I am convinced, will have the same impact."

Stock in Cinerama, Inc., once as low as ten cents a share, gradually climbed to four dollars, then soared to nine dollars overnight before settling down to six or seven dollars. This Is Cinerama opened on Broadway last October. In February the advance sale of tickets to the end of May was \$331,000. After fifteen years of hard work and headaches, Fred Waller had hit the jackpot.

The Eye Paints A Picture

The background of Cinerama is a long and involved story, almost as complicated as its three-dimensional financial setup in which one company owns the patents, another supplies the equipment, and a third produces and displays the films. Over the years Waller—described as "the kind of fellow who goes out to the barn to build a kitchen shelf and winds up inventing a better nail"—had invented water skis, a wind direction and velocity indicator, and a camera that measured a man in a fiftieth of a second for a suit of clothes. In the Twenties, as head of Paramount's trick-film department, he used wide-angle lenses to get special effects. He noticed that these lenses produced a faint three-dimensional effect. He began to wonder: Why do people see the way they do? What do they see? What do they *think* they see? He came up with the theory, "The eye lens paints a crude picture on the retina, but it's the brain that fills in the detail." In other words, much of what we see is what we know is there.

Waller wasn't getting very far with his reflections until 1939, when he was asked to do some film projections at the World's Fair, on a curved screen. "Curved screen?" he muttered, and suddenly something clicked. He had been trying to make a camera that would duplicate human sight on a flat screen, but actually what people see when they open their eyes is a curved picture—that is, they see ahead of them and to both sides, as if they were looking at the world on a curved screen.

Waller invented a ponderous camera with eleven "eyes" which focused on a curved screen—the father of today's Cinerama.

Through the years before This Is Cinerama struck gold Waller doggedly kept working on improvements while the financial strength of the venture ebbed and flowed like the Fundy tide. On the way, Waller gained wartime fame by inventing an aerial-gunners trainer in which his Cinerama cameras projected shots of enemy planes on a spherical screen in front of trainee gunners, giving them a chance to get

used to combat angles without leaving the ground.

With the support of men like Lowell Thomas and Merian Cooper, the producer of the trick movie King Kong, the financial backing for Cinerama stayed strong enough to allow This Is Cinerama to be made. Soon after it began showing to jammed houses, Louis B. Mayer stepped in as chairman of the board. "Mayer's name stamps Cinerama as big time," commented Fortune. Recently a seven-million-dollar deal was negotiated with Technicolor for future Cinerama pictures,

including the musical comedy Paint Your Wagon, with Bing Crosby. Hollywood was properly impressed.

It was even more impressed when Bwana Devil began pulling in the dollars on the west coast. This was the three-dimensional picture that radio writer Arch Oboler had been working on for three years, amid the dire predictions of everybody but a few staunch friends and his wife that he was riding for a fall. Renting the 3-D Natural Vision cameras of a manufacturer named Gunsberg, Oboler made Bwana Devil on a low budget in Africa, bought

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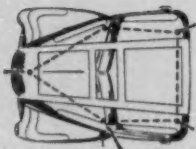


...and dollars in the bank

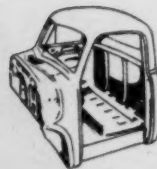
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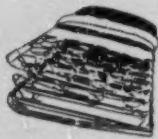
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ALLIGATOR JAW COUNTER-BALANCED HOOD — Easy access to the engine and good visibility come through the alligator jaw hood that stays open easily without a prop.



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CHEVROLET TRUCKS

up a mess of polaroid spectacles in cardboard frames, and did all his preliminary advertising himself by radio, newspaper and television. Bwana Devil opened in the Paramount Theatre in Hollywood and on the first day the gate was an amazing nine thousand dollars.

United Artists stepped into the scene at this point, paid Oboler half a million dollars down and promised another million and a quarter from future receipts. In the next few months Bwana Devil moved on to thirty other theatres, making money all the way. (United Artists got its down payment back from the first ten engagements.) Polaroid stock soared, and Bwana Devil took second place in all United States bookings.

With Cinerama and Bwana Devil making money, and television more threatening every day, every film com-

posed to do with their glasses during ten-minute intermissions? . . . If you stand up to let somebody pass you on his way to a seat, and your glasses fall off, and he steps on them, how do you get hold of a new pair? . . . While cardboard spectacles can be discarded, the more expensive plastic-rimmed type must be handed back as you leave the theatre, where they are collected, sterilized, put back in Cellophane and handed out to newcomers. The Cellophane makes a noise in the theatre as one person after another removes the glasses from the envelope, and the sterilizing stuff makes the glasses smell fishy.

"Heaven help us if anybody gets an eye condition and goes to court and says it's the fault of 3-D glasses," a harassed distributor muttered to me.

And so it stands. Many trade realists insist that 3-D is tomorrow's goal, not today's realization. Certainly the 3-D films I've seen so far are anything but perfect, with the illusion of perspective often lost in the technique and a fair amount of confusion in the picture itself. Bwana Devil and some offerings by Bolex Stereo, which I caught in New York in February, were both bad in this regard. A couple of old Festival of Britain 3-D shorts were beautiful, but almost completely void of action. Cinerama, while powerful and spectacular, displayed ugly dividing lines on its three screens.

Even those most closely connected with the present processes admit there's still a long way to go. A spokesman for Bwana Devil said, "Sure this picture is full of faults, but most of them resulted from trying to get the third dimension. You wouldn't judge the future of sound on The Jazz Singer, would you? Well then, give us time." Cinerama spokesmen say, "We're working on it. Cinerama will be ten times more effective in a little while."

Of one thing the industry is becoming certain: there's got to be some sort of standardization of 3-D. Whether it will be Natural Vision, CinemaScope, or some other process still in the test-tube state, nobody knows. But certainly theatre owners, as well as the industry, are going to have to make a decision sooner or later, if Hollywood is to go all-out on 3-D in its attempt to defeat TV.

It is reliably reported that 3-D television in color is not at all impossible. Harry Donovan, producer of Telemount-Mutual Productions in Hollywood, said in February that 3-D color television was ready and just waiting the Federal Communications Commission's approval. There should be little increase in production costs, Donovan said. A special stereoscopic lens will be placed on the television camera to get a 3-D effect, the image will be projected by twin projectors and—oh yes, you'll have to wear glasses to see three-dimensional TV!

Others believe that to get 3-D in good effect on television all investments in the entire television setup would have to be scrapped and the thing remade and realigned from scratch. Still, it could be done.

Paul Raibourn, vice-president of Paramount, recently orated before a convention of scientists: "Pitiless indeed are the processes of creative thought upon which engineers rely and in which they glory. They respect the convenience of none. Old gods are tumbled from their pedestals. Misery awaits in their path. Yet their result will continue to be the enlargement of human life."

Which gives us something to think about. If 3-D films outmode our present films, and 3-D television outmodes 3-D films, where do we go from there? ★

CAMOUFLAGE

Some people say I am so good.
They wouldn't, if they knew
The many wicked thoughts I think.
I hope they don't show through.

LUELLA K. JOHNSON

pany in Hollywood decided to get into the act. When I visited New York early in February, things were in a fine state of confusion. Everybody was talking about 3-D, every edition of every newspaper carried the latest bulletin on what studio was going to make what kind of 3-D movies.

All sorts of problems, angles, and interesting sidelights were coming into view:

- One-eyed projectionists were going to be out of work, since two eyes are required in 3-D projection. The Projectionists' Union was reported busy on their behalf.

- Thin girls were going to be useless on 3-D. "They'll look like skinny little runts," word went around.

- Popcorn sales were going to shoot up, since rewinding the reels of 3-D films would mean an extra intermission halfway through the film.

- Songwriters were going to have to write songs in a different way. Writers would have to tighten up their dialogue. Acting would have to be sharper, crisper, simpler, so as not to detract from the 3-D technique and, because cutting would be extremely difficult, actors were going to have to memorize even long speeches.

- As for those glasses! Were they harmful to the eyes, or weren't they? M-G-M's production chief Dore Schary (who wasn't using them in his pictures) said he was sure they were against the law of nature and must hurt the vision. On the other hand, an ophthalmologist who introduced Bwana Devil said that they were perfectly harmless and very relaxing . . . It was rumored that rival companies were buying up polaroid glasses just to spite United Artists. A spokesman for UA said that wasn't true . . . Should the glasses be cardboard-framed and expendable, like Bwana Devil glasses? Or should they be the more expensive permanent kind? If the latter, what could be done to stop the public taking the glasses home? . . . What could be done to convince the public that the movie glasses are no good for night driving or sunshading? . . . What could keep the glasses from getting dirty and so obscuring the view? . . . What are customers sup-

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An Ex-King Returns

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

and a clan gathering in Scotland.)

In 1907 Mayer paid six hundred dollars for a Haverhill, Mass., flicker palace named the Gem, known to its public as "the Germ." The boy scrubbed the joint out and rechristened it the Orpheum. To attract women patrons he rented a hand-colored French picture, *The Passion Play*. Mayer himself cranked the projector. "I may have been a little fast on the crank," he said recently, "to get in an extra show." The cops had to be called to clear traffic in front of the Orpheum. "Within two years," he said, "I had all the other theatres in town."

His is not the story of a subtle man. Mayer could never hide his light. He demanded that his money and might be projected before the world. By 1914, he had enough of both to command attention. In that year he offered the unprecedented sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for the New England rights to a film still in production, *The Birth of a Nation*. He netted one hundred thousand dollars.

Mayer now had eight theatres in his chain and couldn't find enough pictures. He was in the position of a shooting gallery proprietor who couldn't buy bullets. He sallied out to buy films and was soon booking pictures for all New England, merging with another string of houses that couldn't find enough films, consolidating, bidding for pictures. He soon realized that the profits of his real-estate holdings and the flow of avid movie fans past the ticket-chopper depended on capturing production—in short, on setting up a movie factory to supply his own bullets.

In a typical Mayer decision he sold out everything and headed west in 1916 with his wife, two young daughters, and an actress, Anita Stewart. Miss Stewart was the necessary raw material for entering movie-making.

Mayer founded a factory in 1918 to make films for Metro Pictures, which was owned by an eastern theatre chain, Loew's, Inc., headed by Nicholas M. Schenck. In 1924 Schenck, Mayer and J. Robert Rubin, Loew's lawyer, formed the first and still the largest major movie factory, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, by consolidating their plants with that of Samuel Goldwyn. Mayer became plant manager, or vice-president of Loew's Inc., in charge of production.

Louis B. was king, but, like Louis XIII of France, he had his Richelieu. The power behind the throne was and still is a small alert strategist in the Loew skyscraper on Broadway, Nicholas M. Schenck, known as The General. For thirty-five years he has directed things from far behind the lines.

The General paid Mayer the top income in the known world, and approved his grand *levées*. Schenck let Mayer be thought the boss of M-G-M, a rôle not unsuited to L. B.'s expansive personality. Once a caller remarked to Schenck that Mayer's huge stipend was higher than Schenck's. The General waved his hand and said, "Oh, Louie likes that sort of thing." For seven years Mayer's personal income was the highest in the world, or at least the highest made public.

L. B. had quite a reign. He was "the most feared man in Hollywood," said Fortune. There was a joke, "If L. B. dropped a ten-dollar bill he couldn't afford the time to pick it up." Mayer is a hearty man. He is a champion rumba dancer, wilting young partners like lilies. An old associate told me, "He's incredible, indestructible. He has drive! Drive, implacable drive!"

As King of Hollywood he never stinted the panoply of power. He threw luncheons for a thousand politicians; had an outside bungalow he used entirely as a party house. As a close friend of Herbert Hoover, he was the first personal dinner guest in the White House after Hoover's inauguration in 1929. The world's first commercial telephoto transmitted from the west to east coasts depicted L. B. handing a king-size make-up box to his star, Marion Davies. He signed Queen Marie of Rumania as a script writer, and turned down Hoover's offer to



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become U. S. ambassador to Turkey. When his wife fell ill in Paris, Mayer summoned by air Lord Dawson of Penn, His Majesty's physician, and Lord Horder, the doctor of the Prince of Wales. When such celebrities as George Bernard Shaw and Einstein arrived in Hollywood they were carried off to audiences with L. B. He discovered Greta Garbo, Greer Garson, Mickey Rooney, and Leo the Lion.

The stars he is credited with developing make up a glittering company: Lon Chaney, Lillian Gish, Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Maurice Chevalier, Luise Rainer, William Powell, Freddie Bartholomew, Jean Harlow, Hedy Lamarr, Grace Moore, Esther Williams and Van Johnson. He engaged Greer Garson on a junket to Europe in 1937. She was so little known that the American papers described her as "an Irish actor." Mayer opened an M-G-M British studio and brought fame to Robert Donat and Vivian Leigh.

Mayer is a wilful, overpowering man. He was a warrior king. He punched people, including the smaller Charlie Chaplin in a Los Angeles hotel lobby in 1920. Mayer sometimes resorted to the salty lingo of the Maritimes waterfront to stress a point. But he made fiercely loyal lieutenants by his policy of delegating power and backing a man who made a mistake.

A Song for Jeanette

L. B. seldom mingled socially with the actors. His friends were bankers, industrialists and politicians. M-G-M had two staff storytellers who imparted the scenarios to him. In 1927, when the box-office receipts fell off, he told the actors to forget their temperaments and notions of higher salaries. They could be replaced by new faces. In 1926 when Greta Garbo, recently arrived as an international idol, asked Mayer to up her salary from seven hundred and fifty to five thousand a week Variety reported: "Mayer threatened her with loss of her permit to work in the United States." Garbo settled for twenty-five hundred.

Mayer sometimes goaded a player to higher artistic flights by calling him into his office and acting out big scenes from the script. Once he cornered Jeanette MacDonald and gave a deafening rendition of a song, then bade her go and do likewise.

Mayer's histrionic powers are described in *Picture*, by Lillian Ross, perhaps the best book ever written about Hollywood. Mayer is in his cream-colored throne room, denouncing artistic movies. He mentions one of his famous Andy Hardy pictures:

"Andy's mother is dying, and they make the picture showing Andy standing outside the door. **Standing.** I told them, 'Don't you know that an American boy like that will get down on his hands and knees and **pray?**' They listened. They brought Mickey Rooney down on his hands and knees." Mayer leaped from his chair and crouched on the peach-colored carpet and showed how Andy Hardy had prayed. "The biggest thing in the picture!"

When the depression struck, the movies found themselves overextended financially. The west-coast manufacturers united to hold off the eastern financiers and the depression. They elected their strongest man, L. B. Mayer, as head of the Association of Motion Picture Producers. Mayer calmed the insecure studio employees by announcing that there would be no salary cuts at M-G-M, but the contest

ended in banker control over all but the Warner Brothers studio.

In 1931, M-G-M distributed profits of three million dollars. M-G-M stockholders asked General Schenck why he had paid Mayer, Irving Thalberg and Rubin—who ran the "factory" for ten percent of the producer's net on top of their six-figure salaries—a bonus totaling \$1,748,785, more than half the dividend profits. Mayer announced a thirty-five percent cut in his own salary and put lesser employees on half pay. It reduced him to less than two thousand dollars a week, not counting the bonus, which was not reduced. By 1938 the stockholders had become so cross that they sued to recover the executive bonuses, which in that year totaled four and a half million dollars, or one third of the corporate melon. The court ordered the management to refund a half million.

In 1939 Mayer reported the largest income in the world, \$1,296,503, followed by his friends J. Robert Rubin, Nicholas M. Schenck, and William Randolph Hearst. Mayer returned to Saint John and was given the freedom of the city. He has remained warm toward his home town and has returned for several visits. Once in his boyhood he was prowling for scrap iron in John Wilson's foundry yard, when some employees turned him over to the boss. Wilson said, "This young man is a sort of partner of mine. I told him he could help himself to anything in the yard." Years later, when quiet John Wilson visited Hollywood, Mayer insisted on putting him up in a suite and gave him a limousine and chauffeur. Mayer's star, Walter Pidgeon, was born a few blocks from the boss' humble home in New Brunswick. L. B. absolved Pidgeon from his rule against mingling with actors, to yarn away on old times.

Mayer's fondness for Canadians in pictures extended to such notables as Marie Dressler, whom he claimed as a personal discovery, to Walter Huston and Raymond Massey, and of course, to Norma Shearer, the widow of his lamented partner Thalberg. Two Canadian showmen were accorded royal receptions when they went to Hollywood—the late Walter H. Golding, manager of the Capitol theatre in Saint John, and F. G. Spencer, operator of a chain in the Maritimes, who died last year.

In 1938 Mayer, who worked fourteen hours a day, found a hobby. He invaded the sport of kings and started buying race horses like popcorn—three hundred thousand dollars' worth at the first crack. It was said that he offered a million dollars for Man-of-War, to use at stud. He established the biggest stable in the world at his ranch at Perris, Calif.

The equine world, which had inclined to smile at the amateur's onslaught, was startled when Mayer's entry, Thumbs Up, won the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap in 1945. He saddled a small filly named Busher, which in two seasons grossed \$334,000, more than any female horse has ever won, and seventh among all-time money winners. When the New York turf writers named him world's leading breeder in 1946, Mayer said: "I run my stable the way I run my studio. I built it on personalities."

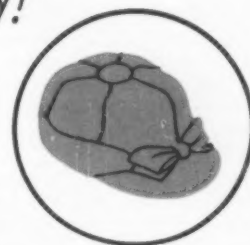
He had put about two millions into horses and the ranch, and the horses had won it back in eight years. It got so that Mayer's horses were hissed as they were led to the winning circle. Those annoying horseflies, the small M-G-M stockholders, were demanding to know why Schenck was paying an employee nearly a million dollars out of the profits (in 1945) for getting rich at the track.

The General summoned Mayer to



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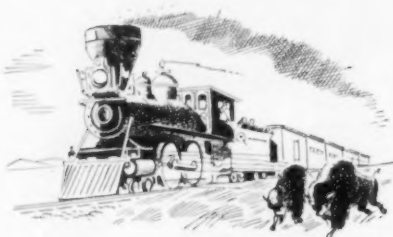
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The rapid building of railways in the youthful Canadian colonies vastly speeded up mail service in the years before Confederation, in 1867. Until there was rail service, mail was carried by boat, by horse-drawn vehicles, even by couriers on snowshoes or using dog-teams in the winter. Even in the fairly well populated areas of Canada transportation was slow. In 1854 it took 10½ days in wintertime to carry mail from Quebec to Windsor. Three years later, the railway reduced the time to 49 hours.

Sorting of mail on the trains was a further improvement. This novel idea, begun in Great Britain, was introduced in the Canadian postal service seven years before it was tried out in the United States. Improvement after improvement was instituted—and revenues did not always meet the cost of extending and improving the mail system. One of the most important innovations was Rural Mail Delivery which, in 1908, provided the benefit of carrier delivery beyond the limits of cities and large towns.

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New York for a heart-to-heart talk. Mayer returned and announced, "I originally went into racing just to get a new interest and have something to play with on the side. But in my desire to do my best, I soon found myself getting deeper and deeper into the racing business. I feel I must drop it in favor of motion-picture work."

Mayer's horse auction was the biggest in history. It took five gigantic sales to dispose of the stable of around two hundred thoroughbreds. The first day grossed over a million and a half dollars, and the grand total was five million. Mayer took home four million dollars from his hobby.

Now new cold drafts blew through the throne room, and sullen mobs milled outside the palace gates. During the war Mayer had made a film with Robert Taylor, called *Song of Russia*. It was an innocuous romance but four years later Mayer was called before a congressional committee to explain. Then, after the war, people could buy gas again and stopped going to the movies just because there was no place else to go. The era of multi-million-dollar pictures was closing. Mayer himself said, "The boom days are over." Foreign governments were freezing movie profits. Then the television dragon stuck its bulbous snout into King Louis' happy realm and ate millions of movie fans.

In 1944, according to a deposition by Mrs. Margaret Mayer, L. B. walked into their Beverly Hills mansion on the eve of their fortieth wedding anniversary, and announced, "Well, I'm leaving." He did not return. Mrs. Mayer sued for divorce on grounds of desertion and was awarded a property settlement of three and a half million dollars, plus their huge beach house. Several years later Mayer married Mrs. Lorena Danker, the handsome fortyish widow of a talent agent.

Mayer has two daughters by his first marriage—Edith, wife of William Goetz, a top executive at Twentieth Century-Fox Films, and Irene, former wife of David O. Selznick, the man who made *Gone With the Wind*. Irene has her father's drive. After her divorce she struck out for dangerous territory, the Broadway stage, and almost immediately landed a big hit with her production of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

By 1948 the Hollywood motto was economy. It was no longer possible to spend a studio to success. There were some titanic sinkings, notably the three-million-dollar loss on Joan of Arc with Ingrid Bergman. Young fellows who made hard-hitting pictures on small budgets were in demand. One of them was Dore Schary, a former M-G-M writer, who was running the R-K-O studios. Schary was a big hard-driving producer, using small budgets, headline-catching plots, and even a cautious talk of art. When Hollywood heard that Schary had left R-K-O to become M-G-M's executive producer under Mayer, the town said that Schenck had forced a pretender on King Louis. Actually Mayer had hired Schary. The new man insisted on a unique loyalty clause in his contract: that he could quit any time Louis B. Mayer was replaced as head of the studio.

But the throne was tottering. Mayer declared to the assembled company salesmen, "I will remain head of this studio as long as Nicholas M. Schenck remains head of this company." In midsummer of 1949 his contract was about to expire. Before he hurried east to meet The General, Mayer issued a blast against sex and crime pictures and said that movie scripts had to be cleaned up. "Crime pictures are nothing but a great criminal college for

our youth," he thundered. "Our pictures must show religion, love of our flag and home, respect for father and mother."

In New York Schenck announced that L. B. had been signed to a new five-year contract as production chief. Mayer cocked his crown at a jaunty angle and announced the discovery of a new star, a tenor from Philadelphia named Mario Lanza. "Here is Clark Gable with a voice!" cried Mayer. Lanza's pictures soon became tremendous money-winners. Then Lanza developed a temperament, something Mayer had forbidden actors years before. The singer refused one part after another, was suspended without pay and prevented from accepting fabulous television contracts. Mayer said no M-G-M contract players might appear on TV. In 1951, the soft drink parlors of Hollywood again seethed with the word that Mayer and Schenck were at odds. Box-office receipts were at a new low.

This time there was no face-saving. Mayer's era was over. He resigned with the consolation of a thirty-five-thousand-dollar pension and two and three quarter million dollars for waiving his percentage on future earnings of the thousand movies he had made in twenty-seven years. The King of the Movies was through. He had perhaps twenty million dollars as a reward for his contribution to the industry. He was succeeded by Schary, who did not invoke the loyalty clause in his contract.

The Biggest Doo-hickey of All

At sixty-six Mayer started all over. The big money flashed again. Although he did not have a factory, he bought screen stories, including the Broadway musical, *Paint Your Wagon* (for two hundred thousand). He bought business buildings and started an investment-loan company with his son-in-law, Goetz. He began to rebuild his racing stable. But the rebuilding of his place in movies represented a clean break with the past.

Mayer's new connection, Cinerama, utilizes three cameras simultaneously, shooting a panorama, which is then projected on a wide concave screen.

The Broadway theatre in New York, first to install the fifty-thousand-dollar Cinerama rig, has not had an empty seat since the roller coaster went up. The gold rush is on to equip more theatres, beginning in Chicago and Los Angeles, and later to reach Toronto and Montreal. Mayer guesses that two hundred theatres will have Cinerama within the next three years.

Many old hands in show business doubt that Cinerama can check the slide of the movie business. They wonder what kind of story pictures Mayer will make after the novelty wears off. Will the nerves of the audience hold up for two hours of a typical Mayer production, in which Robert Taylor's frown is fifty feet wide and you can hear him panting from six directions?

The odd thing about his Cinerama venture is that L. B. never went for novelties. When the first part-talkie, *The Jazz Singer*, astonished the fans in 1927, Mayer predicted sound films would never hurt silent pictures. Other studios innovated color and cartoons, and some are now buying into television rather than perish in empty cinemas. Mayer has been the stand-patter. Now he is in charge of the big doo-hickey, the first man on the giant roller coaster. You will do well to fasten seat belts and hold on to your hats, ladies and gentlemen. There is a lot of showmanship in the old boy yet. ★



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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

where Social Credit had been in the doldrums since the beginning because of inept and lethargic leadership, there has been an upsurge of activity recently. When the president of the Ontario group retired, the executive chose no successor. Instead they asked Solon Low, national leader of the party, to take personal charge of the Ontario campaign, and he has done so.

In Ottawa he has had a night school for training Social Credit workers in operation since the first of February. Thirty-two students are taking the course, at which various MPs take turns giving lectures. Studies include not only Social Credit theory but also political tactics.

In the Toronto area a metropolitan council has been formed and is prepared to nominate candidates in nineteen ridings. Similar work is going forward in the Windsor area. Altogether Solon Low hopes to have about fifty candidates running in Ontario, with a chance to win in maybe half a dozen ridings.

So far the Maritime provinces are virgin territory but the Social Crediters hope to send a few people down there in the spring. They have been getting a good many enquiries and encouragements from individuals.

There and in Newfoundland they are hoping to enter perhaps a dozen candidates. Whether any of them will have an outside chance of winning, no one in the party has the slightest idea.

FOR SOCIAL CREDIT as for any other political party the real question is Quebec. If they can win support in French Canada their rise to the status of a truly national party is pretty well assured.

Social Crediters are not very optimistic about Quebec at the moment, though they do keep up hope. The situation there is complicated in the extreme.

Away back in the 1930s, very soon after William Aberhart set the Social Credit ball rolling in Alberta, a Social Credit Party was organized in Quebec by a man named Louis Even. Relations between Even and Solon Low were never smooth; the Quebec wing more or less went its own way.

Solon Low says now that the main issue between the Quebec wing and the national party was anti-Semitism. Major Douglas, the founder of Social Credit, has been openly anti-Semitic and a number of individuals in the party, notably the late Norman Jaques, shared this view as well as his monetary theories. The party as a whole, however, has always disavowed anti-Semitism and one of the liveliest exchanges of epithets in parliament this year came when M. J. Coldwell of the CCF accused Solon Low of anti-Semitism. Low denied it with great indignation and called the charge "gutter politics."

Louis Even was and is strongly anti-Semitic—indeed, most people would call him pro-fascist. His newspaper *Vers Demain* (Toward Tomorrow) has been a consistent advocate of Franco Spain. And the upshot of the argument between Even and Low was that Even was expelled from the party several years ago.

Thereafter, Louis Even's group was known as the Union des Electeurs and ran a large bloc of candidates under that title in 1949. They amassed a very considerable popular vote in Quebec, as the same group had done in 1945 under the Social Credit label.

But, although they got a pretty good showing in votes, the Union des Electeurs took a terrible beating financially in the 1949 campaign. For that reason they have decided to run no candidates this year.

Social Credit therefore has moved in. Solon Low went to Quebec two years ago to set things in motion, and to such good purpose that during the past winter a new Social Credit League has been formed in the province. It is headed by J. Edgar Bouchard, a veteran Social Credit man who has never been a follower of Louis Even.

So far, Social Credit MPs have not been much impressed by the new Quebec league's activity. "They haven't started to cut mustard at all," one westerner said. But since Solon Low is the only man who has actually been to the scene, his opinion is probably worth more than that of his sceptical colleagues, and Low thinks the Quebec movement is definitely having results.

He admits quite frankly they are depending on the propaganda work already done by Louis Even and company. Even has been preaching Social Credit, albeit an unorthodox brand, for more than fifteen years. His newspaper has a paid circulation of sixty thousand, which probably makes it the most widely read of any political party organ. And, most delightful of all, he himself is running no candidates. Low thinks this situation has definite possibilities.

TAKING the Social Credit plan of campaign across Canada from west to east, then, here's how it adds up:

In British Columbia, six to ten seats regarded as highly probable.

In Alberta, ten seats regarded as certain.

In Saskatchewan, no wins likely but one or two possible.

In Manitoba, three to five seats believed probable.

In Ontario, optimists hope for six wins out of fifty tries.

In Quebec, ditto. Even the optimists haven't much hope for the Maritimes, where work hasn't begun yet.

If the pipe dreams come true and they win their maximum estimate, Social Credit will have about forty seats, more than the Progressive Conservatives salvaged from the wreckage of 1949. But the Conservatives have gained ground since then, so a Social Credit gain would have to be accompanied by Conservative losses if the job of Opposition Leader were to change hands.

Of course there is always the possibility that the Conservatives might win the election, leaving Social Credit to fight it out with the Liberals for the No. 2 spot. Social Crediters do not take this possibility very seriously.

AT LUNCH the other day in the parliamentary restaurant a backbench MP spent the first two courses discoursing on what a waste of time it is to be in politics. He had slipped back at least a thousand dollars each year, he said, and was now four thousand dollars poorer than he had been in 1949.

As we got our dessert, I said, "Are you going to run again this year?"

He grinned rather sheepishly. "I'm going to try for the nomination, if that's what you mean. If I get it I'll do my best to win the election. Then I'll spend the next four years wondering why I did it, and how on earth I can afford it."

"Politics gets in your blood, I guess." ★

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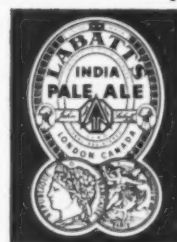
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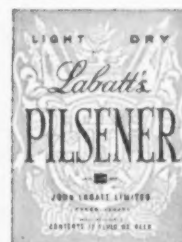
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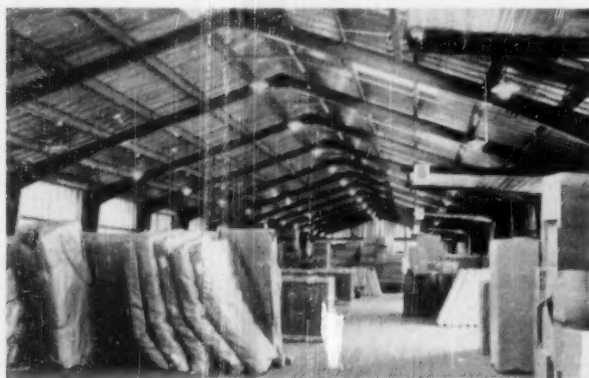
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SWEEP, a black-and-white collie sheep dog wandered away from his home at the University of Saskatchewan agricultural farm. A Saskatoonian spotted him two days later, putting his talent to work on Second Avenue. Apparently piqued by the shortage of sheep, the collie was herding streetcars — running ahead of the fast-moving trolleys to head them off, urging the slower ones on from behind.

During a recent appearance in Ottawa a magician called for audience volunteers to come forward and win a rabbit. A freckled seven-year-old got there first and the magician gravely asked him if he was married.

"No."

"Are any of your brothers and sisters married?"

"Well, no," said the boy reluctantly, then added proudly, "but my mummy is."

A thrifty soul in Barrie, Ont., saves empty egg shells, dries them on her kitchen stove and gives them to a farmer friend who feeds them back to hens as grit. A neighbor dropped in one day and enquired curiously about the shells.

"I dry them out then have them refilled," the woman said, impishly.

A few days later the neighbor called again, thrust out a bowl full of empty shells, and said: "Here—fill 'em up."

A window-shopping crowd blocked the sidewalk outside a downtown Halifax store. A man with a small pushcart tried vainly to edge through.

"Excuse me," he ventured.

Nobody moved.

"Make way," he called firmly. A few people shuffled half-heartedly.

"Watch your nylons," he bellowed. The sidewalk cleared in an instant.

The middle-aged army captain swung smartly down Montreal's St. Catherine Street, congratulating himself on still retaining something of his youthful dashing appeal. After



all, hadn't two girls in RCAF uniform just smiled at him?

His self-esteem collapsed a moment later when he passed a reflecting store window. He'd changed from mufti to uniform before leaving home but was still wearing his civilian felt hat.

A Vancouver floral firm deals with traffic safety and sales promotion in one terse motto on all its trucks:

DRIVE CAREFULLY
OR
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



his cab. He's mounted them on a board and carries them on the job for passengers to admire and, sometimes, reclaim.

No use evading the facts, thinks the weekly Delburne Times, of the Red Deer, Alta., district. A line under its masthead announces flatly that the Times is "circulating in the districts of Ardley, Delburne, Lousana and Elnora; and the Only Newspaper in the World That Cares a Hoot About These Districts."

At an Ottawa cocktail party a well-known Canadian newspaper columnist who had been an information officer during the war ran into the External Affairs official who'd been his wartime boss.

After some small talk he jokingly asked his former boss if he'd give him back his job "if there is another war."

"Don't see how the question could ever come up again," the government man said rather sharply. "There's no possibility of another war."

The columnist wandered away, aware that he'd been given the brush-off. A few minutes later the government man sidled up and whispered hoarsely, "That was a hell of a question to ask. Of course I'd hire you again. But that guy standing beside me was the Russian chargé d'affaires."



The road that wasn't there

Nobody will ever know exactly how it happened. Perhaps, in the darkness of evening, the driver forgot there was a sharp bend ahead, and all of a sudden the road wasn't there. His car tore through the rail and crashed at the bottom of the ravine, fifty feet below.

Now that several people have died here, some changes may be made. Warning signs and guard rails aren't enough to end the killings on a twisting road like this. The hill will have to be cut back and the right-

of-way widened to allow for a safer curve.

The number of Canadians who are killed or injured in motor vehicle accidents on our highways grows year by year. And a shamefully large share of those accidents can be laid directly to out-of-date roads and poor maintenance.

It's time we took real action to stop murder on the highway. You can help by backing every sound road improvement program with your vote and your tax dollars. Good roads cost money but they save lives—perhaps your own.

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